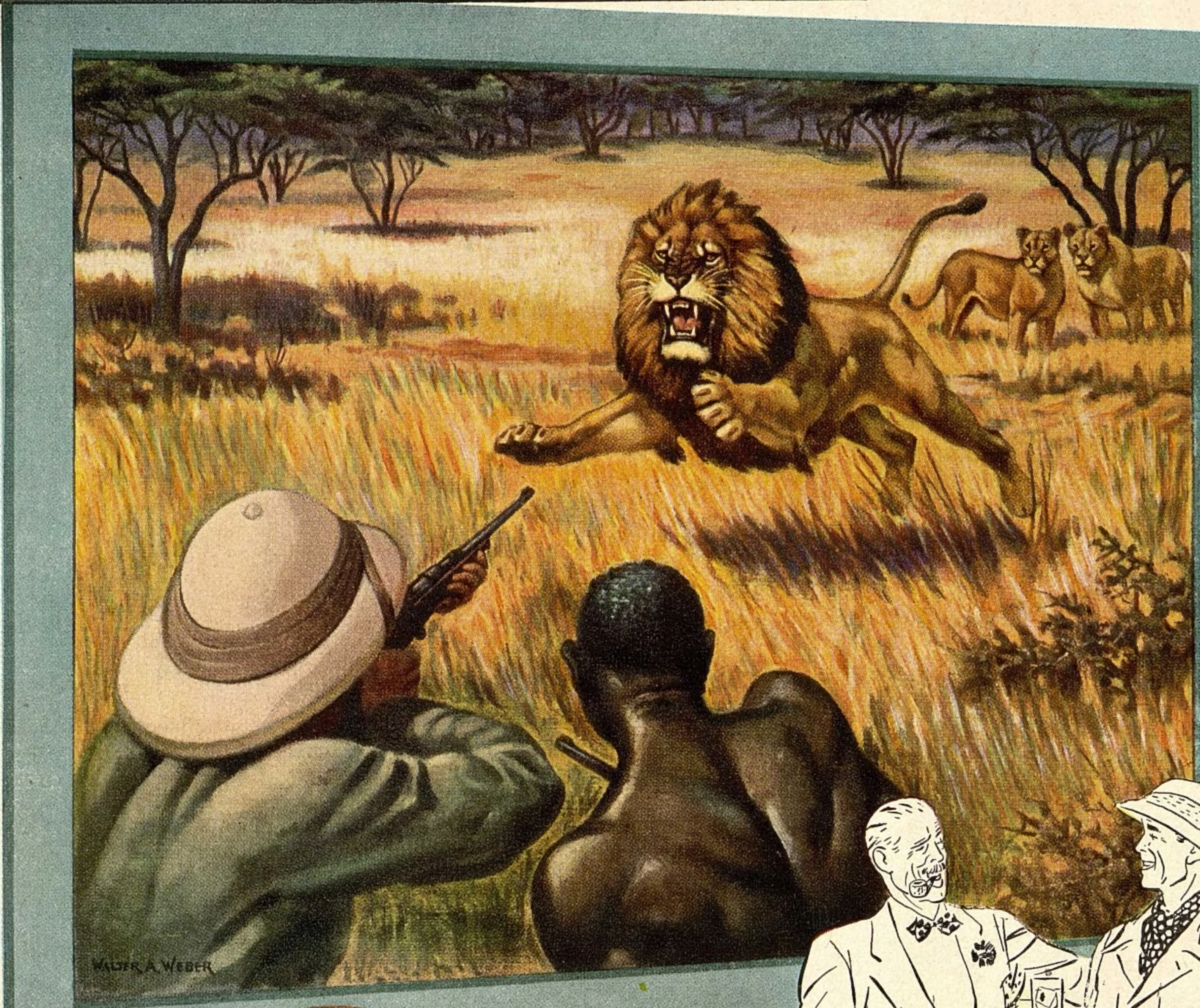
Liberty

NOV. 9, 1946 10c

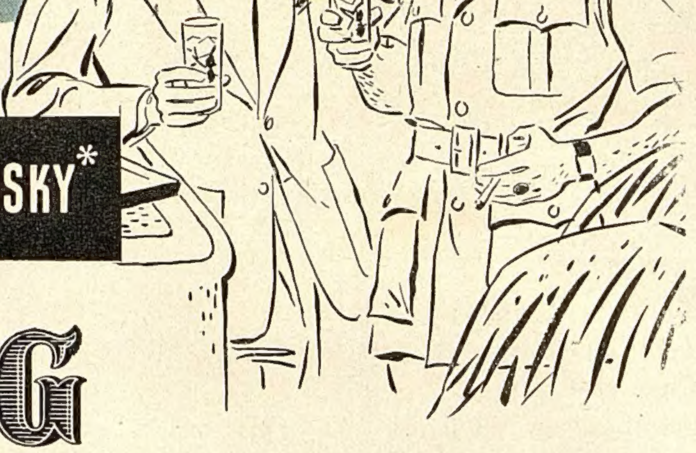
WHAT AILS US?
BY MORRIS MARKEY

Book: BENEFIT PERFORMANCE
HOLLYWOOD MYSTERY

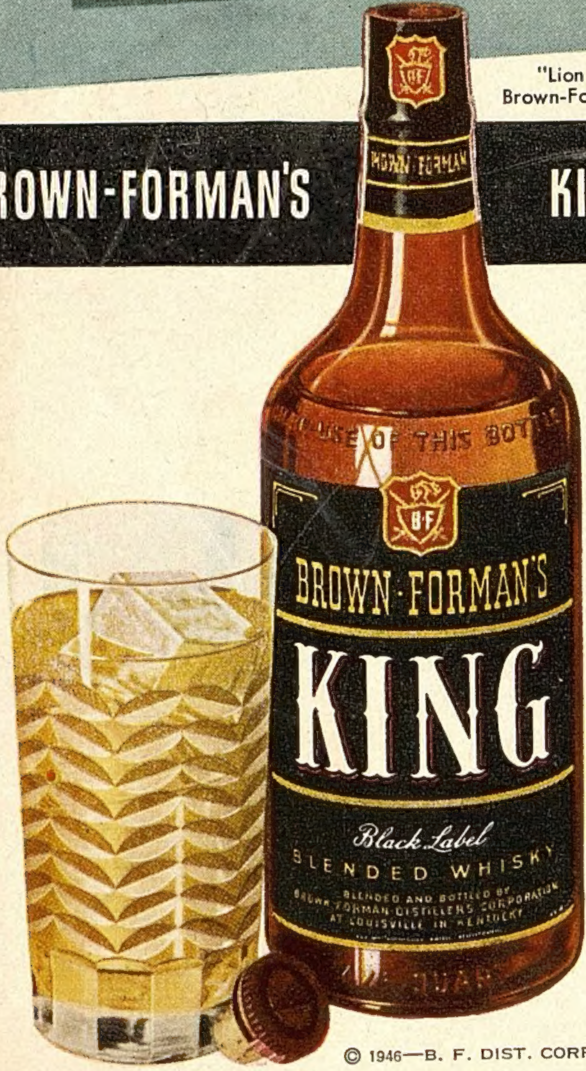
KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING


WALTER A. WEBER

"Lion Hunt," painted especially for the
Brown-Forman Collection by Walter A. Weber



BROWN-FORMAN'S KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*


BROWN-FORMAN
BF
BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
Black Label
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BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

KING

BLENDED WHISKY

Fitting climax to great moments — Brown-Forman's King Whisky from KENTUCKY! Enjoy its de**LIGHT**ful smooth, mellow flavor; the choice of discriminating thousands everywhere. Serve King to treat yourself and honor your guests. Order today at your favorite club, bar or package store.

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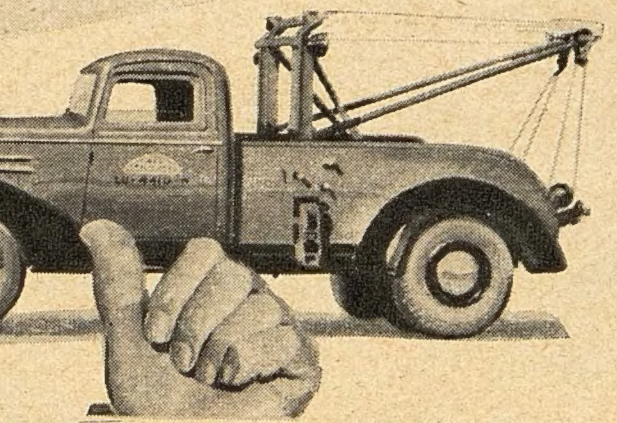
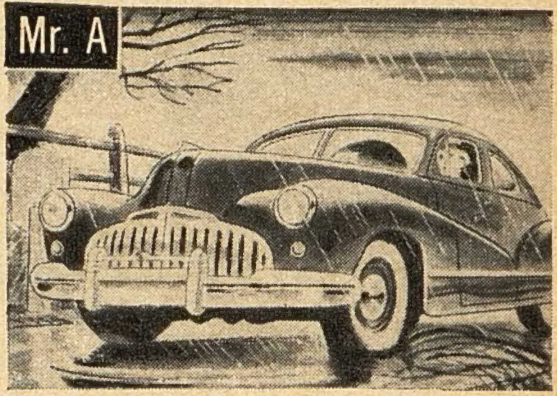
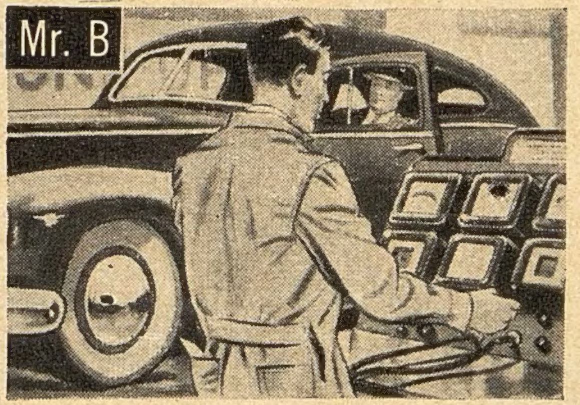
who's next?

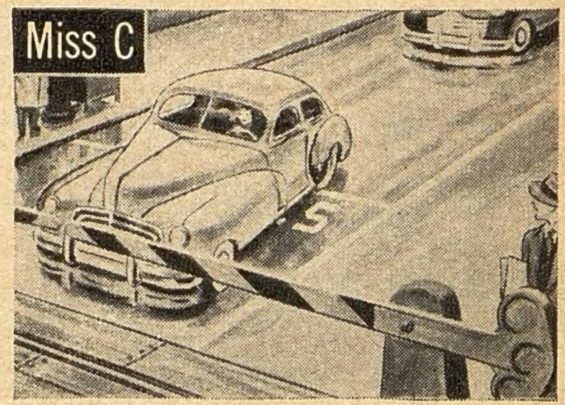
CAN YOU PICK THE FOUR DRIVERS WHOSE CARS ARE MOST LIKELY TO WIND UP BEHIND A TOW TRUCK?

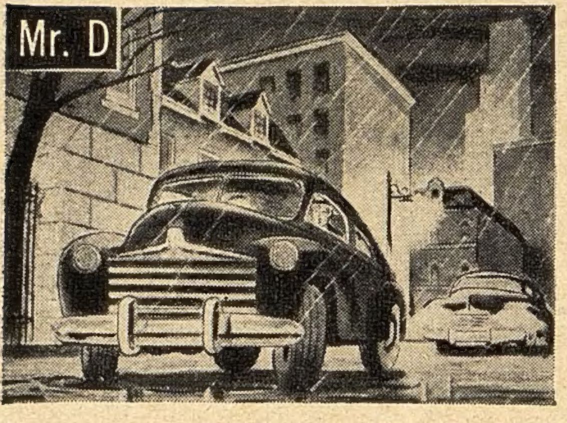
ACE TOWING
R. L. Chambers

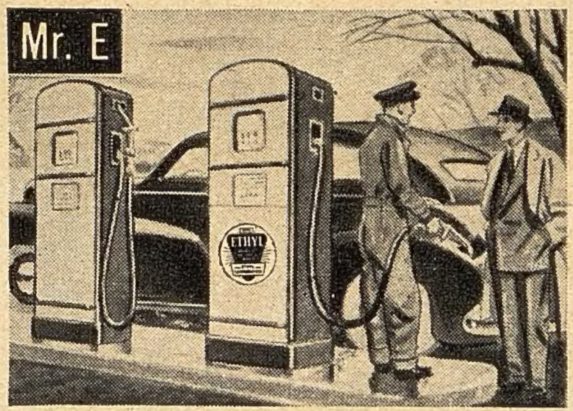


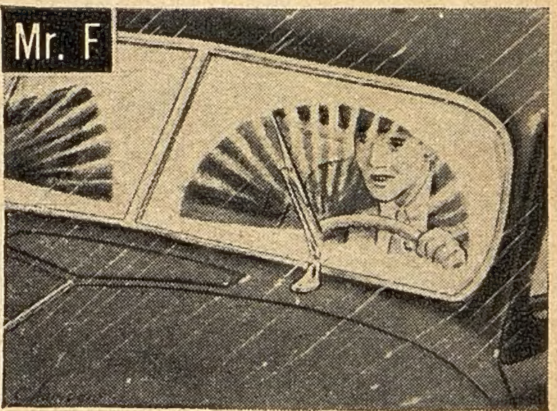












Check your answers with these—

Mr. A is a candidate for the tow truck if he doesn't keep his tires inflated. That soft tire on his left front wheel may heat up, blow out—and then anything can happen.

Mr. B isn't likely to be a tow truck customer, because he regularly brings his car in for a check-up—keeps his brakes adjusted, his engine tuned up and everything else shipshape.

Miss C pulls up too close to the lowered gates at a railroad crossing. If her nice new car should be bumped from behind and pushed into the path of a train, it might take more than a tow truck to get it unscrambled!

Mr. D forgets to turn on his lights before he pulls away from the curb. Another driver may not see him, and the tow truck will get a new customer.

Mr. E isn't likely to have trouble. How do we know? Just look at the gasoline he's buying. A man who knows the value of good products—Ethyl gasoline, high-quality oil, batteries, antifreeze, tires—is more apt to keep his car trouble free. By spending a few extra pennies in the service station, he often saves dollars on the road.

Mr. F has put off getting new windshield wiper blades. He won't be able to see a tree that's down across the road . . . so he'll soon be looking for a telephone to call the tow truck.

LOOK FOR THE ETHYL TRADEMARK

PROFESSIONAL DRIVING
Do you know how to...

FREE *"Professional Driving"—a new 72-page book. Typical chapter headings: "How to Handle a Blowout," "Fanning the Brakes," "Driving Needn't be Tiring." Offered free to car owners by ETHYL.*

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NOW-OR ANY TIME

Every day is some man's birthday! Each month there are weddings—anniversaries, and other gift-events. Whatever and whenever the occasion, if the man smokes, he'll want a Kirsten, the cooler, sweeter-smoking pipe. The Kirsten is a clean pipe and is easy to *keep* clean . . . gun-barrel clean!

Suggestion to men:
Do your Christmas "hinting" early!

Suggestion to women:
Buy those Christmas Kirstens soon!

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THE GENUINE Kirsten* "RADIATOR"* PIPE

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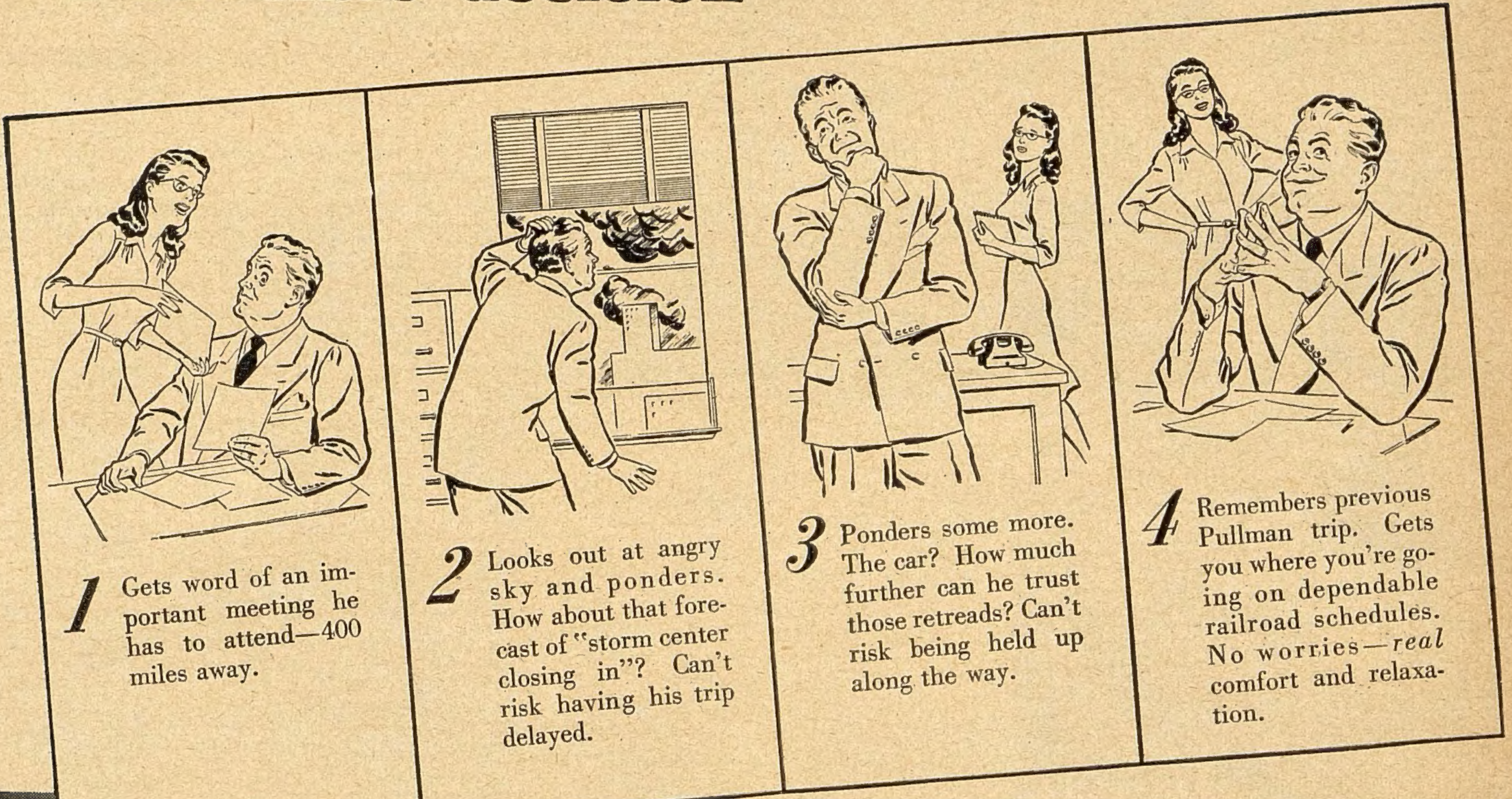
Picture of a man reaching a sensible decision

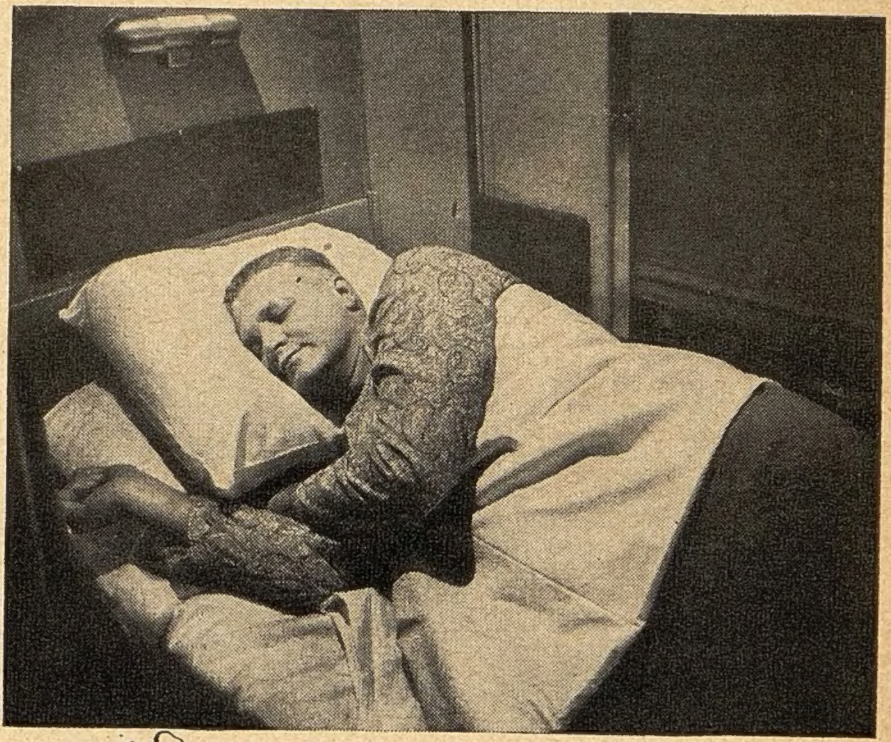


1 Gets word of an important meeting he has to attend—400 miles away.

2 Looks out at angry sky and ponders. How about that forecast of "storm center closing in"? Can't risk having his trip delayed.

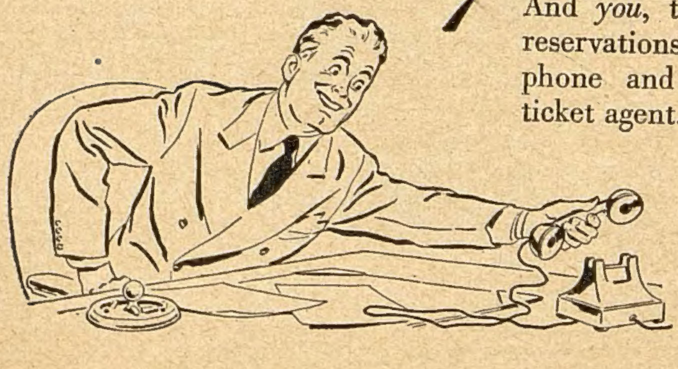
3 Ponders some more. The car? How much further can he trust those retreads? Can't risk being held up along the way.

4 Remembers previous Pullman trip. Gets you where you're going on dependable railroad schedules. No worries—*real* comfort and relaxation.



5 Begins to beam as he anticipates another evening in the congenial atmosphere of the lounge car reserved for Pullman passengers.

6 Can't help yawning as he recalls the comfort of that big, soft Pullman bed. What a wonderfully refreshing sleep he had!



7 **His decision?** Pullman, of course! And *you*, too, can make Pullman reservations, just by picking up *your* phone and calling your railroad ticket agent.

GO PULLMAN

—THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

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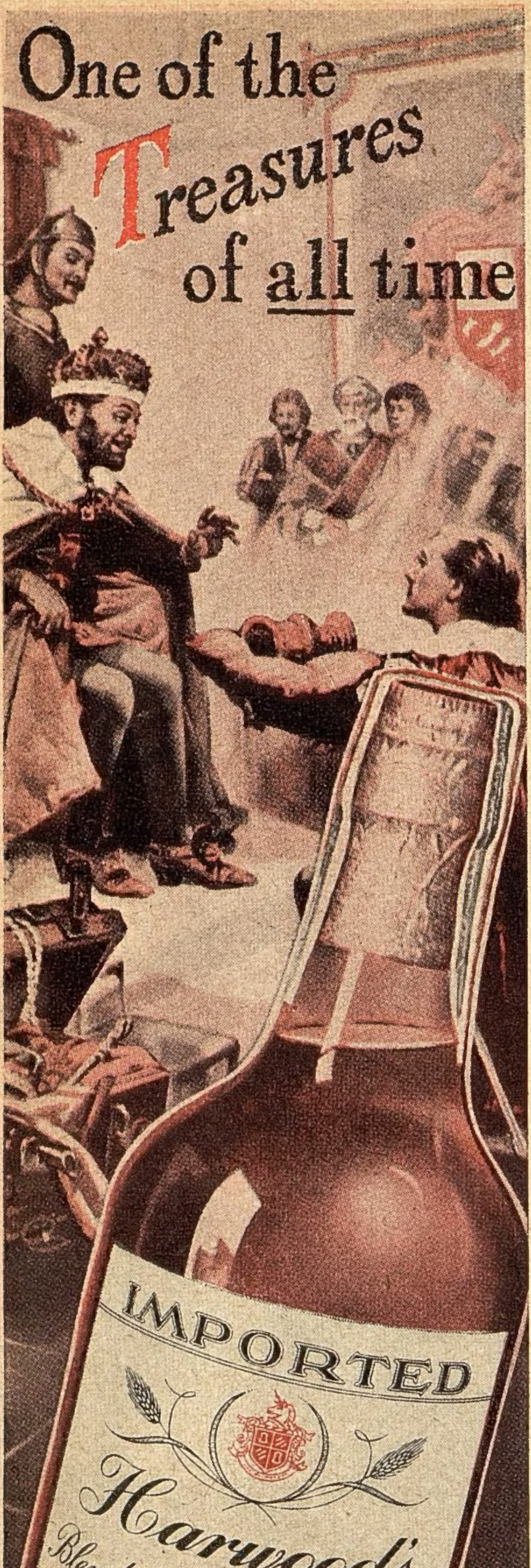

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★ VOX POP ★

“The Voice of the People”

KEWPIE-DOLL MYTH

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—I was thoroughly disgusted with the letter from that narrow-minded idiot from Arkansas who seems to think (Vox Pop, September 21) that the Army is keeping the WAC to provide "kewpie dolls" for the American soldiers.

They are being retained in service because their skill and their service-acquired knowledge is needed to bolster the Army that the people of America shattered by clamoring for a rapid demobilization.—*Col. Edward J. Kelley.*

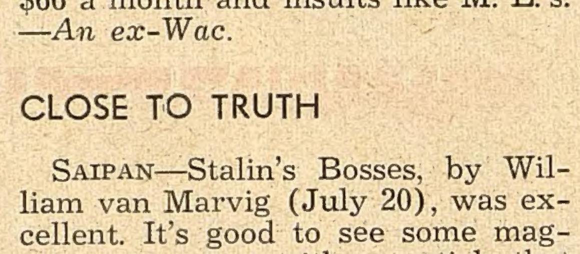
MORRISVILLE, PA.—Those Wacs that M. L. saw sight-seeing could have enlisted late for hospital duty, as recruiting for other duties stopped over a year ago. And when you enlist for three years, buddy, you serve three years. Furthermore, many Wacs have re-enlisted for duty in the ETO and are still in service for $66 a month and insults like M. L.'s. —*An ex-Wac.*

CLOSE TO TRUTH

SAIPAN—Stalin's Bosses, by William van Marvig (July 20), was excellent. It's good to see some magazines come out with an article that is as close to the truth as possible and still does not smear the Soviet Union as Hearst does. For the sake of the next generation, please continue such articles.—*Toivo E. Leskinen.*

TO STAND OR NOT TO STAND

TACOMA, WASH.—The simple fact that Mr. Truman was standing in a boat while casting for salmon has no connection with the "precarious danger facing our ship of state." I've stood up in a boat hundreds of times to cast for salmon, and, like Mr. Truman, there was no need to feel a shocking disregard for rules of safety or common sense. For a fellow from Detroit Lakes, I would like to ask C. A. Baker (Vox Pop, September 14) if his fish bite only when he is sitting down? Ours bite in any position.—*Mrs. D. Mort.*



IN DEFENSE OF VETS

JACKSON, MICH.—I think Dickson Hartwell in Are the Veterans Chiseling? (September 28) is going too far in denouncing the former G.I.—*Arve Bakken.*

SILOAM SPRINGS, ARK.—No wonder the Washington officials are becoming alarmed about the veterans "chiseling." While the boys were over there fighting, they had that special field of operation all to themselves.—*Mrs. A. E. Dillon.*

SHREVEPORT, LA.—The civilian public has made so much by black market, graft, etc., that I fully believe the veterans realize it and are determined they are entitled to a just share.—*Edwin Sompayrac.*

BRIGHTON, MASS.—Try not to forget that for every so-called chiseling veteran there are ten civilians cheating him.—*William T. Miller.*

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Nothing peculiar about the actions of the vets —just the natural result of living in a Grabocracy.—*I. M. Veritas.*

THE FEMALE CONSCIENCE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For years we women have said that if *we* ran things, it would be a better world. Women, we boasted, had more "social consciousness." Or conscience.

But we women alone are responsible for maintaining the present black market in meat. By paying more, because we have money, we are deliberately taking their share of the available meat from the mouths of poorer families; from mothers who work out and have less time to shop around and cook than we. We are conniving with gangsters. We are flaunting our greed in the face of a watching world, to which our worst "shortages" look like abundant luxury.

If we American women choose to say *no,* we can kill the whole black meat market in nothing flat. We still have the power of choice. But do we still have a conscience?—*J. L.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

STYLIST FOR MEN

P. B. JUSTER, who writes our monthly feature, CLOTHES CLINIC (page 58), was named among the ten best-dressed men in the United States last year. He is president of Juster Brothers, a Minneapolis department store, and has been making the country style-conscious since the early '20s. He was chairman of the Style Committee of the National Retail Clothiers and Furnishers and president of the entire organization. He started the first consumer research study in the industry in 1924; and for over twenty-five years he has broadcast to the Northwest on the newest fashions for men. Off the job, he's a civic leader and a golf addict. At home he steers clear of men's fashions, since his four daughters find Hattie Carnegie more to their tastes.

RESEARCH OF AN ARTIST

OSCAR F. SCHMIDT studied at the Art Students' League in New York and started his career by working on cut-outs of cows along the Jersey meadows and designing electric signs. Then he got into illustrating. His assignments since then have led him everywhere from Stillman Gymnasium to the locker room at Yankee Stadium. Often, too, his sons step in to pose for him. For Liberty's ballet cover he went to the Metropolitan Opera House. To the music of Die Walküre he crossed iron bridges over chasms piled with scenery until he bumped into a man in tights who was leaping about before a mirror and who directed him to the ballet school. There he found his models.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
WILL IT BE BOOM AND BUST AGAIN?
BY GUNTHER STEIN
Book: ASTON KINGS

WHAT will happen to you and your family if another depression comes? Probably nothing like the last time, says Gunther Stein. In WILL IT BE BOOM AND BUST AGAIN? he gives you the facts to prove it. . . . LET'S CALL OFF THE OLYMPICS, suggests Irving Wallace. Those temper-provoking games are just what our uneasy peace can do without. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, ASTON KINGS, by Humphrey Pakington, is a wonderfully funny novel of English country life.

What's his special attraction?

Mister—he's got P.A.*

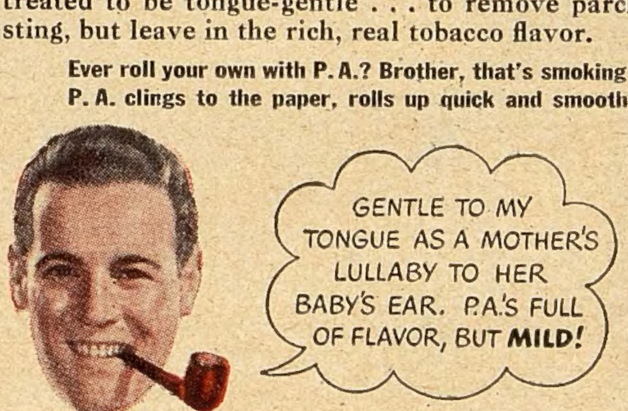
P.A.* means Pipe Appeal—

Just watch that look in a woman's eyes when they rest on a pipe-smoking man. It's a fact, Mister; a pipe has a certain appeal that most gals go for. Probably because, like Scotch grain brogues, Harris tweeds, crisp linen, a pipe is *masculine!*

P.A. means Prince Albert

● Maybe you've tried a pipe, but quit because it bit your tongue. Well, try Prince Albert. It's specially treated to be tongue-gentle . . . to remove parch and sting, but leave in the rich, real tobacco flavor.

Ever roll your own with P. A.? Brother, that's smoking! P. A. clings to the paper, rolls up quick and smooth.


GENTLE TO MY TONGUE AS A MOTHER'S LULLABY TO HER BABY'S EAR. P.A.'S FULL OF FLAVOR, BUT MILD!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

MONGOL
Sets the Pace
with
Lead Strengths
for all
Hands

EXCLUSIVE...
only Mongol Colored Pencils are made in three different lead strengths for normal, heavy, and extra-heavy writing pressure.

EBERHARD
FABER

LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS
SINCE 1849

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MADE IN U.S.A.
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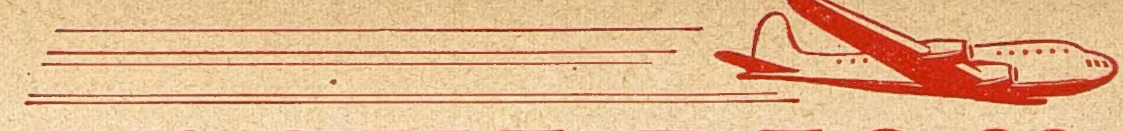

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Only 12, but a big success! The Horatio Alger story of National Airlines, fruit of an idle-hour fancy of its president Ted Baker

NOT so many weeks ago your On the Beam editor got one of his frequent yens to take another flying trip. Since National Airlines was about to celebrate its twelfth anniversary, what could be better than a tour of the system from New York to Miami, thence to New Orleans, then back to Jacksonville and on up to New York?

Here was an air line that started out in 1934 with a contract with the Post Office Department to carry the air mail in a single-engine Ryan airplane the 142 miles between St. Petersburg and Daytona Beach, Florida. Today it operates 3,971 route miles, including a de luxe four-engined service between New York and Miami and a new international route between Miami and Tampa and Havana, Cuba.

It has all happened so fast that National's president, G. T. Baker, rather gasps when he thinks back to the days when, at the age of thirty-two, he started the line with five employees and did a lot of the flying himself. Today he has more than 2,000 employees and National is still expanding.

On a rainy Sunday afternoon in Chicago in the late 1920s, Ted Baker, having nothing else to do, was thumbing through a copy of Yachting Magazine. An advertisement by the now long defunct Detroit Aircraft Corporation caught his eye. The corporation was selling Eastman flying boats, a type of plane now long out of existence, designed for hunting trips, charter work, and general private flying in the lake regions.

Baker was in the finance business, but he thought it would be fun to own an airplane and still more fun to see if he could obtain a distributorship for this flying boat so that he could buy one for himself at wholesale rate. He wrote to the company that afternoon, soon had a response—and an acceptance. So he added airplane selling to his finance business, and before long he had opened up one of the first downtown airplane display salesrooms in the country.

He sold quite a few planes and put several to work in the charter business taking people for rides anywhere at any time. But charter work wasn't very profitable, and he was just about to give up the plane business when the famous air-mail cancellations occurred in 1933. That was when Postmaster General Farley ripped the air-line system to bits and put the Army to work carrying the mail while new bids could be advertised.

Baker submitted bids on three routes just to see what might happen. He was low bidder on the little 142-mile air-mail route in Florida, the smallest line of the lot. The P. O. Department awarded him the contract and he flew the only airplane he owned at the time, an early Ryan model, to St. Petersburg to start operations.

Arriving on September 4, 1934, he found the Floridians rather coldly skeptical about this low bidder from Chicago; but he set to work, asked for no credit, and began his operation on October 15. When he had obtained the contract, he thought he would spend a few weeks in Florida getting things started, return to his business in Chicago, and travel to Florida occasionally to supervise the air line. But he never returned to his Chicago business. He's lived in Florida ever since.

IT WAS pretty rough going in the early days. Baker's mail pay began at seventeen cents a mile, very low for those times, and the employees often had to wait for their pay. The airplane equipment was poor. Baker had to do much of the flying. But the line began to grow, it soon began carrying passengers, better airplanes were purchased, and the original line was extended into Jacksonville and then across the Gulf states to New Orleans.

National was still a regional air line until several years ago when the Civil Aeronautics Board handed a New York-Miami route to the company. Immediately it was in the big time. Today it has twelve 14-passenger Lockheed Lodestars which will be replaced when new equipment is available, and six new 46-passenger Douglas DC-4s, with six 58-passenger, fast four-engined Douglas DC-6s on order for 1947 delivery. It serves some twenty-four cities and communities, many of which are ports on the east and Gulf coasts. One of its best routes, opened last summer, is the four-hour short cut across the Gulf from Miami and Tampa to New Orleans.

Second in command at National is

(*Continued on page 57*)

Purrr-fect Performance!

ALERTNESS of a kitten . . . lightning-fast starts, rapid warm-up, ever-so-smooth power! That's what you get with the superior *Fire-Power* of Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline. Try some today. At Texaco Dealers everywhere.

TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE

TEXACO

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TEXACO DEALERS

where you get...

SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN... Texaco Star Theatre presents the new Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night. See newspapers for time and station.

Recipe for Good Telephone Service

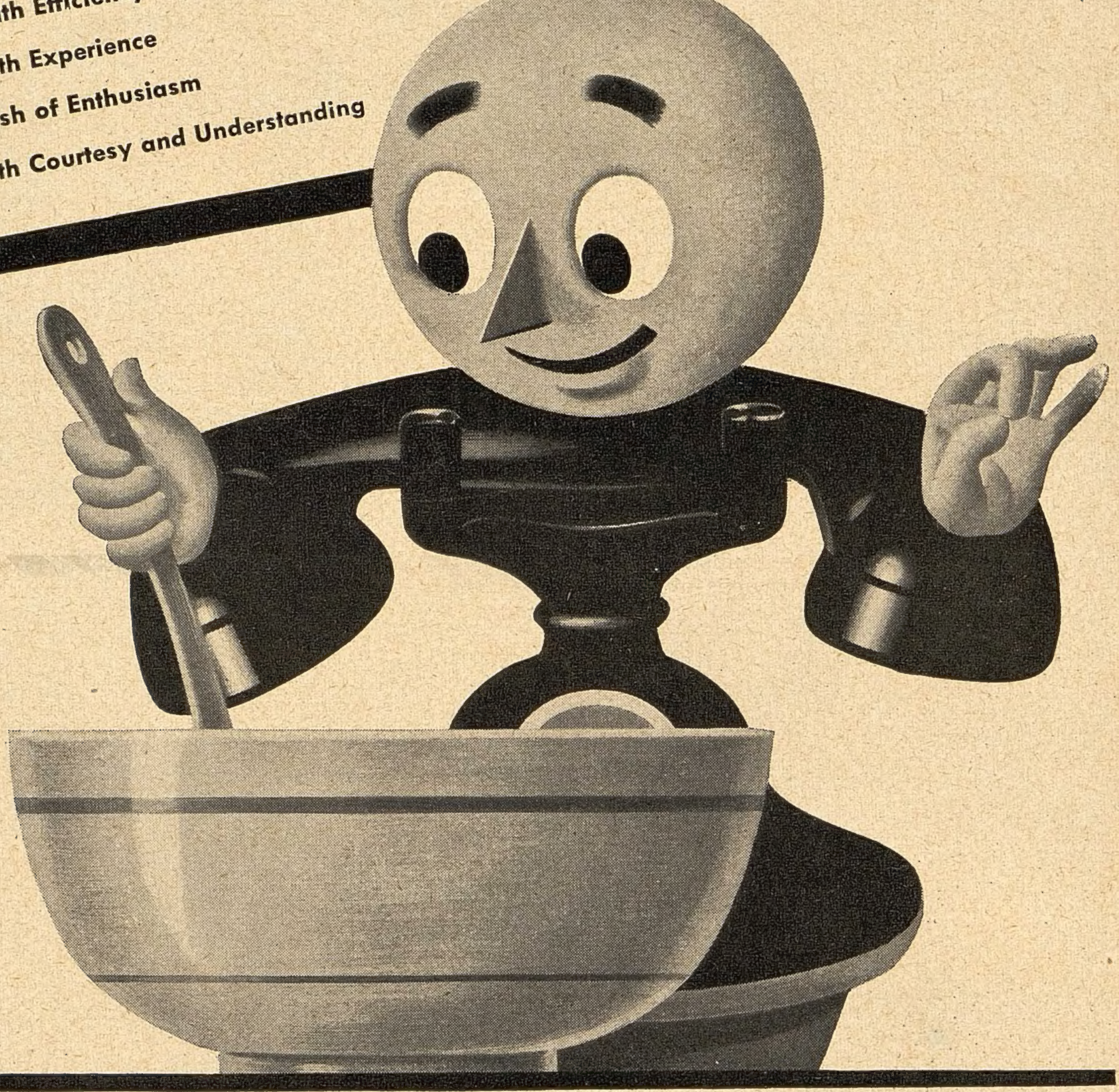
Take four Ms and a W: Men and Women, Money, Management and Materials.

Stir well with Efficiency

Season with Experience

Add a dash of Enthusiasm

Serve with Courtesy and Understanding



It takes many people and many things to keep on giving you the best telephone service in the world.

It takes a lot of money — investors' money — to provide the facilities.

There's an investment of $240 behind your telephone and every one of the 24,000,000 telephones in the Bell System.

It takes good management and good employees to operate these facilities. There are 575,000 Bell System employees — many in management and supervisory positions.

It takes faith in the future. We're busy right now on a $2,000,000,000 building and expansion program—to catch up with the Nation's needs and give you more and better service than ever before.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Brains and Brawn Needed—Apply U.S.A

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

SINCE V-J Day this nation has been on a curious sort of holiday. In a sense, it has not been a deliberately chosen holiday. Even as they marked time and looked hesitantly into the future, a great many Americans have called out, "Let's go! Let's get going!" But we are still marking time, and it is getting later every minute. In the sheer facts of the times there is an impressive challenge to our whole society.

The most challenging fact is a simple one: America is an immensely bigger country than it was in 1940, and it is still growing in every direction at an accelerated rate of speed. That is why 1940 planning and thinking won't solve today's problems and needs.

Even if we should regain 1940 production levels at this moment, we still could not meet the needs of our society. There are two reasons for this: there are a great many more of us now, and all of us want more things—better things—than served to satisfy us before the war.

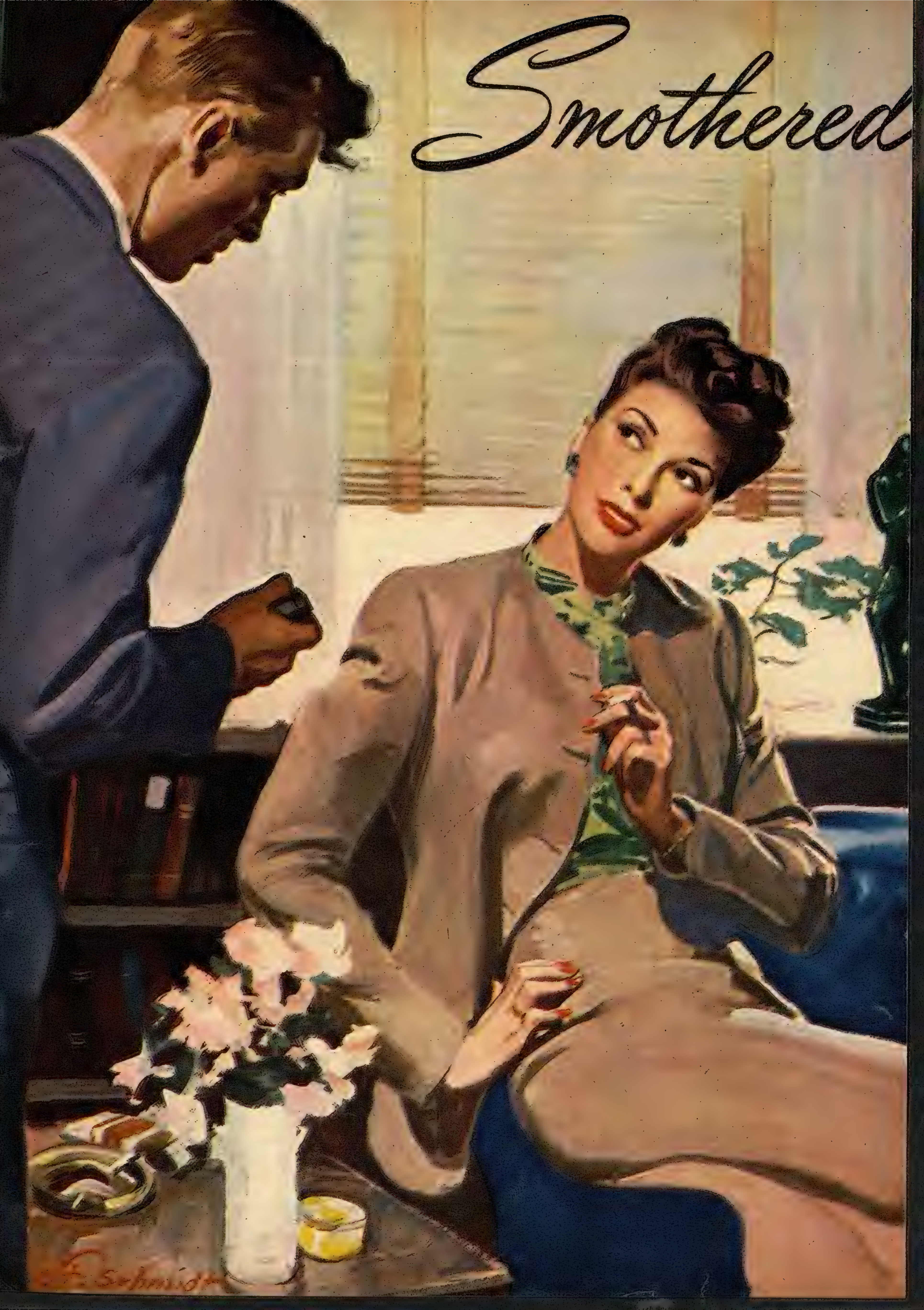
To say there are a great many more of us now means nine million more within the period of the war. To be exact, our population shot up from 131,670,000 to 140,400,000 in the five years ending last January 1. That is a percentage increase of 7 per cent. Our entire percentage gain from 1930 to 1940 was only a trifle over 7 per cent, and in that decade we let in nearly a million immigrants. Immigration was almost at a standstill during the war years.

A declining death rate, due to better medical care and new lifesaving drugs, and a higher birth

(Continued on page 69)

What's holding America back? Why hasn't that dream of postwar plenty come true? Here's why, and here is what we can—and must—do about it

Smothered



ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

with Love

BY NAOMI JOHN WHITE

Henry's problem was this: His wife loved him too much, while this other woman—you guessed it—understood his true inner self

HENRY'S whole purpose in rushing Eloise off her feet—in getting her to elope with him—was to get her away from Mr. Batti, of course. Mr. Batti had appalled Henry the first time he had seen him, and Eloise was downright scared to death of him. Mr. Batti wore horn-rimmed spectacles, a Vandyke beard, and, like a full-faced portrait, gave the impression that he was glaring at everybody at the same time.

The fact that Mr. Batti was both uncle and guardian to Eloise rather complicated matters. But finally Henry had managed to slip Eloise's bags, and then Eloise herself, past Mr. Batti's owlish eyes, and here she was in Chicago, Henry's bride, and a safe seven hundred miles from Mr. Batti.

It was all very romantic. For a while.

And then Henry found himself getting a little tired of being regarded as a knight in armor, and he began to wish he could be a plain everyday husband.

Especially did he feel that way the evening he came home and found that Eloise had not only locked the door of the apartment but barricaded it with chairs as well. After he had all but broken the door down and yelled five times that he was her husband, and Eloise had tearfully opened the door, he was almost too mad to listen to her explanation.

But she had clung pitifully, and—after he had reassured her a dozen times that he had locked the door again—he had sat down in the big chair by the window and kissed her and told her not to worry now that he was with her, and what the devil was the matter anyway.

"It's Him," she had said whimperingly. "The man on the third floor."

"Who's Him?" he inquired.

"You know," she had said and looked at him reprovingly. "I told you the very first time I saw him that I didn't trust him. The Man with the Teeth."

Henry thought rapidly over the other occupants of the apartment house and singled out the Man with the Teeth.

"Did he come up here?" he asked.

"No." Eloise shook her head. "He—he grabbed at me on the stairs. I had gone down to see if there was any mail." She subsided into sobs again, and Henry patted her shoulder and thought maybe he really ought to check on the locks. After all, Eloise was just a young girl and a pretty one, and you never could tell what might happen.

SO he kissed her again and told her that any time she wanted to leave the apartment when he wasn't there, to arrange to be with somebody else, say that nice little Mrs. Bannister next door. Eloise smiled then and said how lucky she was to have such a darling, darling lover, kissed him again, and got up to start dinner. Henry sat back and thought that women were a little crazy to hatch up all the things they did, but all the same maybe he'd better check up on that fellow on the third floor.

But the Man with the Teeth went to the hospital the next day and died there, and Henry and Eloise both forgot him.

Then there was the woman upstairs. She had daytime callers.

Eloise knew how many came—she could hear them come up the stairs, she explained to Henry—and sometimes she saw them as she went down after the mail. If she happened to be in the cloak closet in the front hall, she could hear them. The cloak closet had a large knot hole in the ceiling.

For a time Henry was mildly interested in the callers of the woman upstairs, although it did occur to him that Eloise was going out of her way to hatch up excitement.

But the day he came home and found her white-faced and terrified, he found himself getting a little mad again.

"They're planning a murder," Eloise whispered to him.

"How do you know?" said Henry.

"I listened all afternoon," she told him, her big blue eyes looking at him with such honest fright that he began to share her fear unconsciously. "I can't always hear everything they say, for they don't stay in one place. But it was Her—and a man, the good-looking young one who comes almost every day—and they were talking about killing her husband!"

"Nonsense," said Henry gruffly, and then, because she drew back as if he had struck her, he said it again, but this time a little less gruffly.

She searched his face carefully. "They're still there," she whispered. "Come!" She lifted her finger to her lips and drew Henry to his feet. Feeling a little silly, Henry let himself be taken into the closet in the front hall. At first he didn't hear anything, and he was getting ready to scold Eloise for letting her imagination run away with her. Then he caught the sound of voices.

He felt the hair lifting up on the back of his neck.

For there could be no doubt about it. The woman and the man actually were planning a murder. As far as Henry could determine, they had decided on poison and then dumping the body in the lake.

HENRY closed the closet door quietly and refrained from looking directly at Eloise's triumphant face.

"Now what?" she whispered fiercely. "Do you believe me?"

Henry didn't answer. He felt a little more shaken than he wanted to confess. He considered telephoning the police, but put that idea aside as being impractical, since there was no real evidence of a murder until after it was committed. And besides, he still had the feeling, inborn in a city dweller, that whatever goes on outside his own four walls is none of his

(*Continued on page 48*)

"I might as well be frank," Adah said as she waited for him to light her cigarette. "I won't have an affair."

The Returning Buffalo

Thundering herds of bison are back on Western ranges after having nearly gone the way of the covered wagon

BY RICHARD W. POSTON

THE buffalo is coming back. Already he is playing an important role on Western ranches and Eastern tables. Only a century ago, over 50,000,000 of the huge shaggy beasts furnished our pioneering grandparents with fuel, food, clothes, bedding, and the cover for their covered wagons. And they came very close to becoming as extinct as the covered wagon, too. Government figures show that by 1889 there were just 541 buffalo left.

We did, however, wake up just in time to prevent this distinctive all-American from vanishing from everything but the nickel. Now, some 5,000 are roaming wild over ten immense Western public domains, and Uncle Sam has approximately 700 buffalo in Alaska, which are expected eventually to breed into a herd of around 25,000.

Watching the majestic 600-head herd graze peacefully over the wind-swept National Bison Range in Montana is like taking a backward trip in Dr. Wonmug's time machine, and you would be no safer with this herd than your ancestors were with those of their time.

The American buffalo, technically known as bison, weighs from 1,000 to 2,500 pounds. He looks slow, sluggish; but he can spring into action instantly and run like a horse. He resents familiarity, and when he raises his tail with the tip curled backward, you'd better move fast. Even under domestic conditions, buffalo are never really safe. Mr. Mushbach tells the tragic story of Dick Rock, who raised a buffalo as a pet. Rock delighted in showing his friends how tame his pet was by riding him around the corral. And one day the animal suddenly turned and gored his rider to death.

Breeding season begins in July, and from then until September deadly clashes between rival bulls are common. With passion at white heat they charge full speed, meeting in head-on collision. Buffalo fur flies twenty feet in the air as the bloody engagement reaches its climax, and one of the long-ton monsters is suddenly thrown off balance. With a lightning thrust his enemy drives horns into an exposed flank and gores out his entrails.

Unlike domestic livestock, buffalo can outface winter storms, root through the snow to eat, and break ice with their noses to get drinking water. If feeding conditions become too tough, however, they move to a better range. This makes it necessary to feed hay when natural winter forage is not sufficient, if they are to be restricted to a given area. During the severe winter of 1943, for example, a herd of Yellowstone buffalo moved right out in search of easier grazing. Two of the bulls attacked horses from ranches on their route, and another attacked a rider. They returned to the park when natural feeding conditions improved.

If the normal increase in buffalo due to breeding continued indefinitely, wild-life refuges would become overstocked. Therefore refuges producing surplus buffalo have to reduce the herd each year. At the National Bison Range this calls for an annual round-up.

During this late autumn round-up the buffalo go wild and charge their pursuers, putting on a show which must make Buffalo Bill Cody want to climb out of his grave and pitch in. After a lot of painful effort, the whole herd is run through log corrals and chutes, where the animals are inspected and those selected as surplus cut out.

Surplus buffalo are shipped to zoos and public parks for the cost of capturing, crating, and transporting. Live animals may also be purchased by private stockmen for breeding. The remaining surplus are butchered and sold to stores, restaurants, and private organizations for $75 an animal, but a price boost is expected this year.

Choice buffalo meat is said to taste like grade-A beef, only sweeter. A few leading food stores feature buffalo whenever they can get it, and private clubs in New York have given buffalo dinners up to $25 a plate. Buffalo meat has sold in New York for as high as $5 a pound.

In theory, raising buffalo for meat looks as if it might be a lucrative business. But Al Decker, typical buffalo raiser at Armstead, Montana, says it takes about one square mile of good range for every fifteen or twenty buffalo. They also require a strong fence costing $600 to $900 a mile—more than twice the cost of a cattle fence; and even then you've got to keep them contented at home by providing good pasture or feeding them, which is much too expensive for most stockmen.

Another major problem is the extreme care necessary in handling buffalo. Most ranchers can't afford to hire enough help to corral the dangerously tempered beasts.

This last problem, however, looks well on the way to being solved for us by Canadian scientists. At the Dominion Experimental Farm in Wainwright, Alberta, they have crossed buffalo with three breeds of domestic cattle. At present they have about 250 head of "cattalo," as they call the hybrid. It has the docile nature of cattle but has inherited the superior vitality of buffalo. Instead of pawing uselessly at snow, like cattle, it uses the buffalo's more efficient system of rooting. This, together with its buffalo hardiness, enables the cattalo to withstand blizzards that would freeze and starve cattle to death. Averaging from 100 to 300 pounds heavier than cattle, it has the beef-build of domestic breeds; and in taste you can't tell the difference.

When these experiments began, twenty-five years ago, they didn't look so promising because the hybrid males were always sterile. The geneticists discovered that sterility was caused by certain genes inherited from buffalo. By scientific breeding they reduced these buffalo genes until fertility had been bred into male calves. Then they were able to produce the pure cattalo. They are still experimenting to determine what percentage of buffalo blood will produce the best possible animal.

The time may not be far distant when cattalo will be raised on thousands of Northern ranches, and housewives will be serving a new meat on the family table.

THE END

Early scandal in Germany: $1,500,000 in crown gems and other treasures allegedly stolen by a WAC captain and her colonel husband.

Is Scandal Brewing in Germany?

BY SENATOR OWEN BREWSTER

GRAVE conditions exist in the American occupied zone of Germany, according to information received by the Senate War Investigating Committee. An Intelligence officer of responsible rank and experience gave it as his considered judgment that German troops occupying France had made a better record in their personal contacts with the population than have the American troops occupying Germany.

The reported conditions are so bad as to threaten defeat of the purpose of our occupation—the establishment of a peaceful self-government in Germany after the complete disarmament and de-Nazification of that country. Our shoddy conduct is in sharp contrast to our lofty stated aims.

The officer's testimony was given to the committee in executive session on August 14. It was my understanding that a subcommittee would be sent to Germany without delay to make an investigation on the spot. That has been uniform practice in such cases. But when I inquired about the progress of the case a month after the officer's testimony, I was surprised to learn from the committee's counsel that nothing would be done till after election.

It appeared that the Democratic majority on the committee, whose chairman at the time was Senator James M. Mead, New York, had suppressed the information, whether for political or other reasons I do not know. In any event, it was not until Senator Mead resigned as chairman on September 26 that the committee began its investigation. Significantly, it is unlikely time will permit any results to be announced before election day.

I am speaking out now through Liberty Magazine only because the American people are entitled to know the available facts at once. If only part of what the Intelligence officer charges is true, our scandalous occupation of Germany reflects seriously upon the Truman administration. The truth, when ascertained, cannot but have serious repercussions on our foreign policy.

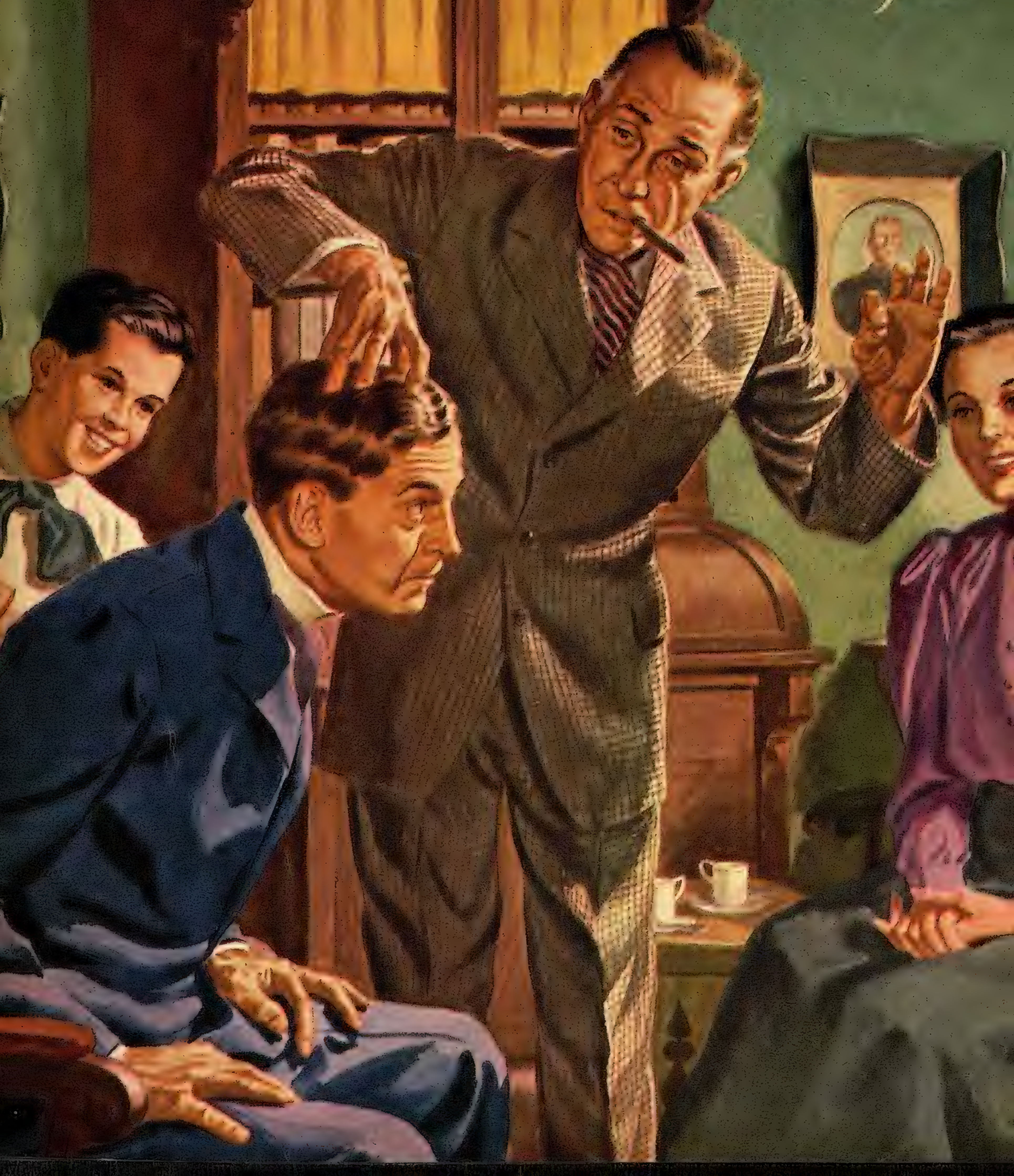
Because the charges made before the committee have not been proved, I think it would be unfair for me to use names at this stage, but many names and details are in the hands of the committee, as well as a list

(*Continued on page 66*)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The author is ranking Republican member of the Senate War Investigating Committee, and made a trip to Germany on the committee's behalf in 1945. Maine has elected him to the Senate for his second six-year term, to begin next January. He was Governor of Maine 1925-29, and served six years in the U. S. House of Representatives before going to the upper chamber.]

A sensational report of grave American misconduct in the Reich has been placed before the Mead Committee. Senator Brewster reveals its ominous contents and calls for immediate investigation

Headwork


Martin Garber

Uncle Edgar knew a lot of tricks besides phrenology, and he needed most of them to get Father elected to the Senate

BY HYATT DOWNING

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

THE plain fact was that Father did not like Mother's brother-in-law. He often declared that Uncle Edgar wasn't quite crazy enough to be interesting, and just a little too crazy to be of any use in the world; a view which I found hard to justify. To me, Uncle Edgar was a distinguished and vastly entertaining personage. No one in our town was in Uncle Edgar's class when it came to fishing coins out of a boy's hair, cutting a rope in two and, a moment later, producing it whole, and many other tricks equally mysterious and satisfying. Uncle Edgar had once traveled with a circus. He was also a balloon ascensionist and a phrenologist. It was this last accomplishment which so definitely affected Father's life.

That was the summer when whist clubs broke out in a sort of social rash over the peaceful face of our town, Clarendon. Hardly a neighborhood was without its group of devoted players. They held "whist socials," "whist tournaments" and, in some instances it was said, "whist breakfasts." This last manifestation of the craze hadn't appeared as yet in our section and Father declared loudly to Mother that it damn well never would—at least not in his house.

It was on the evening when Mother was entertaining the whist club that Uncle Edgar drove home from the office with Father. He had, he explained, just sold his Eureka Entertainment Company and was "looking around." I saw Father glance significantly at Mother. Since my Aunt Betsy's death, a couple of years earlier, Uncle Edgar had been engaged in a succession of enterprises, all of which promised to make him rich at the outset but none of which did. He was a slender, semi-bald little man with lively brown eyes, long restless fingers, and a trick of cocking his head on one side and smiling when he looked at you. He wore flashy checked suits and carried a cane.

That night at the supper table Father said, "Now, Ed, blast it all, don't squeeze any quarters out of Mrs. Bleeker's nose tonight. She isn't any too well balanced anyway and one of these times when you do that she'll throw a fit."

Uncle Edgar winked at me and promised that he would be a model of deportment. Father looked concerned. I knew he was remembering an earlier time at Mrs. Bascomb's house when Uncle Edgar had found a pint of whisky in Mrs. Bascomb's reticule. Since Mrs. Bascomb was president of the local chapter of the W.C.T.U., it had caused something of a sensation.

It was not until after refreshments had been served that night that Uncle Edgar smiled elfishly at Mother and suggested in his curiously clear, arresting voice that, being a trained phrenologist, he would be happy to examine the heads of the guests, revealing their hidden propensities. He suggested that Father be the first subject.

FATHER glared and muttered something about "damned nonsense," but grudgingly yielded to the enthusiastic entreaty about him. Uncle Edgar's long fingers began exploring the bumps and depressions of Father's skull to the accompaniment of little murmurs of astonishment. Once he whisked a short tape from his pocket and measured the length of Father's head. Then he stepped around and stared fixedly into Father's face. Finally he turned to Mother. "Lucy," he said gravely, "your husband has missed his real vocation in life. He would have been a great politician. I find here unsuspected gifts for oratory. He would have been a splendid platform speaker."

A burst of excited hand-clapping followed Uncle Edgar's pronouncement. Father got red and stammered that it was a lot of foolishness. But later, Father seemed thoughtful.

We were seated in the living room one night not long after this when Father remarked casually to Mr. Bridgewater, who was calling, "George, I heard today that the Republicans would like to replace Herman Boeder in the Senate. Know anything about it?"

"Yes, there's been some talk of it," Mr. Bridgewater replied. "But I think anyone running against him would have a jolly rough time of it. The Germans in this county vote as one man, you know."

"Nonsense," Father snapped. "An intelligent appeal reaches all nationalties, and the Germans are smart people."

Mr. Bridgewater glanced at Father curiously. "I say, old boy, not thinking of entering the lists yourself, what?"

A little flush ran up Father's cheeks. "Why, I might," he said. "What they need down there in Des Moines are more business men with practical horse sense."

Mother stared at Father almost wildly. "Oh, no, John, not politics. Why, it would be ridiculous!"

Father stiffened. "I fail to see anything ridiculous in the idea, Lucy," he said coldly. "After all, I'm not a complete imbecile."

Mother saw her mistake and said placatingly, "I didn't mean that, John. But you are a very busy man—your affairs—"

"I imagine that Abraham Lincoln was a very busy man when he went into politics," Father said loftily. "Most of the great individuals who have directed the affairs of this nation have been busy men who placed the welfare of the country above their own selfish interests."

"I'd walk a bit softly, Watkins," Mr. Bridgewater cautioned. "Politics is no game for amateurs. The blighters might put you over the good old jumps."

"All balderdash," Father said explosively. "Politics is nothing more than applied intelligence, and I flatter myself that I'm not entirely lacking in that quality. There's been too much twaddle about the mysteries of politics."

Mr. Bridgewater laughed tolerantly and beat Father easily in two games of chess. It was quite apparent that Father's thoughts were elsewhere, and when Mr. Bridgewater left, he went directly to his room. There was a troubled look on Mother's face as we listened to his footsteps moving up and down.

IN June, Father announced himself as candidate for the office of state senator, representing Sioux County in the Forty-ninth District. The news caused some comment, inasmuch as Herman Boeder, a wealthy German farmer, had long considered himself the natural and inevitable choice of the people. But Father emerged from the convention with a small majority of the delegates on his side. The blow was almost more than Herman Boeder could bear! It was darkly hinted that he had made the statement that never again would a German farmer permit a wagonload of his grain to roll upon the scales of the Watkins Elevator Company. These rumors Father ignored, declaring that a farmer would sell his grain to the devil himself if he could get a half cent more a bushel for it; a statement which Mr. Bridgewater, as Father's campaign manager, deplored.

As autumn drew on, it became increasingly evident that Father had underestimated Boeder's ability. Day

(*Continued on page 52*)

"He would have been a great politician," Uncle Edgar said. "I find here unsuspected gifts for oratory."

How to Buy a Radio

BY MARLEN E. PEW, JR.

I HAVE just ordered my new radio.

If, like me, the only thing you know about radios is that you have needed a new one ever since Pearl Harbor, you may be interested in what I have found out the hard way.

I selected a prosperous-looking shop, and said I wanted to see one of the new table radios. The salesman led me to a large table on which sets of various makes were exhibited. I decided that one was outstanding in appearance. "How much is this one?" I inquired.

"That's $29.95," the salesman replied, indicating the then required OPA price tag.

"Very nice," I said. "How many tubes does it have?"

"Five tubes."

"Seems a little small. Have you a larger set?"

He pointed to another, not so attractive but in a larger cabinet.

"Here's a six-tube set—$26.95," he said.

Not bad, I thought. An extra tube and three dollars less.

The salesman then turned on the second set. Compared with my old one, it sounded great. So I ordered one to be delivered when a shipment came in.

I was complacent over my purchase until that night, when I read a statement on the postwar radio market in the United States.

This report projected that approximately $1,100,000,000 will be spent by an estimated 15,000,000 customers for new radios during the first year of unrestricted production.

I began to wonder. That's a big market for any industry.

Then a friend who does research work told me that before the war there had been 82 manufacturers of radio sets; since V-J Day their number had grown to 150. Many of the newcomers, he said, are classified as "loft operators," slick opportunists out to make a quick killing. They assemble flashy sets from odds and ends, stick in an extra tube or two, and sell them at "bargain prices." But they're not bargains. There is no engineering skill involved; there is no name you ever heard of. You get a set cheap and—you probably get just what you paid for.

My friend estimated that within two years the number of radio makers will probably be back at the prewar total, with the loft boys voluntarily out of business, their money banked.

It seemed obvious that some of the 15,000,000 buyers would inevitably get stuck with junk merchandise, and I began to wonder if I had been one of the suckers. So I decided to go to another store and ask some questions.

What to ask? That was the sixty-four dollar question. I know nothing about the inside of a radio. But I could at least inquire about the commonplace features everyone knows about—the speaker, antenna, power, cabinet construction and finish.

More than tubes are needed to give good reception, and many of the new "bargain" sets are really junk

I found another store showing the same two models I had compared the previous day. My talk with the salesman followed the same pattern, even to his turning on the six-tube set. But this time, I asked him to turn on the five-tube set too. The smaller but three-dollar-higher set had a far better base tone and an over-all richness lacking in the larger, cheaper set. The salesman explained.

"This five-tube set," he said, "is equipped with a five-and-a-half-inch speaker of completely new design, built around the newly developed Alnico-5, which is two and a half times more powerful than any previously used magnet. Furthermore, this speaker is mounted on a carefully designed wooden baffle instead of cardboard, used in the six-tube set. This baffle produces the resonant lifelike base tones."

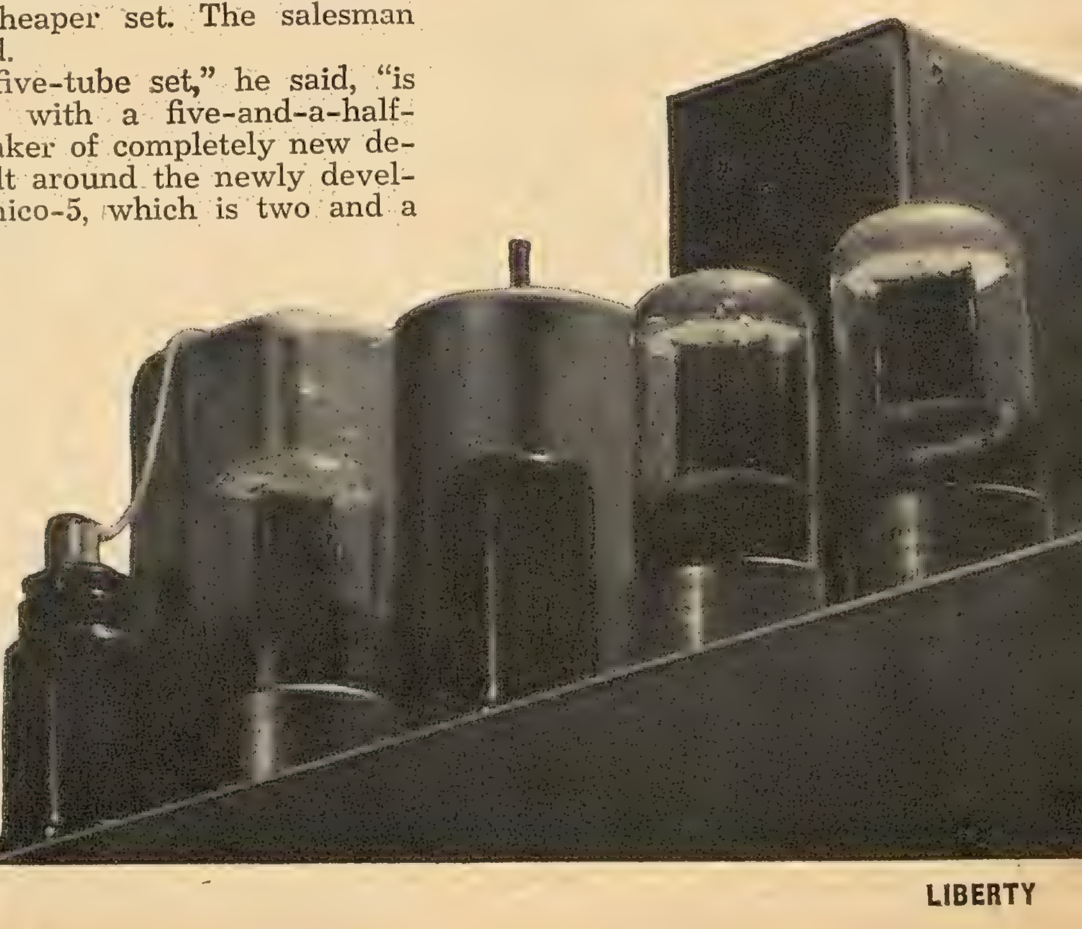
"How about the comparative power of both sets?" I asked.

"Well, of course, the extra tube may give added power to the $26.95 set," he began, "but that does not mean that the set *delivers* greater power than the five-tube one. Power does not come from tubes alone.

"For example," he continued, "the smaller set is designed with better engineering and more expensive components throughout. This more than makes up for the extra tube. The cheaper make uses the extra tube to gloss over other weaknesses in a hodgepodge assemblage. You will notice," he pointed to one of the five tubes, "this radio has a cathode by-pass capacitator used on the output tube, which gives it twice as much sensitivity and at the same time decreases distortion. The set is also equipped with two iron core intermediate frequency transformers which strengthen the signals of the desired stations."

Having settled this, I inquired into the comparative merits of the antennae used in both sets.

The clerk showed me the antenna in the smaller set and the antenna in the six-tube receiver. The difference in workmanship was obvious, even to me. The new-type antenna



in the smaller radio, he explained, cost the manufacturer about twice as much to make and install. It is capable of delivering far superior sensitivity and thus enhances the over-all performance.

I began to notice other differences. The larger set, I found out, was painted ivory color, while the smaller was made of a solid ivory plastic.

The dial light on the cheap set was dim and numerals harder to see. When I happened to touch the power cord on the cheaper set I found it hot, while the wire on the $29.95 set was cool. The salesman explained that in the cheaper radio the cord is used as a "filament voltage dropping resistor," a job that should be done in the radio itself.

That didn't mean much to me, except that it revealed another short cut to reduce production cost.

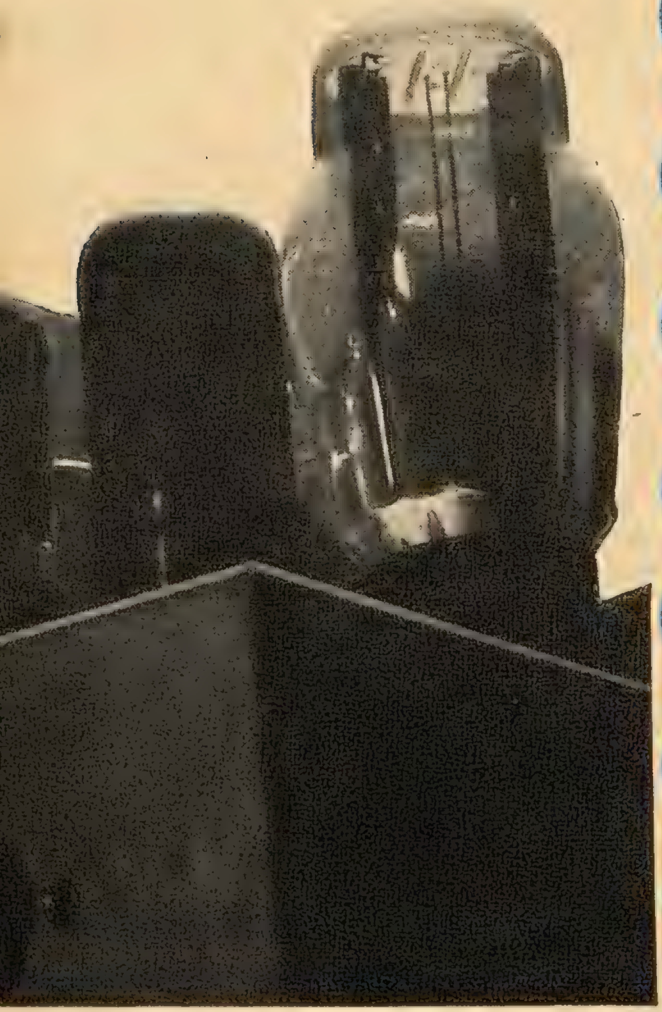
I noticed that the cheap set was made by a firm I had never heard of, while the more expensive set came from a nationally known manufacturer.

So I was convinced, and you know what I did next? I placed an order for the five-tube radio, even if it did cost a few dollars more. And on my way home I canceled my order of the day before.

I know that I made a good choice. I know, because I asked a few common-sense questions and got some convincing, common-sense explanations. Anyone who sets out to buy a radio today can get the same satisfaction if he will ask the proper questions. The salesman will respect this interest.

You don't have to be a technical expert—but you don't have to be a sucker, either.

THE END



Abracadabra—Good-by, Warts!

Maybe Tom Sawyer's dead-cat cure wasn't crazy, after all

MARK TWAIN intended, no doubt, to be facetious when he had Tom Sawyer earnestly discuss the wart-curing properties of a dead cat brought to the graveyard at midnight, of a nocturnal pilgrimage into the dark forest, or of a bloody bean buried in the ground—all to be accompanied, of course, by the correct ritual and incantation. Other boys were swearing by the application of earwax; while others favored the method of allowing a snail to crawl over the wart. Gypsies resort to plucking hairs from the nape of the patient's neck and burying them under the threshold at full moon.

However preposterous these measures may seem to the enlightened layman, however disconcerting they may be to the conscientious physican, the undeniable fact remains that often they get results; the warts actually disappear.

The modern dermatologist uses methods somewhat more urbane than the black-cat-at-midnight or mumbo-jumbo school. For example, he takes one good look at the wart, shakes his head, then brings forth a brightly shining scalpel as though in preparation for an operation. Then he hesitates and says, "Well, perhaps the operation can wait. We'll try this first." He applies something utterly ineffectual, such as plain petrolatum, and covers it with a bandage.

"Now, if it isn't entirely cleared up by next Tuesday," he says, "we'll have to remove it surgically." The chances are pretty good that the wart will have vanished by Tuesday.

A pet device of the distinguished Dermatology Section of the Zurich Medical School consists of the following rigmarole:

First the warts are critically and minutely examined by the physician. The patient is then blindfolded and seated in an adjacent room where a noisy motor is running. After an appropriate delay, every wart is daubed with a dye—methylene blue, mercurochrome, etc. The motor is then turned off, the bandage is removed from the patient's eyes, and he is abruptly confronted with the spectacle of the now luridly colored warts. Then comes the verbal suggestion.

"The warts are dead now and will soon fall off," the physician says. "They must not be washed, the color must by no means be removed." Countless cures have been effected in this manner.

The classic French method consists of removing one wart and telling the patient that the others will disappear as the "mother wart" is gone.

Competent authorities find that the younger the patient, the easier the cure by suggestion therapy. For in highly impressionable age groups, such as children and adolescents, the power of suggestion is naturally strong.

This would lead one to assume that in dealing with adults, the ideal patient would be an individual with an uncomplicated, childlike mentality. The opposite, however, is true. The intelligence of the patient seems to be of great importance.

The dermatologists stress one point: To achieve success with suggestion therapy, the physician must not only have the power to suggest, but *he must also sincerely believe in this method himself.*

In view of the mass of evidence, there seems to be no good reason why any physician should not believe in it wholeheartedly. Except, of course, for the fact that it is pretty hard to believe in it at all.

THE END

BY DAVID PARTRIDGE and WILLIAM COLE

Payday

It was the fattest pay envelope Joe had ever got. Time to cut loose, he thought. His wife was waiting round the bend

BY EMMANUEL WINTERS

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN SWEARINGEN

AFTER getting paid with the other miners at the B. & J., they stopped for a beer on the way home and stood with one foot on the brass rail at Glowacki's bar. It was a lovely spring day. The birches were sprouting green on the calm banks. The breaker shone like an amiable black devil in the sun.

"This time I'm getting out," Joe said.

Steve smiled. It was a Polish smile, that is to say common, obscene, irresistible, and tolerant of all the world. "Yeah?" he said.

"Yeah," Joe said.

They drank a glass of beer and ordered another.

Joe took out the envelope and looked again at the typed figure on the right-hand corner. "One hundred and fifteen bucks and thirty-six cents. The best I ever loaded in two weeks since I been in this world."

Steve was smiling down into his beer. It was an amazing smile, namely, resigned, amused, full of pity, patience, and gladness. "That's a lot of money," he agreed. "Me, I ain't never made more than seventy, eighty. Never."

"The way I figure," Joe said, "it's now or never, so it's going to be now."

Steve didn't stop smiling for an instant, as though he were either madly in love with his butty or else aware of a joke that no one in the cosmos could see. "What made you make up your mind today?"

"After fifteen years down there," Joe said, "a guy wakes up one fine spring day and he's fed up. You know? He realizes he still ain't too old, but at the same time he still ain't too young."

Steve was staring at his friend. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Joe said. "He realizes what he is is just right to get out while he's in one piece."

Steve turned back to his beer and didn't stop smiling. You might say he was sick or crazy or happy.

Hunched over the bar, Joe's head was sinking lower over his glass, like a mule asleep. "So I've been waiting for a good pay. So now I got it. So now I'm going to cut loose."

"When?" Steve said.

"I don't know," Joe said. "Maybe tomorrow, maybe the day after tomorrow. Maybe today even."

They ordered another beer, then shifted around so that the other foot had a chance on the rail, then they thought and drank quietly.

"What do you figure you'll be doing?" Steve said after a while.

Joe smiled for the first time. He was a big hulk of a man, generally serious, even grim. "Well, I been thinking maybe first I'll travel. Maybe I'll take a nice little trip."

"Travel?" Steve said. "Where?"

"Where?" Joe said, as though indignant. "Anywhere."

"Where anywhere?" Steve said.

Joe flung his arm. "Who knows?" North, east, south, west. Everywhere."

"For example?" Steve persisted.

"Well, all right," Joe said. "Take Miami, for example. I wouldn't mind taking me a nice little trip down to Miami and getting into a cool white suit and running out to Hialeah and standing in the grandstand with beautiful women all around me and saying to the big cigar in my mouth: 'Who in hell would believe that me, big Joe Oleski, had been working the mines of Pennsylvania for fifteen years!'"

"That sure would be a nice place to go for a little trip," Steve agreed, smiling his head off slyly. "But I'm afraid that there hundred fifteen ain't going to see you very far. How'd you like, on the way down, to get stuck in a place like Harlan, Kentucky, and have to get you a job in the *soft* coal. Wouldn't that be just the thing to happen!"

JOE gave a quick little smile out of politeness, but his eyes were on the beer in his glass and his thoughts were far away.

"Or else," he said, "maybe I could get a secondhand Ford and drive up to Canada. A guy told me the government there will sell you a whole lake, with half the country thrown in, for practically nothing. I could build me a house right out of my own lumber. Can't you just see me in a boat, all by myself, fishing up a juicy bass for supper, with the wood burning hot in the stove and the smoke twirling through the pine trees and the air all nice and cool and sweet and nobody nearer than fifty miles to bother you!"

"Ummmm," Steve said, laughing as though his heart would break.

They stared into the bottom of their glasses. After two or three minutes they realized the glasses were empty and ordered another beer.

"WHAT about when you came back?" Steve said. He felt relentless and full of good strong logic. He felt unbeatable, like time, like someone who can afford to hold onto things, like someone who would always be around when everyone and everything else had gone.

"I might *never* come back," Joe said.

"Never?" Steve said.

"After traveling around, I might settle down somewhere far away."

"You would?"

"Sure."

"Where?"

"I told you."

"Which one?"

"What do you mean which one?"

"Well, would you settle in Florida or Canada?"

Joe contemplated with his head cocked to one side. "Maybe Florida, maybe Canada. Maybe *both* of them. I could shuttle back and forth."

"What would you do for a living?" Steve demanded. "All you and me know is crawling on our knees in a three-foot facing and swallowing coal." The laughter was all over Steve's face now, but it hadn't broken loose yet.

"I'll get me a job."

"What kind of a job?"

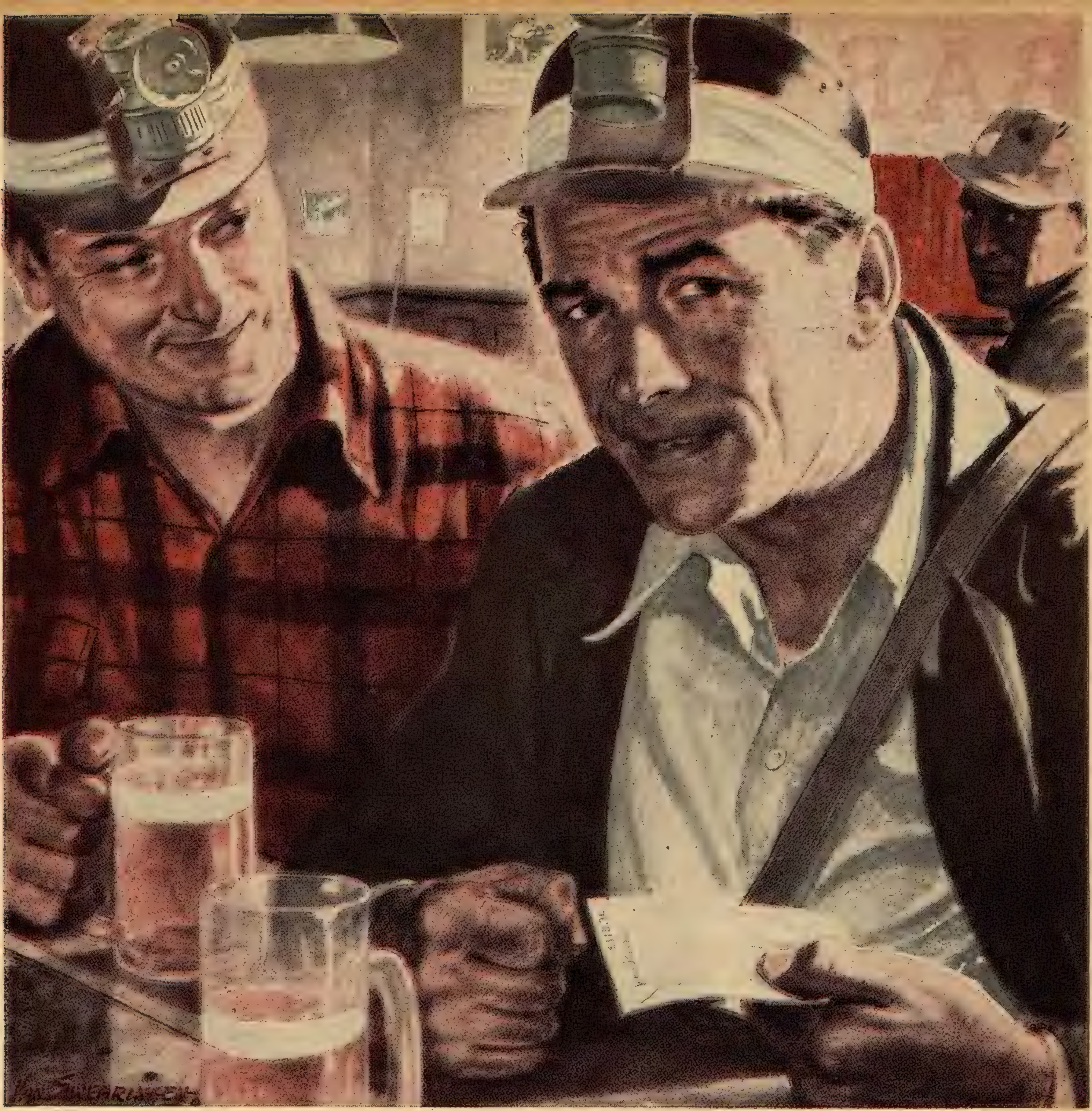
"Any kind, just so long as it's a good clean job."

Steve flung both palms on the bar, threw his head back and laughed unrestrainedly now, with all his might, and if you were a casual passer-by, somebody just looking in at the door to see what you could see, you might mistake the churning sound of his laughter for the sound of someone sobbing. Joe didn't pay any attention. He kept his head low over the glass of beer and his eyes turned right and left in the manner of a man thinking profoundly, a man whose head is full of decisions.

The colliery whistle blew. Abruptly Steve stopped laughing. Without laughter or a smile, he faded into anonymity, looking like every other miner in the world. "It's time to go, Joe," he said. "How about one more with a shot to go with it?"

"Sure," Joe said.

They gulped the shot and washed



"This time I'm getting out," Joe said. "The way I figure, it's now or never so it's going to be now."

it down with beer, breathing deeply. Then they walked up the dirt road to Storm Hill. At Joe's house Steve turned and nodded gravely before going on. "Well, I hope you make it," he said. It seemed as though nothing in the world could bring a laugh or even a smile to that face now. It was set and the coaldust filled the lines.

"What do you mean hope?" Joe said.

He went past the hissing geese in the yard and into the kitchen of the shanty. An immense woman in a dirty dress padded around barefoot. Her hair was done up in metal curlers and she was far gone in pregnancy. Her face had one or two traces of prettiness left. On the floor three towheaded kids, age five and down, were playing with a broken train. "Woo, woo, woooooo!" one said.

"How much was it this time, Joey?" she cried out eagerly. There was no one else talking, no one she had to outshout, no tornado, typhoon or thunder anywhere, and she didn't have to shout at the top of her voice, but she did.

"Hundred fifteen dollars and thirty-six cents," Joe said.

"Uh-*huh,*" she said.

"Look," Joe began. Then he stopped.

She was shouting genially at the top of her voice. She wasn't angry; it was just the way she talked. In fact, she was feeling great. "Store's seventy-six dollars this time," she said, feeling more and more wonderful all the time. "Eighteen's for the collectors. No rent till next pay. That leaves us a little to save." Then she playfully reached out her hand, rubbing together her thumb and index finger.

And because he knew, and she knew, and the whole world, including Steve, knew that there was absolutely nothing else in the world for him to do or say, he handed over the envelope, which she tipped out and counted immediately.

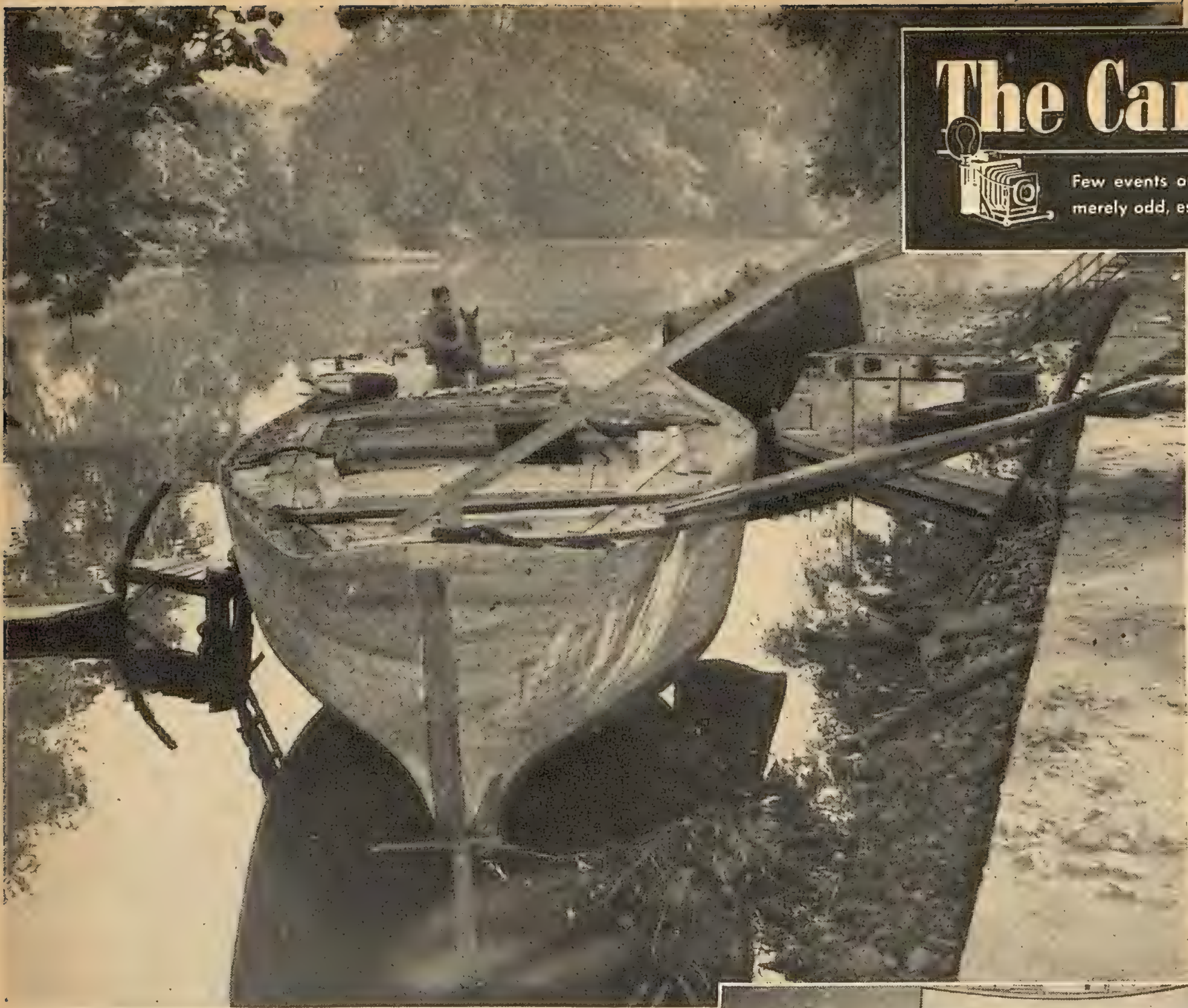
"There's only a hundred *fourteen* thirty-six here," she said in alarm.

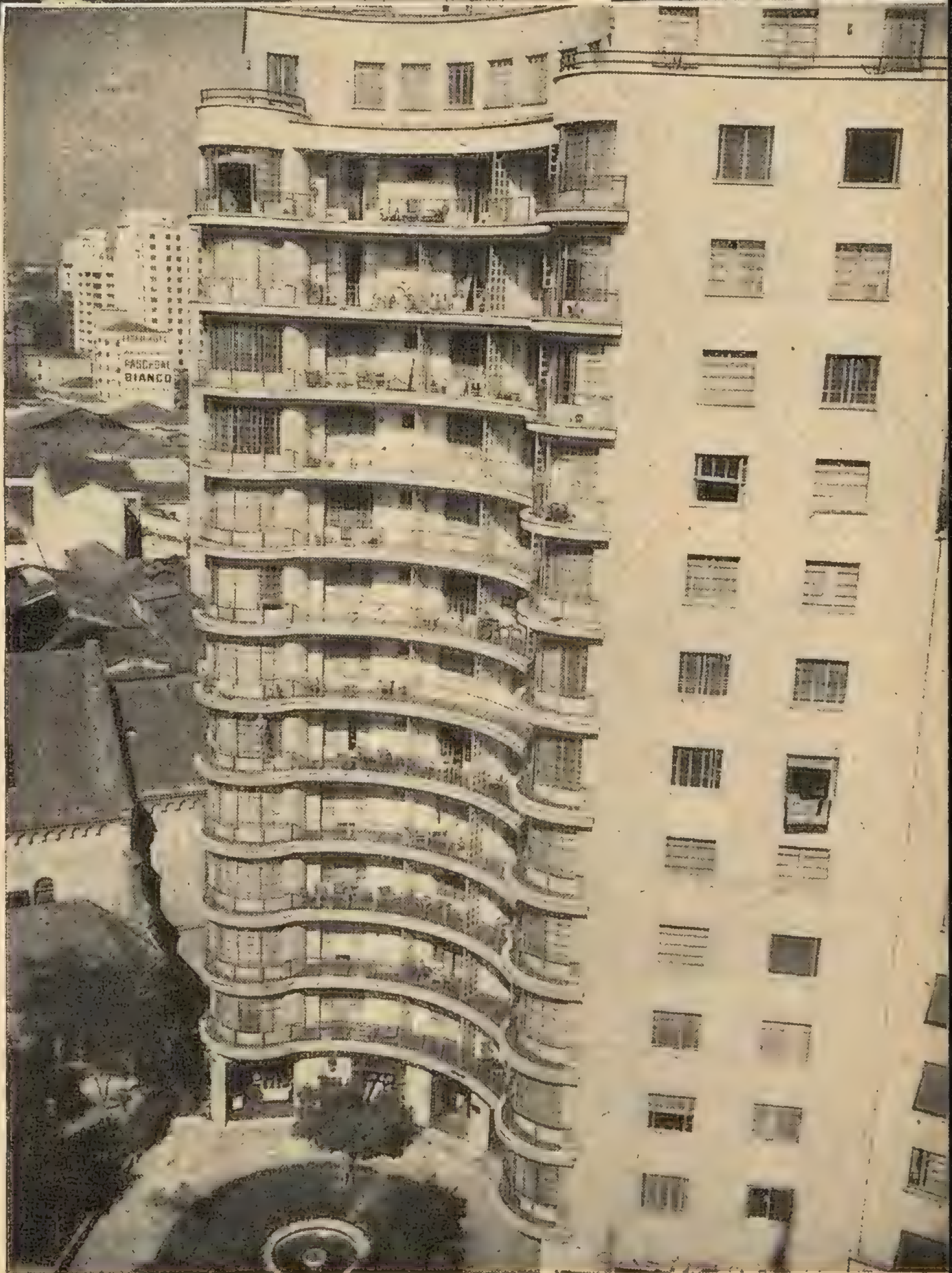
"Yeah, I know," Joe said. "I spent eighty-five cents down to Glowacki's bar for beer and a shot, and fifteen at the store for tobacco. Give me four instead of five this time."

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



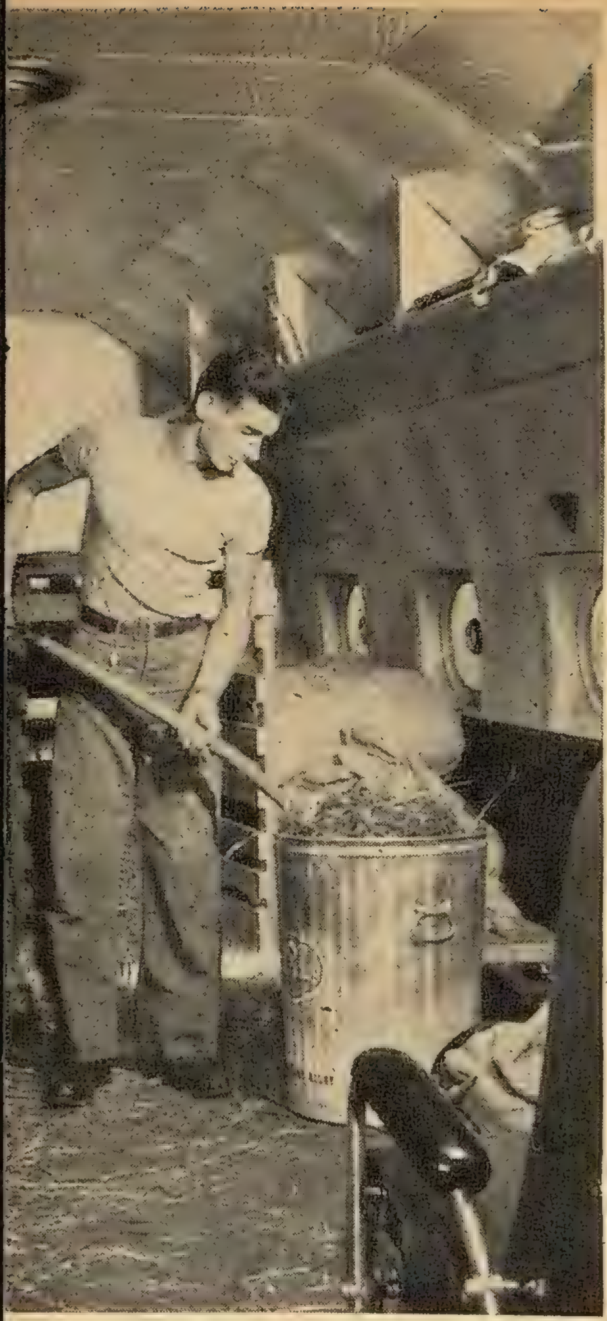


HOUSING—AT HOME AND ABROAD—A veteran in Columbus plans to live in this 45-foot schooner he built. He might be able to get an apartment in the sleek new building below, but it's in Sao Paulo, Brazil—a bit far for commuting.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

LINE BUCK, JR. DIVISION—Tommy Pier of Scranton, Pa., an apprentice fullback, grinds out a gain in a sand-lot scrimmage.

ACME PHOTO



CATTLE IN THE SKY—Three pure-bred Jersey calves fly to Greece in a DC-4. They are a present from the Borden Co. to help rehabilitate suffering Greece's agriculture.
WIDE WORLD PHOTO

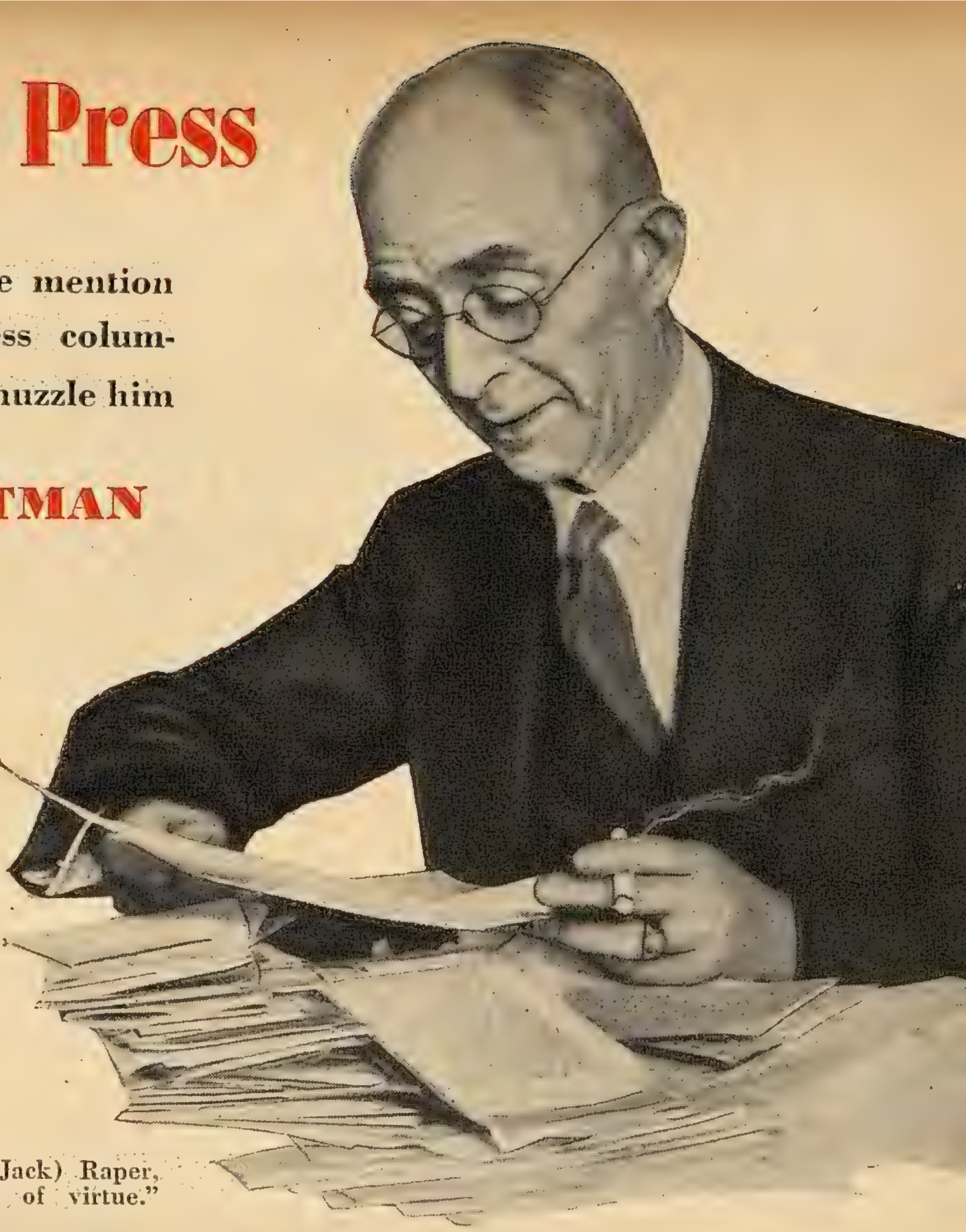
SUBURBANITE—Trygve Lie looks like any average American as he reads the Sunday comics at home in Forest Hills, Long Island.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

ROOSTER DANCER—Lovely Lili St. Cyr, who dances in New York night clubs with a bantam rooster, is caught by the camera in a pensive mood.
GLOBE PHOTO

Power of the Press

In Ohio, big shots quake at the mention of Jack Raper, Cleveland Press columnist—and not even his boss can muzzle him

BY HOWARD WHITMAN


John W. (Jack) Raper, the "wasp of virtue."

ANY oyster may produce a pearl if a grain of sand gets under its shell and irritates it. Newspaper columnist John W. (Jack) Raper has been irritating Ohio for forty-five years. His admirers will tell you he has brought forth a whole necklace of better, cleaner government.

At seventy-five, Raper is a wispy little character who stands five feet five and weighs 124 pounds. He has a pinkish nose, blue eyes, and a bald head. On the Cleveland Press, where he writes a column called Most Anything, a colleague once described him as the "wasp of virtue." John H. Sorrells, executive editor of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, of which the Press is one, calls Raper "a gadfly on a phony's rump." Altogether, this pixy of the press has a reputation that makes the phonies and the politicians quake. He carries no bludgeon, couldn't even lift one, but his little sting can be and often has been the sting of death.

Raper is something of a collector's item among columnists: he has refused to be syndicated and he has refused to leave Cleveland for a bigger town. "You can't see very good when the spotlight's on you," he once told a friend.

His merry disregard of the front office was epitomized a few years ago when Cleveland took over the bus and streetcar system. Gloated the Press editorially, "When the city's trolley and bus lines were taken over, the administration of Mayor Frank Lausche succeeded in accomplishing without a struggle what Mayor Tom L. Johnson had failed to do in years of battling." A few days later Raper reprinted that sentence in his column, crediting the Press and confining his own comment to three pictures in the margin: a Little Bull, a Big Bull, and a Very Big Bull.

The bull, always charging with head down and tail flying, has been a hallmark of the Most Anything column since 1907. Burr Gongwer, for years Cleveland's Democratic boss, made a public utterance which Raper wanted to answer, but he couldn't fit his reply into his column. Finally he told a Press artist to draw him a silhouette of a bull about half an inch long. This he printed alongside Gongwer's statement without further comment.

So devastating was the effect that Raper, over the years, enlarged his corral to include Big Bulls three quarter of an inch long and Very Big Bulls an inch and a quarter long.

"Whenever I take a fellow's hide off I always put a gag in it so he'll be ashamed to take it to court," he says with an impish grin.

His personal campaign against Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War and a big power in Cleveland politics, was simple but eloquent. All he did was call him "Newt Toot Toot" every time he referred to him. This despite the fact that Baker was attorney for the Press.

A native of the little town of McArthur in Vinton County, Ohio, Raper never hesitates to tell the city slickers in Cleveland, "I'm pure hick and proud of it."

At nineteen, he decided to be a newspaperman instead of a law clerk, as originally planned. His father had been editor of the Scioto Gazette at Chillicothe, Ohio. Between newspaper jobs Jack was press agent and gagman for minstrel-monologist Lew Dockstader. This took him to New York, where a six months' stay completely sold him on Ohio.

He married Marie Delahunt, who had been a newspaper woman in Buffalo, and went to the Cleveland Press. Because of his tie-up with Dockstader, the Press decided he should do drama criticism. A three-word drama review of his cost the paper $100,000. A stock company had come to the Lyceum Theater with Tolstoy's Resurrection. Raper, determined to get across the idea of a stenchy performance, confined his review to: "Burn a rag." The Cleveland producers withdrew all theatrical advertising from the Press for one year.

Because his pinkish nose knows news, Raper is always running into stories. In March, 1944, while vacationing in New Mexico, he got wind of secret doings at Los Alamos and came up with an exciting feature headed Forbidden City. An army colonel firmly informed him that the Los Alamos operation was strictly off limits for newspapermen and that every paper in New Mexico had been expressly warned to say nothing about it.

"Hell's bells, colonel," said Raper, "New Mexico is just a small portion of the United States. Next time you want to keep a secret, tip off the Cleveland papers, too."

Because of scrapes likes this, Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the Press, has called Raper "my biggest individual headache." But he also calls the little gnome "the apostle of a free press."

THE END

Action Does It

Naperville, Illinois, has no vet housing problem—the citizens rolled up their sleeves and solved it themselves

BY M. GLEN MILLER

For a cash outlay of less than $5,000, Naperville veterans buy materials to build homes like this one.

WHEN outraged veterans in the little Chicago suburb of Naperville got completely fed up on delay, red tape, and lack of concern over their housing problems, they took matters into their own hands. As a result, veterans are already living in their own homes—and without their having had to invest a penny in the project.

They didn't get worked up to this point until the County Housing Authority had futilely considered semipermanent apartments, barrack-type apartments—and all that emerged were ten unsatisfactory trailers. It was then that a local veterans' meeting was called, under the sponsorship of the County Housing Committee and the American Legion. At this meeting a local citizen interested in a prefabricated house suggested the possibility that this kind of structure might be made available—if the veterans were willing to buy them individually and erect them with their own labor.

The plan decided on was predicated on two vital factors—an agreement to pool their own labor to assemble the houses; and the setting up of a revolving fund through the co-operation of some interested local citizens. The fund, deposited in the local bank, enabled the banker to pay for a veteran's lot as soon as it was selected. The bank also paid for the manufactured parts of the complete house. These house parts were shipped in lots of five, so that each construction pool involved five veterans, who jointly assembled the five houses on their respective lots.

It takes a five-man labor pool two days to erect the prefabricated roof.

With five men on the job, the roof could be on, ready for shingling, in two full working days. In another three days of group work the interior could be completed, including the installation of plumbing, bathroom fixtures, hot-water heater, furnace, chimney, kitchen sink, and laundry tub, wiring and electrical outlets—all of which are furnished with the house. Ordinances require that licensed plumbers and electricians do certain parts of this work.

At this point the veteran would qualify for a mortgage loan at the bank, based on the Veterans Administration appraisal of $6,100, which included an $800 lot and a full cement-block basement. As the house parts cost about $3,500, the actual cash outlay came to less than $5,000—all of which could be returned to the revolving fund through the mortgage. Thus the veteran has title to his house with no cash investment; and, based on a twenty-year mortgage of $5,000, he repays interest and principal at the rate of approximately $30 a month. Interest is at the rate of 4 per cent, as provided in the G.I. Bill of Rights.

The success of this veterans' home-owning project was possible because everybody in town pitched in. Real-estate men combed their lists of available lots; even shortened their commissions. Lot owners didn't always hold out for the last dollar of profit. The bank's attorney performed a miracle of expediting title searches. Excavating contractors and masons made a "wholesale" price in consideration for continuous work. Relatives, friends, and wives helped in the actual work of assembly. And last but not least, the mayor and his city councilmen spent many a long hour of investigation and debate before giving final clearance to the new and unconventional features of this manufactured house. The local press deserves credit, too, for generous news coverage. That the Housing Authority for the County of Du Page, in which Naperville is located, has adapted the same program and the same house on a county-wide basis is the best evidence of the soundness of the plan.

Of course code restrictions and many other problems can be a barrier if initiative and co-operative ties are not strong enough. In many cities, building codes were made before prefabricated houses were even dreamed of. These new houses involve new methods, new materials, and new principles of assembly. Some districts have solved this problem by persuading reluctant code authorities to at least issue temporary permits with five-year inspection clauses.

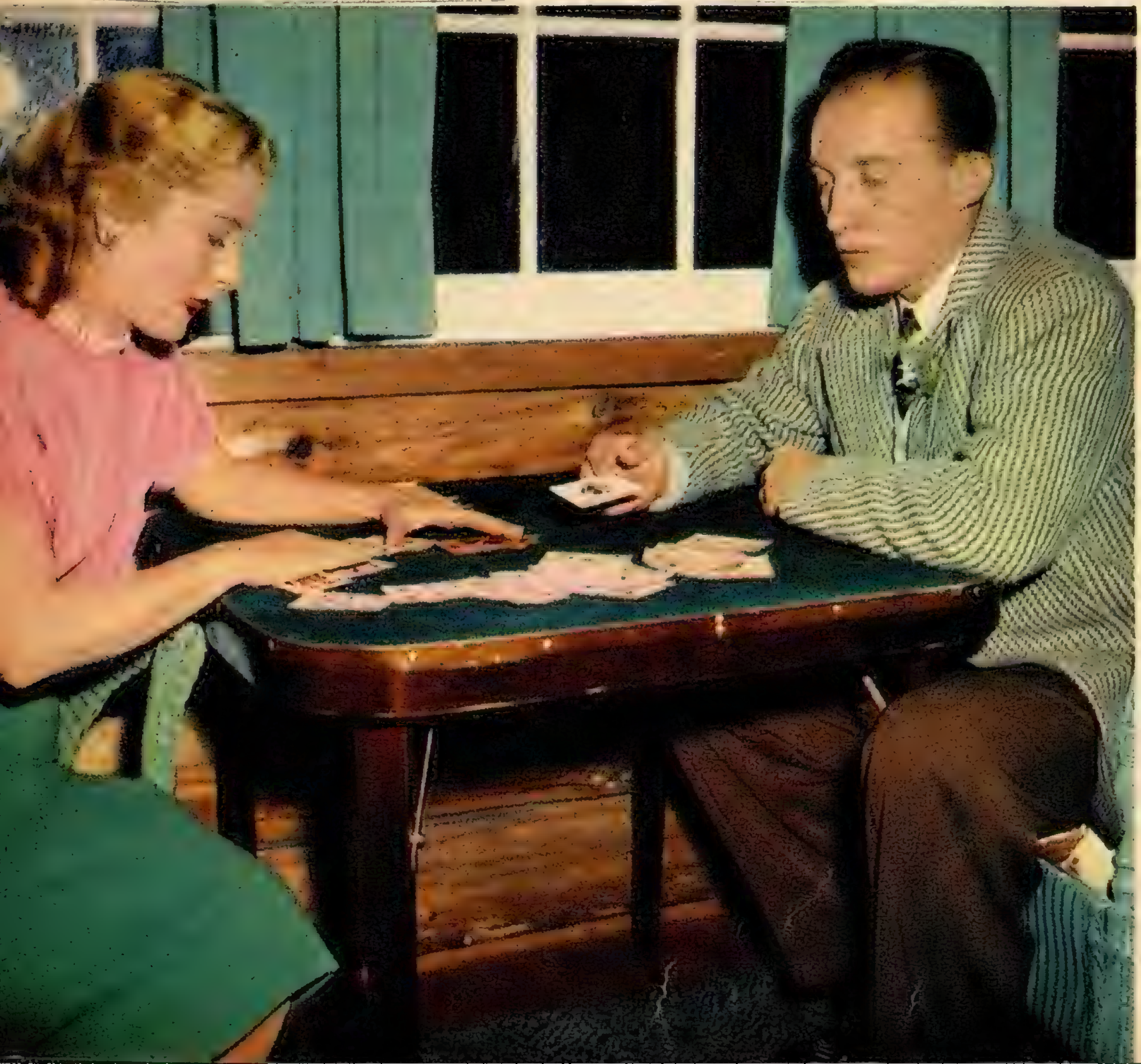
The Home Ola manufactured house is particularly well suited to such a program, since it can be owner-erected. But many prefabricated houses have been approved by the National Housing Agency; many meet the specifications of the U. S. Bureau of Standards; some have met the tests of the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory; and many specific elements of such houses have been tested by leading state universities.

The veterans' counselor in Naperville says, "The vets here are building their *own* homes on their *own* lots. We have encouraged scattering the lots, so that we will have no rows of identical houses. What we have is *dreams in action*, and all within the framework of American initiative, enterprise, and the co-ordinated action of individuals."

THE END

Buttons, the gum-chewing fox terrier, usually stole every scene he was in; but this time his dimpled knees saved Bin

Joan played gin rummy incessantly—between shots and after work, as here.



Pay check goes home—it's location gravy.

Bing Kissed Joan Here

. . . and it cost $25,000. The natives will never forget it—or the rest of the movie-making shenanigans at Jasper Park, Canada

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

IT was in Canada, on the Emperor Waltz location. The publicity man told me that the longest kiss of Bing Crosby's fifteen-year screen career was just about to take place. One hundred and ten feet of film, he said, or one minute five seconds running time on the screen. Bing, nonchalant as ever, even in brief Tyrolean shorts which exposed a pair of dimpled knees that any chorus girl might envy, sat on a nail keg and whistled the chorus of Sioux City Sue. Some twenty feet away Joan Fontaine played gin rummy with actor Roland Culver. Electricians, prop men, and drivers pitched horseshoes, batted baseballs, or sprawled on the bank. "O.K., boys!" shouted Billy Wilder, who directs with the enthusiasm of a freshman cheer leader. "Bing, kiss Joan. Quiet. Lights. Action."

Considering he has spent so many working hours lately with his collar turned backward, Bing did a neat job of it. But George Barnes, head cameraman, looked unhappy. The clouds were changing, he said; hold everything. On a location the sky, not the gal, is the prima donna. Bing returned to his whistling, while producer Charles Brackett gazed at the gathering clouds with the sick look of a man watching a mounting taximeter.

Perhaps to you, and to me, and the late Gertrude Stein, a kiss is a kiss is a kiss. But to Hollywood there's nothing simple about the old smackeroo. This particular buss, with the beautiful Canadian Rockies in the background, was not only the longest ever filmed but certainly the most expensive. Cost around $25,000 before they stashed it away in the can. For it, Paramount had sent a thirty-three-foot boom via truck over 2,000 miles to Jasper National Park. For it, Paramount had set up a floating island on Leach Lake. Is a kiss worth all that? Well, if it doesn't send you when you see the picture next winter, don't tell Paramount.

The Province of Alberta, Canada, has a thousand islands, assorted sizes. So when the Canadians saw the location company lugging that island along, then they were sure that Hollywood was crazy. But Hollywood affably explained: "We gotta have close-ups of Bing's kiss, see? So we tow the island in for close-ups, and we shove it out for long shots, see?"

Though a bit scornful at first over what Nature's Little Helper (Paramount) had done to Leach Lake, in time the 1,500 inhabitants of Jasper became quite fond of Emperor Island, as they called it, and later they got it as sort of a souvenir. Floating on oil drums, the island is made of real shrubs and grass planted in real soil. It will undoubtedly be a popular tourist attraction for years. Canadians will say, pointing with pride, "Bing Crosby kissed Joan Fontaine there in the summer of 1946."

During the war years, the "location" sank into a coma. In the past few months, however, it has been picking up where it left off in 1942. The Emperor Waltz, starring Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine, and produced and directed by Brackett and Wilder (who won the 1945 Academy Award with their Lost Weekend), is the first of the postwar long-distance locations. Jasper National Park, in the Canadian Rockies, was chosen because Billy Wilder, who lived in Austria until he was nineteen, wanted the locale that was most like the Austrian Tyrol.

More and more, Hollywood expects to go in for locations. The average Grade A picture set at a studio costs between $90,000 and $100,000. For half that amount, or even less, the studio can rig up a set on location and have realistic backgrounds. English and French films, which usually cost about one tenth of what a Hollywood film costs, have always gone in for simple, authentic backgrounds, to the complete satisfaction of critics, fans, and stockholders. And now, with foreign competition cutting in on profits, Hollywood feels that the time has come to develop a passion for realism. And save a buck or two.

There are two kinds of location: the rugged and the de luxe. The Emperor Waltz established a new high in luxury. The studio rented part of the famous Jasper Park Lodge on Lac Beauvert, and there housed actors and crew, all 200 of them, in bungalows at sixteen dollars a day. The tip-off that the location would be "class" was when they read in the Location Instructions issued to them before they left home: "Regulations at the Jasper Park Lodge require that a shirt, coat and tie be worn for all evening meals. Jackets, sweaters, etc., will not be permitted."

Though some of the boys complained bitterly about the elegance of the service, there were no complaints about those who served. The waitresses at the Lodge are, for the most part, young and pretty girls from Canadian universities who work during their summer vacation.

Bing, of course, was the chief object of the girls' affection. Hilda Carter, one of the waitresses who served him, pronounced him "a bigger thrill than the late Duke of Kent." The townspeople were equally entranced with America's Number One Star.

Early hours are strictly enforced on all locations. Joan Fontaine and the other actors would be in make-up by 6.30, and leave the Lodge at 7.30, cloudy or sunny.

On a location set, especially if the picture is in Technicolor, the sky has to be photogenic, and actors take second place. Sometimes days went by without a shot.

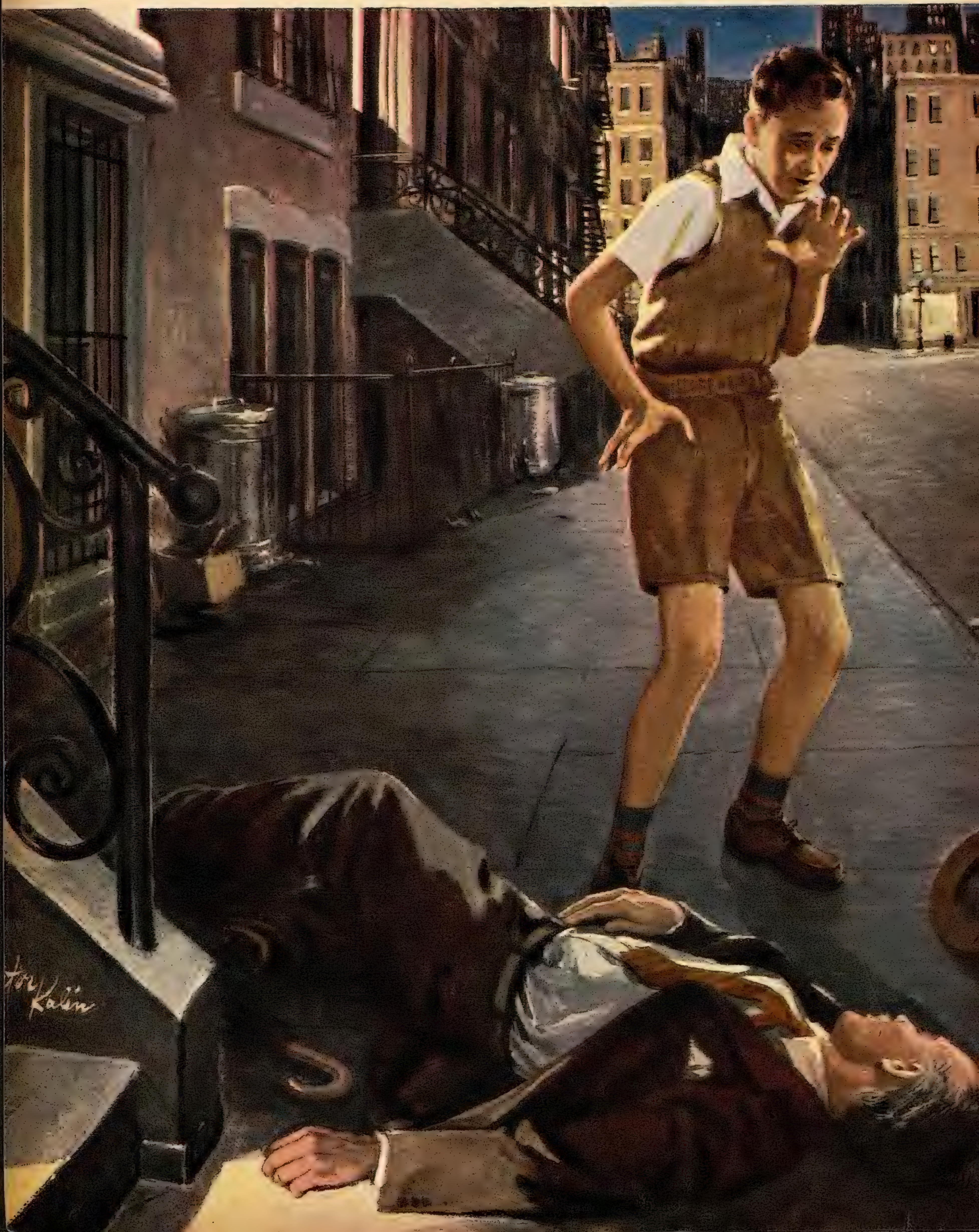
FOLLOWING dinner at the hotel, "rushes" were shown in the ballroom. It was quite evident in those rushes that a couple of canines, a French poodle named Scheherazade and a gum-chewing fox terrier named Buttons, are going to steal the picture. Both Fontaine and Crosby are resigned to it. The dogs belong to the famous Weatherwax brothers in Hollywood, who also own Lassie. Frank Inn, their trainer, accompanied them to the location. Inn trained Buttons to chew gum by giving him caramels, which he adores. Scheherazade, poor dear, suffers from bad breath. When she does close-ups with Joan, her mistress in the picture, she eats mints.

Beefing, one of the more popular pastimes of a location crew, was held to a minimum in Canada. This was due to Hugh Brown, the location manager. In fact, the professional beefers found themselves with nothing to gripe about except the box lunch. "I been in pictures twenty years," complained an electrician. "Everything has improved except one thing—the box lunch. As lousy as ever."

THE END

Jock is found by a man who sees not just a runaway boy, but the image of himself many bitter years ago

He stood rooted to the spot, still hearing the crack of the man's head as it hit the sidewalk, watching the stain of blood spread.



Runaway

BY RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

DURING the three years that Vera had been married to Ben Gregory, the only thing that marred her happiness was the antagonism and hatred of her stepson, Jock, now thirteen. Repeatedly she had tried to win him, but he would not respond, and once, in a fit of rage and resentment, he had threatened to kill himself. So when Vera and Ben returned from a long weekend trip and found the boy away from home, they were disturbed. Their anxiety grew as days passed with no word from Jock. Ben notified police and Jock's description was broadcast on the Missing Persons program. While Ben searched untiringly and followed up every possible clue, he blamed himself for having shut the boy out of his life. He realized that he and Vera had been so engrossed in their own happiness they had neglected Jock and knew nothing of how he spent his time. Ben recalled he had once seen his son on the street with an older youth, Hank. They were on the same baseball team, Jock had told his father. Police checked on Hank and found that the baseball team consisted of a gang of young thugs who had staged a mugging hold-up. Ben learned that Jock, too, was implicated. And he was still missing.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE boy was tired, terribly tired, but he kept on running. He dared not stop until the dark could hide him. Never again would he feel safe in daylight. Never.

The trail was steep and he stumbled; he was so very tired. Yet the farther he went the better off he'd be. For days now—he'd lost track of time since he threw away his wrist watch for fear it might identify him — all the days since he struck into the woods, he'd lived on berries. He was weak from hunger.

The spaces of flesh below his khaki shorts were crisscrossed with scratches. Dirt smudged his face and neck. He had the idea dirt was a disguise. Sweaty hair stuck against his forehead. He wondered if the sweat darkened it so that nobody would guess his hair was streaked with sunburn and curly. That would be good, too. A disguise, like the dirt. His torn clothes clung to him. Last night in the downpour he'd lain flat in a meadow. Rain had pelted down, soaking through his sweater so that the wool felt like lead.

When the pale gray morning came and the rain stopped, he'd doubled over in the tall grass and taken to cover like an animal. Now he was forcing himself to go on; forcing his feet to hurry while the blood beat against his eyes and tears impossible to hold back streaked his face. Pretty soon his legs would refuse to move. He was afraid of that, frightened of weakness, the same as he'd been afraid of having Chuck and Hank and Lou, all those older fellows, call him a sissy. The Tenth Avenue gang who'd taken him on and made him feel he counted for something.

At last it grew dark again. Jock dropped beside a thick tree trunk, his teeth chattering. His head throbbed. He pressed down on it with both hands; the top felt like a lid that might pop off. He closed his eyes, but it was worse this way. The nightmare came and he had to live through the awful thing all over again as though it happened now, this minute, and he couldn't do anything to stop it. . . .

He was walking along in the dark side street with Hank and Chuck on their way to a movie. All of a sudden Hank let out a low whistle.

Chuck said, "See that guy just turned the corner from Broadway. Go ask him the way to Grand Central Station."

They gave him a shove and dropped back. He wondered why they wanted him to ask such a silly question.

WHEN he put the question, the man turned to point east. Next thing, Jock saw him go down, flat on his back. Chuck's fist had shot out and got him under the chin. Hank was kneeling, lifting his wallet.

Chuck whispered, "Scram, kid," and with Hank soft-shoed into the darkness.

But he stood rooted to the spot, still hearing the crack of the man's head as it hit the sidewalk, watching the stain of blood spread. He knew now they'd used him for a come-on. He understood it all, how he'd been used by a couple of toughs who made him feel important.

Not a soul was in sight on the dark street. There was only that figure that didn't move. He wanted to yell for the police. But if the man was dead, if Hank and Chuck were killers, then so was he. Jock Gregory a murderer!

He clapped a hand over his mouth and ran toward the glare of Broadway.

It was Decoration Day and crowds jammed the avenue, out to enjoy the holiday. Wonderful how you could lose yourself in a Broadway crowd! Yet at every honk of a taxi horn, every police whistle, he glanced over his shoulder.

That was the thing he couldn't bear. Running, not knowing where to go, boarding subways, streetcars, buses, riding a while, then getting off because he was afraid the police might be looking for him. Always when the nightmare closed in, always toward the end, he was too tired to go on and they found him.

Even in the woods there could be no real safety. They could track him down. He crouched, shaking, against a tree trunk. The darkness that swooped down was dense and now nothing was left to torture him. Everything was blotted out. . . .

WHEN he opened his eyes and saw the man bending over him, he thought it must be part of his nightmare. He thought the cops had caught up with him. But he was too sick to move or care.

The man said something in a gruff voice. Jock couldn't make out what he was saying. It appeared to make no difference. The man laid a rough-skinned hand on his forehead. Jock noticed his thick hair and beard, his skin, all the same ruddy brown like the furrowed bark of trees.

A patch of bright blue sky took form through the branches. Jock felt the grip of strong arms and a strange comfort in the fact that they were carrying him. He didn't have to run any more, pushed around by his terror, having to decide what to do. Somebody was deciding for him. He didn't have to think. He could rest. That was what he wanted more than anything else. To rest without thinking.

The man walked along the trail as though the boy were no weight at all. It must be a long way, too, because Jock began to feel as though he couldn't go any farther. He breathed hard and a sharp pain

(*Continued on page 60*)

TO GRACE THE DINNER HOUR

You're **Sure** *... when you say*

"Crystal"

Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
7
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

TO GRACE THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER

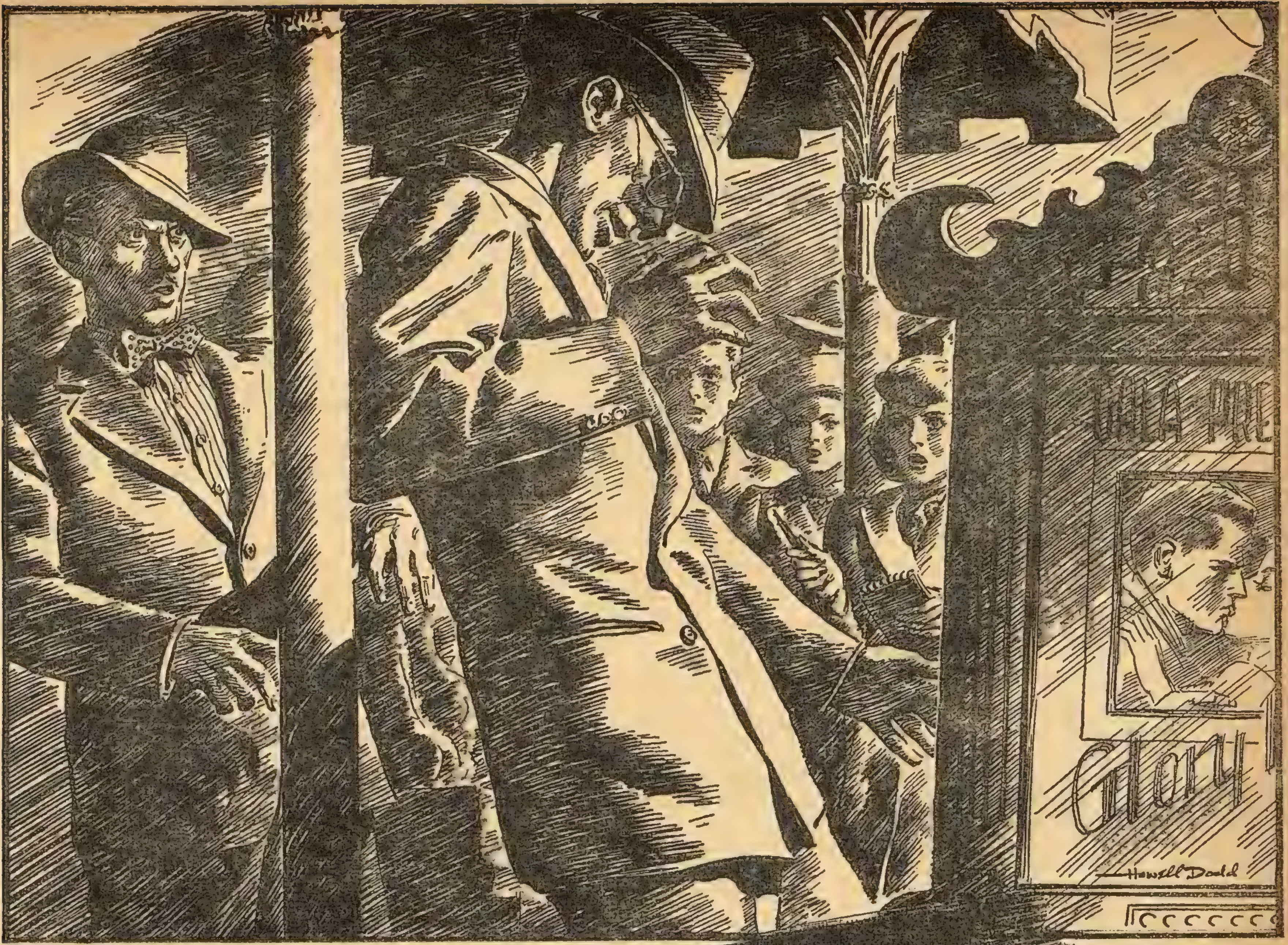
You're **Sure** *... when you say*

Seagram's

FINE WHISKIES
SINCE 1857

Say Seagram's *and be* Sure*... of Pre-War Quality*

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram's 7 Crown, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York



BENEFIT PERFORMANCE

BY RICHARD SALE

Movie star Kerry Garth attended his own funeral. Only two people knew that the man who had been shot and killed at the Hollywood première was not Garth. This thrilling story is one of the most entertaining mysteries of the year.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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KERRY GARTH was asleep.

(You know—Kerry Garth, the movie actor. . .)

There had been a time in Kerry's life when sleep had been only a necessity, and as such, a nuisance. Now it was a pleasure.

When you are no longer thirty or fractions of its decade, and when you have been a good actor for an embarrassingly long time, and when it takes a hair piece to play the perennial juvenile, little things like sleep are more important in life than wine, women, and song. Not forgetting money.

(Sure, he had to wear a hair piece in pictures now. It wasn't that he had no hair. He had a handsome head of hair. But it had too damn much gray in it.)

He was asleep in a comfortable bedroom in a remote cabin on the shores of Lake Arrowhead. So soundly asleep that it worried the sharp little man in the checked suit who was trying to wake him up. Calling by name and laying on of hands had been no good. He was pouring cold water over Kerry Garth's head and face.

Kerry came awake abruptly and sat up in bed. He stared at the sharp little man. "You," he said. "I hate you."

The sharp little man was Casey Jones, no kin to the perished engineer. After departing newspaperdom, where he had run the gamut from the financial section to the sports editor, he had become a gag man and dwelt in the anonymity until Kerry won him from Bob Hope, in a gin-rummy game. Now he was many things: public relations, trouble shooter, and such. And his heart belonged to Kerry for the recompense of one hundred fish a week.

His spotless gray fedora was tipped at that incredible angle over his left ear. The striped shirt was *chic.* The bow tie gyrated on his Adam's apple. And the worried gray mustache trembled.

"I told you," Kerry said, "that I didn't wish to gaze upon your ugly kisser for two weeks. It has only been three days."

"You were pounding that ear so hard," Casey said, "that I was gonna get a local prophet to speak words over you. You'd better get up. I'll run a shower for you and get your clothes together."

"Blow, Irish, before I get mad."

"You've got to get out of here," Casey said. "Don't lie down again, Ker."

But Kerry was down and his eyes were closed. He talked dreamily. "What's the matter? Are you broke? Katie Henshaw will advance you salary, she's the business manager. Go see Katie."

Casey sighed. "You'll be late for the funeral tomorrow if you don't get up today."

"Anybody we know?"

"Uh-huh," Casey said. "You."

Kerry sat up again. "Who sent you up here? I'm supposed to be on a two-week rest, and I'm not going back to Hollywood for anything. If Sam Saltonstall thinks he's going to haul me back from this hunk of heaven for a pick-up shot that Ed Haley forgot to shoot, they can both fry in the cutting room. Now go away."

"Nobody is looking for you," Casey said quietly. "You are stretched out on a cool slab. You are going to be buried Thursday. They've got black shrouds over the gates of Neptune Studios. Celeste Havorford is doing Camille like crazy all over the place. The columnists are crying in your bier. The nation mourns you."

He went to the table where he had left his leather portfolio. He zippered it open and took out a morning newspaper. It was a Los Angeles *Examiner.* There was a black border around the page, and a headline that was two points larger than the one they had used on the German armistice:

KERRY GARTH SHOT TO DEATH!
Noted Actor Ambushed
Leaving Chinese Theatre
After Premiere

KILLER ESCAPES
D.A. Says Hunt Will Be
Pushed Relentlessly Until
Murderer is Apprehended

"Casey," said Kerry in a hoarse whisper, "it's impossible."

"Uh-huh," Casey said. "It's everything but impossible. I'll make some coffee, and you get dressed. We've got to blow out of here."

Kerry climbed out of bed, his mind racing. He shed his pyjamas and plunged into a stall shower.

Let's think back.

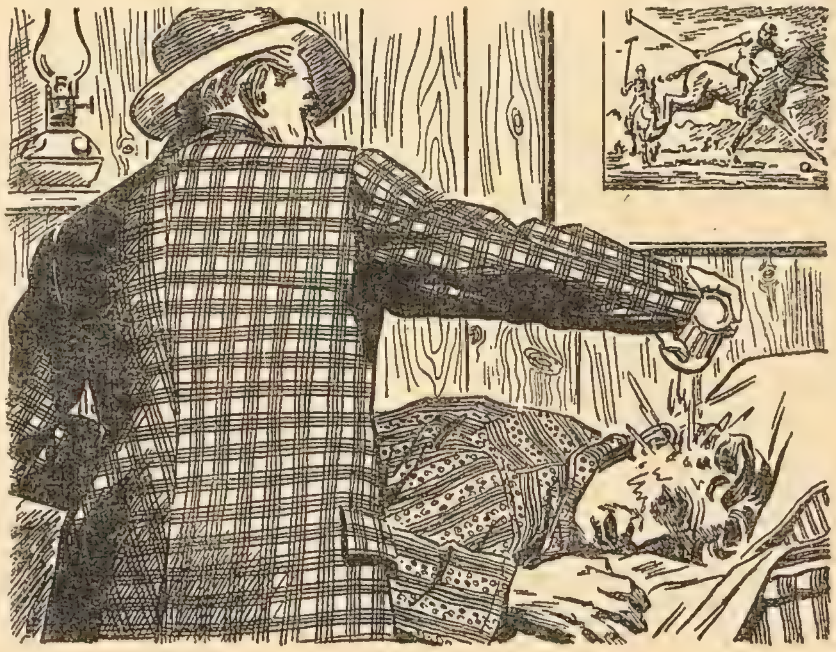
"CUT!" cried Edward Haley tiredly. "Wrap it up and can it. That finishes it!"

Ed Haley, who was the highest paid and coincidentally the best director on the lot, ran his stubby hands through his gray-white hair and leaned back in his chair. He called, "Kerry, don't leave without seeing me."

"Okay," Kerry said. He didn't like Ed Haley. "Anon."

Kerry was still on the set, standing beside the luxurious satinized bed where he had played the final scene with Miss Nancy Ann Blake, co-star. Nancy was going on eight years old now, a dark and lovely pig-tailed girl with a wonderful unspoiled smile, a startling memory for lines, and a gentle naiveté about speaking them. She was holding the tremendous Disneyish stuffed mouse which had been his gift to her on this last day's shooting. "Oh, Kerry," she said. "Oh, he's wonderful! Oh, Kerry, I love him!"

"Good," Kerry said. "Now you can never forget me. When I'm old and bent and phoning Central Casting for an extra part or a walk-on, you—who will be the reigning queen of this tinsel city—can look at that creature and say, 'I knew Kerry Garth when I was a little girl. We played together in *The Ardent Mouse.*'"



"You'll never get old," Nancy said sincerely. "You're wonderful, Kerry. I'm going to marry you."

"Why, honey," he said, "I didn't know you cared!" He picked her up and squeezed her, and he left the set with her wet kiss glistening on his cheek . . .

Casey was sitting in the dressing room, his hat cocked at its usual list. He usually wore a hat because he was sensitive about the pink and glassy mirror which was his skull. He was reading a book and concentrating on it so firmly that he looked sad. The book had a gold leaf title, *How To Improve Your Etiquette.*

Kerry sat down. "Casey, I'm going up to the cabin at Arrowhead, strictly in solitude for two weeks. You're the only lug who knows I'm going, and you aren't going to tell a soul."

"But, Ker," Casey objected, "what about the premiere of *Glory Road* at the Chinese on Tuesday night?"

Celeste swept in. "Oh, Kerry *dar*ling, you were really magnificent in that last bit. You outplayed the child, you know, and that's extremely difficult. The little beast is such a scene-stealer . . . Kerry, I wish you wouldn't wear those awful pinstriped suits. They—well, such vulgar people wear them."

"Sorry, dear," Kerry said wearily.

She was Celeste Havorford, of course, the fragile and delicate-faced Miss Havorford. Her exquisite femininity was ruled with the iron thought of a predatory Back Bay debutante. Her heart was bounded on the north by the Cabots, on the south by the Lodges, on the east by Emily Post, and on the west by a silver spoon.

"You're taking me to lunch at Romanoff's," she said. "And we'll have a quiet dinner party tonight at my place. Just close friends to celebrate the end of the picture. It's one of your best, I'm afraid . . . You're not going to wear that bow tie, are you, Kerry? Bow ties are only worn by touts and theatrical agents."

"No, dear," Kerry said. He stared at her golden hair. She really had been born with it. He looked at her delicate nose, her lovely mouth, her bright blue sparkling eyes. And he thought, *How did I ever get myself engaged to this gal?*

Celeste touched his hair. "I'm so proud of you, Kerry, so very proud of you. And you look so tired. I think perhaps we ought to run down to Palm Springs for a week of sunning, just the two of us."

"I'll talk to you about it at lunch," Kerry said. "You run along, Celeste. I'll come as quickly as I can." He caught the flash of the big diamond and emerald ring on her left hand and he wondered vaguely if he had finished paying for it.

"I'll be waiting, *dar*ling," she said. She patted his cheek and presented her own for a kiss which was mechanically bestowed, and then she shimmered out of the dressing room.

Casey said, "I even took my hat off. Am I a social leper?"

"Shut up," said Kerry. "She'll say hello to you. You're going to do the lunching with her. I'm blowing. I've got my bags in the trunk of the car. Tell her I was called out of town unexpectedly."

Ed Haley, the director, knocked on the door and thundered in. "We may have retakes on that last bit, Kerry," he said, offhand. "Are you staying in town? Just so's we can reach you."

"Town or down at Palm Springs," Kerry lied.

"Fine," Ed Haley said. "Get a good long rest, you've got it coming, kid. See you at the premiere." He thundered out.

Kerry picked up the telephone and called the front gate. "This is Garth. Has Joshua Barnes left the lot yet?"

"No, Mr. Garth," said the gateman.

"If he tries to leave, tell him I want to see him in my dressing room," Kerry said. "Tell him it's urgent."

PRESENTLY, there was a knock on the door. Joshua Barnes opened the door and came in, and Kerry, staring at him, could watch himself almost literally. For Joshua Barnes was his stand-in.

"Hello, Barnes," Kerry said. "Sit down. I'm in a hurry, so I'll make it fast. I've got a premiere to attend at the Chinese Theatre tomorrow night. I want you to do the job in my place. I'll pay you a century note."

Joshua Barnes raised his brows. "I could use the cabbage," he said quietly. "My betting paper is thin. But I don't think I could get away with it. Too many people know you—"

"They only know me from a distance," Kerry said. "Just powder your hair and shave that mustache. Wear dark glasses, and some of my own clothes. You stay at my apartment. Casey can stick with you to steer you."

"Yeah," said Joshua Barnes unpleasantly. "But you're hooked to marry that Haverford doll; if she gandered me she'd know in a minute—"

"No, she wouldn't," Kerry said. "You'd be surprised how little people see. If you met her inside in the half-light, she wouldn't know. Casey would go with you and steer her off the beam. And right after the premiere, you hit out and become yourself again, and I'll come back to Hollywood when my fortnight is up. Casey'll pay you off. Under no circumstances tell anyone of the substitution."

"Okay," said Joshua Barnes.

"Thanks," said Kerry.

Casey said, "You go over to the apartment now, Barnes. I'll join you there when I see this guy off."

As soon as Barnes had left, Kerry telephoned his business manager, Kate Henshaw. When you are earning two hundred grand a picture and working day and night for the moola, you simply do not have the time for facts, figures, income taxes, and investment searches. He left all that to Kate. She had a hard head, a tidy face, and a stunning figure. She had been around. She knew the answers.

"Katie, darling," Kerry greeted her. "How's my beautiful mentor?"

"Your beautiful mentor," Kate Henshaw said with her characteristic acridity, "is too antique and too sage to fall for that corny flattery. I don't care if you're dead broke, my dear, you can't have an increase in your allowance."

"Katie m'dear, all I want is for you to forward my monthly moola to the local checking account. I know I'm three days early, but what's three days between cut-throats?"

"And next month," Kate said, "it'll be six days. Okay, Ker, I'll make a deposit to your account."

Kerry hung up and then wrote a check to cash for one hundred dollars for Barnes. He gave it to Casey.

Casey sighed. "Sometimes I wished you were married to Katie. I'm thinking about hooking her myself. A little machoor for you maybe, but not for a man of the world like me—"

"So that," Kerry murmured, "accounts for the book of etiquette?"

"Aw, cut it out," Casey said.

BUT that was all ancient history now. This was Wednesday. This was the morning after.

"It was Barnes," Kerry said. "Someone shot Joshua Barnes. Naturally, everybody thought it was me. Were you there, Casey?"

"I was there, all right. I was so close to Joshua Barnes that if the killer had been a lousy shot—which he was not—my toes would now be pointing to the ceiling of a local morgue."

"Why should anyone want to kill me? Nobody's mad at me, and I'm not mad at anybody."

Casey said bluntly, "You're rich."

"I haven't a family," said Kerry. "And I'm not that rich."

"Who'd benefit?" Casey said. "You've got dough. Who'd get it? You got a will?"

"Yes," said Kerry, "but the bulk would have gone to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. There are bequests to my friends, yourself included, but nothing over five grand." He took a breath. "Barnes must have been shot as Barnes, not as Garth."

"No," Casey replied. "He was you. No one knew it. I went to the theatre with him. We arrived late, and we didn't go in past the M.C. and the microphone. The foyer of the Chinese was jammed, and we slid under the rope and waltzed in. I sat between him and Celeste and she was burned. When *Glory Road* finished, Barnes and me got up and went out quick. We stepped out into the crowd and people started oh-ing and ah-ing, and somebody said 'There's Kerry Garth.' Then there was a bang. Then another. Barnes fell on his face. He caught both slugs right through the ticker. The crowd was in the shadow, the lights were all on Barnes. The killer got away."

"But what am I going to do?"

Casey said quietly, "I spent the night figuring it. You're gonna play a brand new part—a strictly ad lib show. There's no contract and no dough. But if you do a good job on it, you'll get something a lot better than an Oscar. You'll get your life handed back to you . . . Now let's get out of here. Leave the clothes and the car." He smiled grimly. "May I give you a lift down to your apartment in L.A. in my flivver, Mr. Barnes?"

BARNES had had three rooms in a place called La Sierra. Living room, kitchen, and bedroom. You could see where various women had lent their feminine touch.

"I'll be right back," Casey said. "Make yourself at home, and start figuring what kind of a monkey he was. You have to be him now."

Kerry sat down, and found his hands shaking. *What kind of a guy was he? Joshua Barnes. I never really knew him . . .*

When Casey came back he brought a small handbag. He locked the door and drew the drapes.

"Anybody could have peered in," he said. "Fame would be fatal right now."

He unpacked the make-up kit. "Hair dye," he said. "Right away. Here's spirit gum and hair for the mustache until yours grows out under it. Dark glasses. Your eyes are blue. His were gray. Comb your hair in a part—like that picture on the piano there. Wear his clothes. He tended to be flashy. Better wear your own shoes, though, or you'll get corns. His feet were half a size smaller. Also when you have washed your face, hang a couple of these on your noble brow in a criss-cross." He handed Kerry a pair of prepared adhesive tape-surgical gauze dressings.

"What for?"

"You did a samba on a banana peel and hit your head on an old blackjack," Casey said. "You're not quite yourself. You can't remember things. That'll excuse a multitude of things in case you run into people he knew."

Casey went to the piano. "Take a look at this baby grand," he said. "It's come into your life. For a month Barnes had been plugging nights for a girl named Linda Colby. She makes with the pipes at Club Cucaracha out on Sunset Strip. She's a contralto."

"I can't swing that, she'd know him too well. And I can't read a note, Irish. I can play by ear, but my whole style would be different."

"Tell the girl to get another piano player, and then get out of her life. And now I'm gonna blow. I've got to see people and do things. I may even be a gumshoe in this case, myself. Be careful."

"Tell me one more thing. How come the police didn't identify Barnes from his wallet and identification papers?"

"Because they didn't find any," Casey said. "I heisted them. His stuff is right there with the other junk I brought. So long, kid, and keep your fingers crossed."

THE telephone rang. Kerry stared at it. I'm not ready, he thought. I don't know the part yet.

"Barnes?" A man. The voice was slick and cold.

"Yeah?" Kerry said briefly.

"I want to see you."

"Who wants to see me?"

"Don't give me that stuff," said the voice. "Where the hell have you been for the last three days? You come to the Cucaracha at nine. If you aren't here by then, I'll have the boys bring you in. And if you try to lam, I'll have the boys spoil you. You follow me?"

Kerry was thinking frantically: *Am I supposed to be tough? Or should I be scared by this weasel?* He tried, "What's the beef?"

"Why, you stinking fourflusher, you know damn well what the beef is. You get over tonight, and you bring the lettuce." The man slammed up the phone.

Kerry paced the room. *My God,* he thought, *what kind of bird was this Barnes, a movie gangster?* Presently he sat down at the piano and began to play. Then the doorbell rang. *Casey,* he thought, *thank heavens!*

It was not Casey. It was a girl. She was little and she was dark. She had an excuse for a nose, and a lovely mouth. Kerry had the same sensation you got when you'd fed quarter after quarter into a slot machine, and one day, all of a sudden, you hit the jackpot.

"Hello, Joshua," she said quietly. "I heard you playing. I hadn't known you were back. I want to get my music." There was a big freeze in her voice.

"How have you been?" he asked casually.

She didn't answer. She moved by him quickly and went to the piano. The way she looked, the way she moved, stirred him. He closed the door and followed her.

"It's right here," she said. "I can find it myself."

"Can I get you a drink?" he asked.

"No," she said. Her mouth was tight.

She must be Linda Colby, Kerry figured.

"Linda—" he said, with questioning in his voice, but she glanced at him instantly without surprise. "Nice seeing you again. You look—you look lovely."

Contempt crossed her face. She gathered the music together. "I've everything, I think."

"I'm—I'm sorry—" he said, "about everything."

Linda Colby said, "I'd rather not talk about it. I tried to see you yesterday but you weren't around. I've got another pianist. I saw Clam at the Club and told him I was quitting, and I told him why. He asked me not to quit. He said for me to get another pianist, he said he didn't want you around. I'm grateful that you got me the place there in the beginning, and that's all."

She started out. Kerry went after her suddenly and caught her arm. "Wait a minute," he began.

Linda Colby jerked her arm away from his light grip. Her slap sent his dark glasses free-wheeling across the room and stung like the devil. Joshua Barnes would have said, tight-lipped, "Why, you cheap little torch singer, I ought to—" But Kerry couldn't. He bowed a trifle and said, "Forgive me, madam, but the high command did not inform me that this area was mined." Then he picked up the dark glasses, fortunately unbroken. His door slammed, and then another door slammed across the patio.

Then Kerry searched the apartment.

Deep in the closet, hanging on a hook, there was a leather shoulder holster for a gun; in the bureau drawer a fifty cartridge box. They were thirty-two calibre. Only five bullets had been taken from the box, perhaps enough to load the chamber of a revolver. He found no gun, though the holster's form showed the shape of a gun and there was oil inside on the leather.

FINALLY Casey phoned. He said worriedly, "Meet me at the Pig'N'Whistle. I've got somebody with me. Play it straight," and rang off.

Kerry found him waiting just inside the restaurant, and holding his hand, done up in adolescent finery, was Miss Nancy Ann Blake, going-on-eight, co-star of *The Ardent Mouse.* Her eyes were red and she sniffled a little, but when she saw him the sun rose.

"Shush," Casey cautioned nervously. "Wait'll we sit down." He shook hands with Kerry. "Hello, Barnes," he said. "Glad to see you. I've got a booth way in back."

They sat down and ordered. Casey glanced around, then said, "Okay."

"Kerry, Kerry," Nancy whispered, hugging his arm. "Oh, Kerry, I'm so glad to see you!"

Kerry put his arm around her and glanced at Casey.

Casey said, "I didn't say a word. Child detectives we got to have yet."

"He didn't have the freckle," Nancy said. "And besides, he said he wasn't you when he was shot." She tugged Kerry's ear lobe. When he kissed her, she always pulled his ear. "You've got a big freckle on your ear, and he didn't have one."

"Who didn't, honey?"

"The other man, the dead man."

Casey explained, "Her mother took her to see you lying in state."

"She shouldn't have," Kerry said, appalled.

"I made Mommy take me," Nancy said, squeezing his hand. "I cried until she took me."

"Why, you little ham," Kerry said, smiling. "And call me Joshua. Not Kerry."

Casey said, "Seems like she and her mother were behind you and me when we left the theatre. She saw the whole thing."

"I didn't see anything but him falling," Nancy whispered. "But I *heard* him. He said, kind of angry and scared too, he said, 'Not me, you fool, not me,' and then the gun went bang, bang."

Kerry turned to Casey. "Do you think the killer heard him?"

"I'd give odds the killer didn't. Hell, I was next to him and I didn't hear him."

"Then Barnes recognized the murderer. And *I* was meant to be shot, not Barnes," Kerry murmured unhappily. He stopped as the waitress brought their dinner. "And the man hunt?" he asked when the girl had gone.

"Null and void," said Casey. "I checked with Hacker, the D.A.'s dick. I did him a favor once and we get along. He gave it to me straight. Everybody liked you. They can't even find a motive."

"Maybe I can," Kerry said. "Look, I'm going to be at the Club Cucaracha tonight. I've got an invitation from somebody. It would lighten my load if I could gaze upon your homely pan."

Casey said, "I'll be there."

"And as for you, honey," Kerry said to Nancy, "if you love me, never tell a soul. Not even your mommy. If anyone found out—if the right one found out—Kerry might really be shot."

Her eyes were terrified. "But I told mommy!"

"Mommy didn't believe her," Casey said. "Mommy thought she'd blown her top. That's why mommy called me."

"Then play it that way, Nancy. Just like a part. Tell mommy she was right, you were wrong. That you were just sad. Could you do it?"

"I could do anything for you, Kerry."

"My Lord," Kerry said, "where does she get these lines?"

Casey said, "What about that Colby dame? Did you fix it—about the piano player?"

"She fixed it," Kerry said. "She had already got another accompanist. She hates me."

"Good," said Casey. "That's swell."

Kerry said good night and left them in the booth. He walked back to the apartment and hastily read the newspaper. The lamentations were flattering enough, but the police reports were scantier than Casey had intimated.

THE cab Kerry telephoned for pulled in at the curb, and he said, "Cucaracha Club."

"Wait a second," someone called and two men came out of the shadows. The little one was sharp of face, coat, crease, and shoes. The bigger one was jowly, sloppy.

"Might as well ride together," said the wiry man.

They all climbed in. It was Kerry's impression that they were afraid of him and not showing it. To open the deal, he said, "Fatso, move over. That artillery you're wearing under your arm is hurting my ribs."

"Don't call me Fatso," said the jowly one, nastily. But he moved.

The sharp man said, "What happened to your noggin?"

"I was struck by a thought," Kerry said quietly.

"Very funny."

After that, there was no more talk until they got to the club. Then Kerry said, "Nice of you guys to give me a lift. You can pay off the hackie, Fatso."

He entered the club with the sharp man. The doorman said, "Hello, Willie. Clam ain't in yet. He'll be along."

"Okay," Willie said.

Beyond the foyer was the dance floor. To the left was the bar. "We'll have a drink," Kerry said.

"We'll go up to the office and wait," said Willie. He nudged Kerry with a round hard muzzle.

"Shoot me in front of all these people. It's good for business and it stretches your neck." And Kerry pushed the muzzle away. Then he walked into the bar and ordered a Scotch Old Fashioned. Willie joined him, looking mad and frustrated. "You've been seeing too many movies," Kerry told him.

"I'd pay Clam for a go at you," Willie said. Kerry stared at him. Willie stared back and then wet his lips. "I ain't afraid of you, Barnes."

"Why, of course you are," Kerry said quietly. He drank his Scotch. Willie ordered a rye and quaffed it in a gulp.

Then Fatso loomed in. "Clam's here. Let's go."

They went upstairs to the office on the second floor. Behind a broad desk sat a flat-faced man, clean-shaven, with an enormous shock of red hair and a hard, uncommunicative mouth. He glanced at his gunsels.

Willie said, "No trouble. He came willingly."

"Why shouldn't I?" Kerry lighted a cigarette.

Clam glanced at him. From an envelope he pulled out a check. "You've got twenty-four hours to make that good," he said, and sat back in his chair.

Kerry picked up the check. It was made out to Harry Gonigle. It was for ten thousand dollars, drawn on the Hollywood National. It was signed by Joshua Barnes. It had been countersigned by the bank in bold red ink, INSUFFICIENT FUNDS.

"Look," said Kerry, "suppose I tore this thing up. That would wash it. All you've got is a bad check charge."

"Give it back," Clam said.

Kerry shrugged and tossed it back on the desk. Clam picked it up with distaste, tore it into bits, and dumped them into a wastebasket.

"Now," he said, "I ain't even got evidence for a bad check charge. But I want ten gees from you within twenty-four hours."

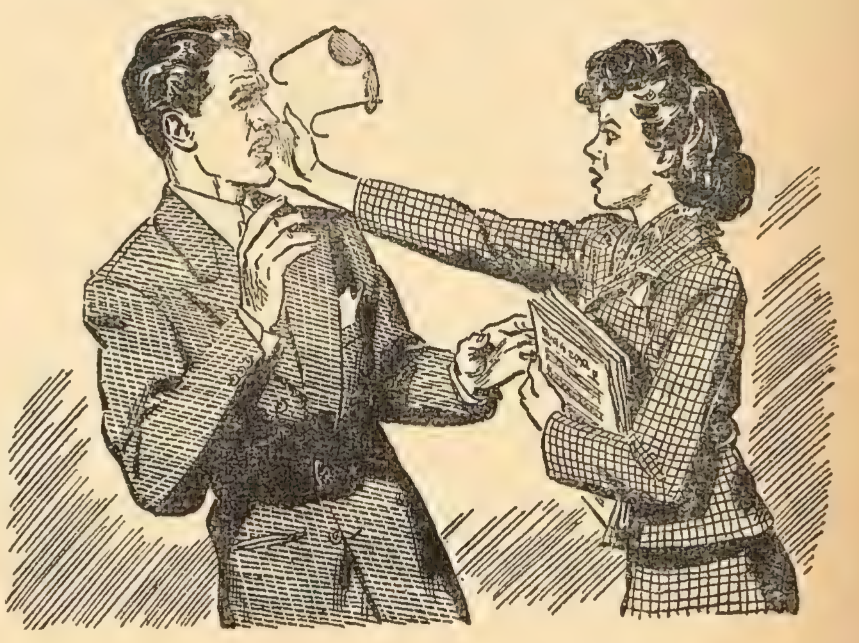
Kerry smiled thinly. He crossed the room to the door and opened it.

"Incidentally," said Clam, without raising his voice. "You did a nice job on Garth. Congratulations."

Kerry closed the door and came back slowly. "Say that again."

"You heard me," Clam replied blandly. "A very neat job. You bled the poor creep white, and when it hurt him enough for him to yell, you planted him . . . Josh, I guess I've been in every kind of racket, and maybe met a lot of heels. But you're the most unscrupulous, the most unmoral, and the most cold-blooded rat I ever knew. If I didn't hate you so much, I'd be afraid of you." He smiled. "But I'm not afraid of you. Get outa here."

DOWNSTAIRS, Kerry ordered another Scotch at the bar. And another. He glanced in at the dance floor, saw it dark. A spotlight was on the piano by the bandstand, and in the vortex of the light Linda Colby stood, filling a white dinner gown to perfection. When her song ended and the lights came up, she went to a remote table beside a potted palm and sat down. The bespectacled accompanist went with her.



Kerry crossed the floor to her table. "Hello, Linda," he said. "Dance?"

"I—" She looked past him. "Yes. Thank you."

"Why did you come here?" she said suddenly, while they danced.

"I was invited by the head man," Kerry replied. "Look, Linda. I—you may not believe this—see this plaster on my head? I got hit there, pretty badly. My memory hasn't been any good since I got it. I—don't remember, for instance—what made you so sore at me."

Her eyes came up, looked into the dark glasses, then down again. "What's the game, Joshua?"

"No game. I just don't remember."

"You're a fool," she said quietly. "You're an awful fool. You should never have come here."

The music ended and he took her back to the table. Willie with the sharp shoes was standing there. "Clam says is this guy annoying you and should we throw him out?" he said, showing Kerry his teeth.

"No," Linda said. "It's all right. I'm going home, Willie. Tell Clam I don't feel up to the evening."

"I'll take you home," said Kerry.

"Thanks, no," Linda said, "Willie will take me. . . Tell Clam everything is all right."

Willie frowned. "You're sure, m'am?"

"Quite sure," Linda said. "Good night, Josh."

Kerry stepped to the bar. "Scotch," he said.

As he reached for it, he found himself being stared at by a woman at the bar. She was talking rather loudly to her escort, a big blond kid of twenty-one. She had jet black hair in a page boy bob, and a pale skin. Her chin was cut so deeply under its thrust that it looked mildly double. She was hard on forty. Her eyes were blue, cold, and amused. She was wearing a gown which had set her back at least four hundred bucks.

My God, Kerry thought, *it's Ed Haley's wife!*

Had Margot Haley recognized him? *She doesn't know me that well,* he thought. *Just dinner parties. Never talked to her much.* He paid in haste and was ready to go when he saw that she had sent her escort off.

"Josh!" she called and beckoned.

"Well, hello," Kerry said when he reached her.

"Is that all you've got to say?" Her voice was almost inaudible. "Where have you been for the last three days? I've nearly been out of my mind!"

Kerry pointed at the tape on his forehead. "I ran into a little trouble."

"Blond or brunette?" Margot said, not nicely.

"Nothing like that," Kerry said. She expected him to be hard and sharp. He could see it in her face. "Who's the kid with you?"

"What's the matter with you?" she asked coldly.

Kerry shrugged and ordered another Scotch. His hands were beginning to shake.

"When you finish that drink," Margot Haley whispered, "leave here and go up to the apartment . . ."

Kerry drank, then looked at her. "Your husband?"

"Palm Springs," she said. "He'll be back in the morning in time for the Kerry Garth funeral . . . The apartment. I'll be along in fifteen minutes."

"No can do," he said, his heart pounding.

Her voice was neither pleasant nor ladylike. "Do, or else. Get out of here."

"I'm in no hurry," he said, stalling. He was frightened by the dame. "Keep your hair on."

"You damned fool!" she whispered savagely. "How many chances do you want us to take? We shouldn't even have been seen near each other."

Then the blond kid was back. He said, "Hello, Mr. Barnes," warily, as he slid Margot's mink coat on her shoulders.

"Thanks, Georgie," she said gaily.

"Hello, George," Kerry said, taking the cue. "Hail and farewell." He turned and walked out of the club.

By the time he had reached the apartment his innards felt like cold madrilene. He owed a guy ten thousand dollars. He had to acquire it fast.

There were lots of people he could have borrowed that ten grand from, in ordinary circumstances. But not as Joshua. And he couldn't make himself known. The executioner might be among those people. The only person he dared trust was Celeste Havorford. She was in love with his opulence. Dead, he was no good to her at all. She inherited nothing. Alive, he was a bankroll. But Celeste couldn't lay her pretty little claws on ten thousand dollars in cash unless . . .

The ring. The beautiful ring with its heart-shaped diamond and its heart-shaped emerald. He had gone into hock fifteen thousand bucks for that geegaw. That was a lot of moola for that Boston accent, that book of rules, and that hollow, ethereal beauty. The ring was certainly hockable at ten grand. All he had to do was try and get it. . . .

CELESTE opened the door cautiously. Her ice-blue satin negligee almost hid the gossamer folds of a black chiffon nightgown. In mourning, all by herself. That was being an actress!

Kerry stuck his foot in the door. She clutched her negligee around her with a modesty that was savage and virginal. She cried, not loudly, "What are you doing here? I told you never to come here!"

"I had to see you," he began. He stepped in and closed the door.

"Go away," she said, her voice silvery sad. "Go away and leave me alone. Please."

"I had to see you," he said. "You were the only one I could trust. I need money. Celeste, look at me."

"I have no money," she said, her tone ugly now. "I have nothing."

"Celeste!" he said sharply, taking the glasses off. "Look at me. It's Kerry."

She stared at him. Then she fainted.

He carried her into the bedroom and laid her down. In the bathroom he found smelling salts, and he passed them under her nose until her eyes fluttered open.

"But I saw you—in the coffin—" she shuddered.

"The guy in the coffin was the guy you thought had come calling tonight," he said.

Celeste struggled up. "I can't believe it!" she gasped. "Then the other—"

"Yes. He's dead."

"You really shouldn't be in my bedroom." She was recovering. They went back to the living room.

"Was Barnes blackmailing you?" Kerry asked.

"I don't want to talk about it." Her voice grew light. "You're quite mistaken, darling. But how on earth did you ever—this whole thing is so strange—"

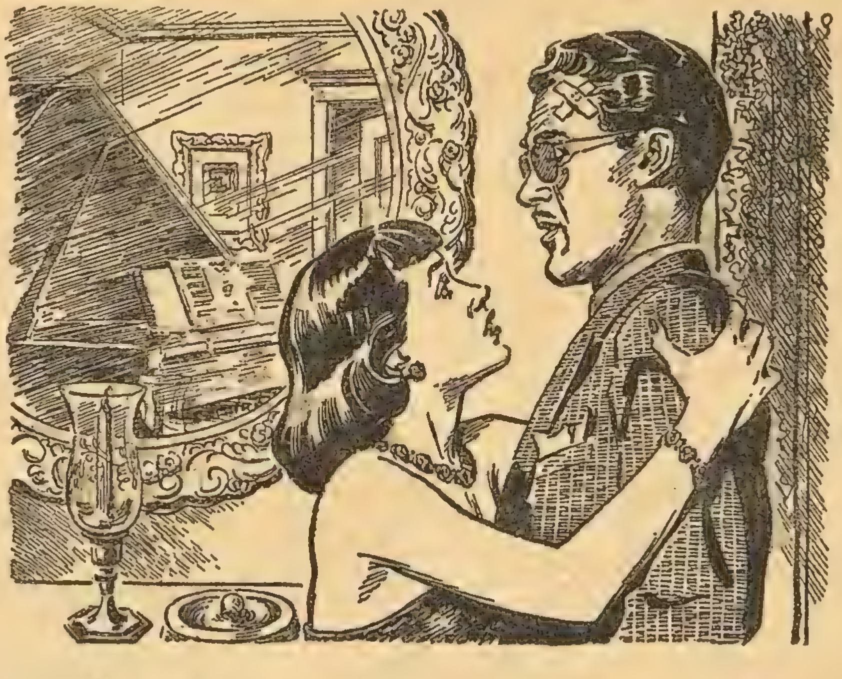
"Someone killed Barnes by mistake," Kerry explained. "Nobody but you knows the truth. And I've got to lay my hands on ten thousand dollars."

"Kerry, if I had it, you'd be welcome to it," she said breathlessly. "But I haven't anything like it."

"The ring," he said. "It should be worth that much. I'd get it back for you later."

She covered it with her hand. "No, darling, I couldn't do that." Her mouth was trembling. "I simply can't, darling. It's all I've had of you—"

He stood up. "Stop that nonsense," he snapped. "You're not in love with me, you never have been. I think you liked me a great deal, and maybe I offered the greatest sense of security in the pleasantest wrapping. The ring is yours. It's not an engagement ring any more. It's—well—our friendship. I've got to borrow on that friendship."



"I might be able to get the money," she said quickly. "How soon do you need it?"

"By tomorrow night at the latest."

"I'll try and get it for you, Ker. I think I can."

"Meanwhile," he said, "I'll have to have the ring. Just in case you don't get it. I won't try to turn it into cash until I hear from you. And don't tell anyone I'm alive."

She slowly slid the ring off and dropped it into his hand. "How can I reach you?"

"I'll telephone you at noon tomorrow, right here."

"But where are you staying?"

"I'll call you," Kerry said. "Good night."

He glanced back at her as she watched him go, but her eyes were very remote, as far off as her thoughts.

"Don't turn the lights on," a woman's voice said as he opened the door of Joshua Barnes' apartment. "Close the front drape first. I left it open to watch for you."

It was the voice of Margot Haley. When the drapes were secure, he came back and reached for the light switch, but Margot turned on the lamp on the side table by the sofa.

"Darling," she said quietly. She looked less hard than she had at the bar. Less sullen. The gold lamé draped her form liquidly as she walked to him. She put her arms around him and forced her lithe body against his. Then she kissed him on the lips.

So Ed Haley's wife was his mistress. This was the character part to end all character parts.

She pulled away from his lips. "Josh," she whispered, reprimanding, "what's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said hoarsely, "except you surprised me. I told you not to come here."

"Don't be so nervous," she whispered. "No one saw me come." She took hold of him again. "I've missed you so. Don't leave me like that ever again, Josh."

She kissed him hotly. Kerry steeled himself, then put his arms around her and went through the pretense. But she knew something was wrong. Nobody was that good an actor. He broke off and went to the coffee table, took a cigarette from the canister. He lighted it savagely and sat down in a chair.

MARGOT knelt by his feet, looking up at him. "Take those dark glasses off."

"No," he said flatly.

"How did you hurt your head?"

"Fight," he said. "A guy and me. We disagreed."

"Is that where you've been these last three days?"

"Yeah. San Diego hospital."

"Darling." She rose to her knees and pulled his face down and kissed him gently. It made his flesh crawl. "We can't wait much longer," she said. "I'll go mad. And if Ed begins to suspect, he'll throw me out and he'll have you hounded out of this town . . . We can't take chances any more. We can't be seen together."

A cue at last. Kerry said bitterly, "We'd have each other, wouldn't we?"

Margot smiled coldly at him. "Yes. But that wouldn't be enough . . . Sometimes I hate you, Josh. You're no good . . ." She clutched his hand. "And neither am I. We've got to—to act soon. Do you understand me?"

He said, frowning, "No. I got in a fight in San Diego and wound up in a hospital with a case of amnesia. It took them two days to make me remember my name. So if I didn't want you to come tonight, that's the reason. I'm not myself. I don't talk like myself, and I don't think like Josh Barnes."

Now she rose and tried to cradle his head. In panic that she would disturb the phoney mustache, Kerry got up and walked away from her.

"Why did you go down to San Diego?"

"For money."

"For us?" she said with a nasty smile.

"I lost the deal."

"We still," she said, imitating him, "have each other."

Kerry looked at her. The wife of his director. He had seen her in places open to the most select.

"We'd last one week," he said. "A guy'd have to be able to afford to love you. And a woman would have to be able to afford to love me. I'm expensive, too."

Her smile was not nice. She said, "He's in Palm Springs. He's coming back tomorrow morning for the Kerry Garth funeral." Her voice broke. "Every time he comes near me my flesh crawls. How could I help it when I want to be in your arms?"

"You can't rush this," Kerry said.

"We must." She was shaking. "Before he finds out. He'll be playing gin-rummy Friday with Sam Saltonstall. They always play on Friday nights. I'll make a date—a hen party. Public with women. Sam's chauffeur parks the cars when guests arrive, but then he goes back to his own rooms. There isn't anyone in the parking area then. Just get in Ed's car and hide. When he drives home, pick a good spot on Sunset and do it."

"Do it how?"

Margot Haley stared. "Don't you remember?"

"I remember and I don't remember," he said. "It scares me. The sawbones said it's only temporary. Concussion. Things'll clear."

"You've still got his gun?" Margot was worried.

He saw the plan. Probably Ed Haley's own gun. *Okay, Mr. Haley. Pull over and stop the car.* Then you shoved the gun muzzle against Ed Haley's right temple and you said, *This'll kill you.* And it did. After which—you were wearing gloves, of course—you pressed the gun into his hand and departed.

"You're sure," said Kerry fishing, "that it's his gun."

"He has a license to carry it. But he never thinks about it any more. He doesn't know it's gone."

"I remember now," he murmured. "We can't waste time. I want to think about it."

"Let's think about it upstairs," Margot said.

He looked at her blankly. Then he realized that she meant to share his bed.

"No," he said flatly. Everything was a whisper now. "It's going to be a long haul. It starts now, tonight."

"Tomorrow," she said, barely audible. "Let me stay tonight."

"Look," he said between his teeth. "Get used to missing me. You're going to miss me more. You knew this when we figured it. If your husband knocks himself off, you're a widow. You don't go out, you don't see guys—particularly like me—for at least a month. Then I'll come courting you. We'll make it look good. But you shouldn't have come here tonight at all. He may have a tail on you. I *know* I'm being tailed."

That frightened her. "By Ed?"

"No. By someone else. I owe a guy dough. You've got to blow. And fast. And don't be recognized . . ."

He telephoned for a cab. Margot Haley kissed him good-by with brief passion. "Friday night?"

"With lilies," he said.

By heaven, he thought when she was gone, *I'm glad I'm not Joshua Barnes. Was it Ed Haley's own revolver which had killed the stand-in at the Chinese Theatre?*

After hours of thinking, he got to sleep just in time for the telephone to awaken him. He picked up the handset and said hello.

"Mr. Barnes," said the voice politely, "this is Casey Jones. I called to tell you that services for my late employer, Kerry Garth, will be held at eleven this morning . . . in case you wish to pay your respects, Mr. Barnes."

"Oh, great," said Kerry hollowly. "Someone with you?"

"Generally speaking," Casey said carefully, "yes."

"I'll see you—"

"—there," said Casey. "Good-by."

WHEN Kerry walked into the reposing room where he was lying in state, Casey whispered, "Would you care to see our friend for the last time?"

They moved forward. Katie Henshaw stood by the casket. She was obviously in charge of the funeral, the last act of a faithful business manager. She looked awful. The shock had touched her profoundly, and she showed it honestly.

"Hello," Kerry said when he reached the bier. "Hello, Miss Henshaw." He extended his hand.

Katie looked at him. Her green eyes flickered as she stared into his eyes through the dark glasses. She pretended not to see his hand, and she nodded curtly. "How do you do, Mr. Barnes." Just a brush-off.

Kerry turned from her to the casket. He took a long breath. Joshua Barnes looked more like Kerry Garth than *vice versa.* The grayed hair was perfect. The mouth a trifle cruel where Kerry's had never been. But there was no gainsaying the deception.

As Kerry turned away abruptly, shaken, a hand touched his arm and pulled him around. It was Ed Haley.

"Barnes," he whispered, "I want to see you. "Come to my office this afternoon. Around four o'clock."

"Okay," Kerry said, and Haley took a long look at him before turning away.

As Kerry hit the street, Casey Jones joined him.

"I can't go on with this damn foolery much longer, Irish," Kerry said.

"You've got to. Another day at least," Casey said. "The sluefoots aren't doing so good. They got the bullets out of Barnes, but there's no motive, and the slugs are no good without the gun."

"Did it ever occur to you that if the killer had really wanted Joshua Barnes—a desire which is not unlikely, believe me—he would now be rolling in remorse at having knocked off—allegedly—Kerry Garth? And as a result, would make for a quick go at Joshua Barnes?"

"I'm telling you, there was no mistake. Nobody knew you two had switched. *Nobody.*"

"You did," Kerry said. "I did. He did."

"Ker!" Casey said, hurt. "You mean maybe *I* slipped him the slugs? In public like that? Give the cops another twenty-four hours. Maybe they'll break it."

"Okay," said Kerry. "Giving them twenty-four hours is going to cost me exactly ten gees. You come to that apartment this afternoon or tonight. There's much to be said."

Casey turned back and Kerry walked on four blocks to the Cucaracha Club.

KERRY addressed the bartender. "Is Clam here?" The bartender motioned to the main room where the head waiter of the preceding night was busy.

"I want to see Clam," said Kerry tightly.

"Okay, Barnes." The head waiter buzzed on a house phone and waited. Then he spoke politely, "Josh Barnes . . . uh-huh." He hung up, turned. "He's upstairs. You know where."

Kerry headed for the stairs and ran into Willie who, with Fatso, had trailed him the preceding evening.

"Shall we go up?" Willie said, his mouth showing distaste.

"No," Kerry said. "I came to hear the orchestra."

"You're a card," Willie said smoothly.

"The ace of spades," Kerry said.

He climbed the stairs. Willie followed him. They reached Clam Gonigle's door and went in without knocking. Clam's cold flat face did not look up. He was signing checks in a big book.

"He's here, boss," Willie said.

"Where has he been?"

"Last night," said Willie, "he went to the Haverford doll, stayed twenty minutes. Then back to his joint. Mrs. Haley left it a little while later. This morning, he went to the Kerry Garth thing. Then here."

Clam said, "Have you got the scratch, Josh?"

"A reasonable facsimile thereof," Kerry said. He fished the ring from his pocket and laid it carefully on the blotter of Clam Gonigle's desk.

Clam glanced at it with his inscrutable eyes. "Is it hot or cold?"

"Cold," Kerry said.

"Celeste Haverford's?"

"Uh-huh."

"How much is it worth?"

"Garth paid fifteen gees for it. You ought to be able to get your ten. With your connections."

"Maybe so, and maybe not," Clam Gonigle murmured. "How did you get this from her?"

"You know my methods, Watson," Kerry said blandly.

"No heist?"

"Nothing so crass," said Kerry. "Really, Clam. The young lady happens to be one of my dearest friends. She would do anything for me."

"Okay." Clam picked up the ring and dropped it into a small envelope.

"We're squared away," Kerry said, a little worried.

"When the ring pays off in cash," Clam nodded.

"Until then—"

"—I'll keep an eye on you," Willie interrupted sleekly. "Just to make sure you keep healthy."

Kerry shrugged and turned toward the door.

"One thing," said Clam. "Don't see Linda Colby again."

Kerry frowned. He had done a lot of thinking about Miss Colby, and not from the point of view of Joshua Barnes.

"Here's my problem, Mr. Anthony," he said flippantly. "I'm kind of stuck on the young lady."

"So," Clam said quietly, "am I."

They looked at each other steadily. Kerry remembered he was Joshua Barnes, man-on-the-town, louse, and lady-killer. But Linda Colby had slapped him. Women didn't slap you unless you meant something to them.

"The thing is, old boy, that the young lady happens to be stuck on me, too," he said.

Clam's cheek rippled. The barb had gone home. "It takes two," he said. "Don't see her again."

"Or else?"

"Or else."

"You're a great 'or else' guy," Kerry said.

"Only with heels," said Clam.

"I suppose Willie is your idea of a good 'or elser'?"

"Sometimes," Clam said. "Sometimes the Los Angeles homicide bureau is a better one."

"You had better," Kerry said, "tell Miss Colby a little 'or else,' too. Just in case she sees me. She has that tendency. I wouldn't want to be held accountable for her erotic moves in my direction."

"I'll take care of that," Clam said.

"And about the L.A. homicide bureau," Kerry opened the door. "How do they concern me?"

"They're looking for the guy who killed Kerry Garth at Grauman's Chinese Theatre," said Clam. "Naturally they would be interested in you."

"Why?"

"Because you killed him. Get out of here."

Kerry was walking towards the Directors' Building of the Neptune Studios when a whistle slowed him to a dead stop. He looked around. Nancy Ann Blake, in pigtails, was leaning out of her dressing room window.

"Hello, love boat," Nancy Ann said. "Come on in. There's no one here, Mr. Barnes. I got to have a talk with you right away."

Kerry climbed the steps and went into her room. Nancy Ann embraced him passionately, pouring out "Kerry, darling, I love you so," before he could gasp.

"Shh," he said. "Joshua Barnes. You haven't told anyone?"

"Do I look like the kind of moll who would sing?" she said. She was talking out of the side of her mouth like a congenital Dead End kid. "What's the dope? Have the cops put the finger on the guy that bumped you?" At his horrified look she added, "I'm working in a short. *Crime Does Not Pay.* I'm the snatch, the kidnaped child."

"You'd better stop talking like that," he said. "Has your mother heard you?"

"Uh-huh," Nancy Ann replied. "She's pretty desperate." She went to him and pulled his ear. The ear with the freckle. "When are you going to be you again?"

"I don't know, darling," Kerry said grimly. "The police don't seem to be getting anywhere."

"Why do you think you were killed? In *Crime Does Not Pay,* the FBI man listed all the murder motives."

"Somebody must have hated me and taken it out in revenge."

"That's very unlikely, Kerry. It said in the picture how unlikely it was. Money, that's the motive. Don't you fool with anything else. There are five major causes of crime in this country which are peculiarly universal." She smiled at him. "I don't know what that part means. All crimes of violence, particularly homicides, derive from one of these five major motives. Profit. Fear. Jealousy. Insanity. Revenge. Was anybody afraid of you?"

"Who'd be afraid of me?" Kerry said. "Or jealous?"

"No. You aren't the best actor in the world, my mother says. And don't know any crazy people, do you?"

"Only," he replied stiffly, "your mother."

Nancy Ann laughed. "Wait'll I tell her."

"No, no," Kerry said. "You can't tell her. I'm not me any more."

"But when you are you, I'll tell her," Nancy Ann chuckled. "Profit," she pursued. "You were killed for money."

"All right, I was killed for money," he replied. "I'll work it out that way and see what happens. Only nobody gets my money. And now I must go."

HE found Ed Haley sitting behind his desk. Haley didn't rise. He leaned back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head.

"Don't sit down," he said. "It won't take me a minute to tell you what I've got to tell you. I want you to get out of town."

Kerry didn't even blink. He was remembering Joshua Barnes' blank hard face and assuming it.

"Quickly," Haley added. "I know you and my wife have been intimate. *Are* being intimate. If there weren't children involved, I'd sue her for divorce, charging adultery, and I'd name you as corespondent."

"You'd have to prove that," Kerry said.

"I can prove it," Haley said quietly.

"Sue, then," Kerry said. "No skin off my back."

"I won't sue, not on those grounds," Haley said. "There'll be a divorce, a mental cruelty divorce. Just as soon as you get out of town."

"I'll need dough," said Kerry. "If I were leaving, I mean."

Haley got to his feet. "This is the first and last time I'm going to tell you. Blow out of this town quickly. I mean in three days. Otherwise, you're going to have San Quentin in your future."

"You weren't the guy who killed Kerry Garth the other night, thinking it was me?"

Haley started toward Kerry. "Why, you—" Then he stopped. "Get out of here."

"Okay," Kerry said. "You win, Haley. Three days." He turned and walked out carefully.

Outside the gate of the studios he paused at the newsstand and bought a paper. He tucked it under his arm and climbed in a cab.

"Where, mac?" the driver said.

Kerry told him, then sat back and opened his newspaper. The headline said:

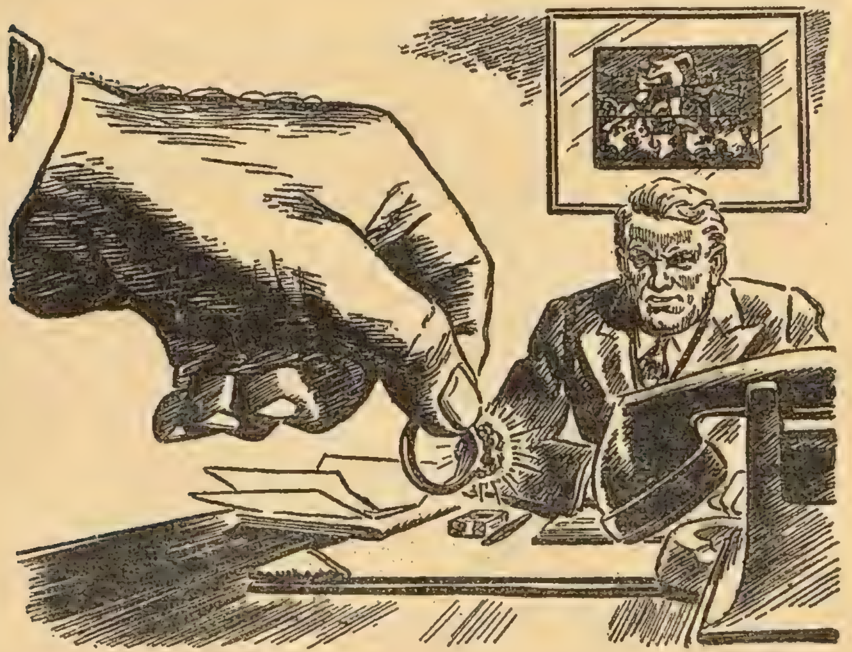
CELESTE HAVERFORD MURDERED!

The actual story was a fragment:

BULLETIN!

Hollywood. Celeste Haverford, beautiful motion picture star, was found shot to death in her apartment at 3:15 this afternoon.

KERRY went into the apartment and shut the door. Momentarily, a sense of relaxation overcame him. Then somebody pounded on the door. Trembling, he opened it.



Casey Jones popped in. He shut the door and locked it.

"I just saw the paper!" Kerry was croaking.

"The paper?" Casey Jones snapped. "The paper hasn't begun to touch it yet. I went right up as soon as the flash came. Lieutenant Hacker was on your killing. He's the smartest plain clothesman in the L.A. homicide bureau. And when he got the Haverford flash, he called me right away, on account of she had been engaged to you, and he figured it was one and the same. I got there at the same time he did and—brother!" He shot a glance at Kerry. "Did you see Celeste Haverford last night?"

"Yes," Kerry said.

"Oh, my God," Casey gasped. "You took her ring?"

"Yes," Kerry said. "I needed it. I told her who I was. She didn't want to give me the ring, she said she could get the money some place else, but I couldn't take a chance. I had to have the ring."

"They're looking for you now. A guy answering your description was seen going into Celeste's place around midnight."

Kerry groaned. "That was I."

"You didn't do it? Of course you didn't do it."

"Are you arguing yourself into it?" Kerry snapped. Then he wilted. "I'm sorry, Irish. I'm all on end. Of course I didn't do it."

"I'll tell you about it," said Casey. He sat down. "I went up after Hacker called. A .32 had spoiled her. To say the least." Casey shuddered. "She had on—well—not much. Just a black chiffon nightdress, and it was something a spider might have run up. All it did was make her look naked in Technicolor. The bullet hit her between the eyes. They were still open."

"How did she look—her expression?"

"Cool, calm, and collected," Casey said. "You almost had the feeling that she never saw it coming. But there were powder burns on her face and Lieutenant Hacker says that the killer was within six feet of her, and probably much closer. He says she was standing facing the bed, and that the shot was fired up at her by someone sitting on the bed. The bullet landed in the ceiling."

Kerry whispered, "I think she was killed because she knew I was alive. She knew I wasn't Joshua Barnes. I told her so. I had to. It was the only way I could get the ring. She didn't want to give it to me. She said she could raise the money somewhere else." Kerry snapped his fingers. "And that's what she did. She called somebody for the money. To get it, she had to say I was alive. Whoever she called, there's your man!"

"By God, you're right," said Casey. "I'll see Hacker right away and give it the business."

"Meanwhile, what am I supposed to do?"

"Just sit tight," Casey said.

With that he was gone.

IT seemed as if his breath still panted at the door when the doorbell rang. Kerry peeked past the edge of the drapes. Linda Colby was outside. She looked beautiful. He went to the door and opened it.

"Hello, Josh," Linda said, not unpleasantly.

"Hello," he said with enthusiasm, completely out of character. Then he remembered, damned Barnes, and repressed himself. "Won't you step in?"

She hesitated.

"I'll put my muzzle on," he said dryly.

She stepped in. She handed him a pair of letters. "These were put in my box by mistake."

"Thanks."

One was an advertisement, and the other was Joshua Barnes' monthly statement from the Hollywood National Bank. He tossed them on a side table.

"I wanted to talk with you," Linda said.

"Sure."

He scarcely heard her, thinking of the things which had to be squared away before he could court her as himself. How would she take him as Kerry Garth? Would he be a constant reminder of this Barnes character?

"The only thing is," she said quietly, "I have to go up to the club right away. Would you drive up with me? I have to see Clam for a moment."

"I don't want to see Clam," he said.

"You don't have to. You can wait in the car."

"Maybe a bite to eat afterwards?"

"If you'd like," she said. "I must talk to you."

There was something odd here. She was unable to look at him. Kerry decided to go along with whatever was cooking under her soft hair. He locked the door and followed her through the courtyard where her car sat at the curb. It was a little convertible with the top down. "You drive," she said.

It was soft and pleasant out, the sun beginning to drop behind the hills.

"Clam has asked me to marry him," Linda said after a while.

"Probably the first proposal—and I don't mean proposition—that Clam Gonigle ever made in his life."

"Perhaps," Linda said. "But he made it."

"Meaning that I never did?"

"Did you?" Linda said.

Kerry shrugged. "I'm sorry, kid."

She shook her head. "That bump on the head seems to have changed you a great deal. I thought I could never hate anyone as much as I hated you. But for the last few days, you seem different."

Kerry swallowed. "Better or worse?"

"Different. It couldn't be either better or worse, as far as I'm concerned, because it wouldn't make any difference to me. When we first met, you were pretty nice to me.

You got me a job and you helped me out . . . I think—if you had asked me—I might have married you. Out of gratitude, and a loneliness I'd felt so long. But I never could have been in love with you, Josh."

Kerry was elated. "Not your type."

"Never," Linda said. "I don't like self-sufficient people. I don't like ruthless people. I like people who make mistakes and admit them . . . And who give of themselves without hope of recompense."

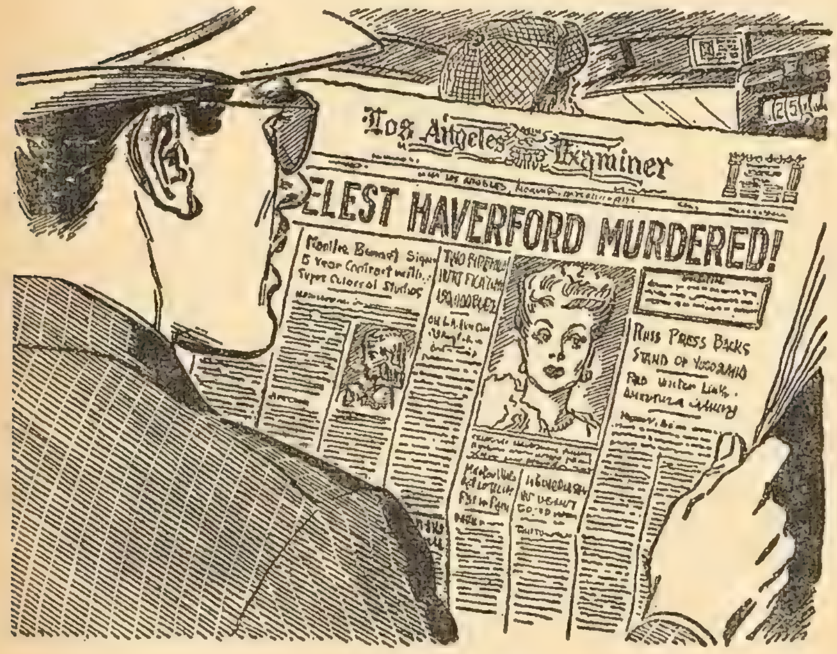
"Doesn't sound like me. Or Clam Gonigle either."

Linda was silent.

"Maybe I couldn't ask you to marry me," Kerry said. "Maybe I was already married."

He just said it to make conversation because the silence bothered him. But he was instantly electrified. *Married!* Joshua Barnes *had* been married! *Got to call Casey right away,* he thought. *Got to check on this!*

When he swung the car in at the club and parked it a car behind him swung in and stopped. Willie and Fatso jumped out of it and ran up to the convertible.


Los Angeles Examiner
ELEST HAVERFORD MURDERED!
Russ Press Backs Stand of Yocoramio

"Get out," Willie said. "Take her by the arm. Go inside. Go upstairs. Make a pass at a rod and I'll bang you right on the spot. The lid is off."

Linda had left the car and was standing on the sidewalk. Kerry got out carefully. He looked up at Linda. Her face was tragic, but she did not avoid his stare.

Willie said, "Good-by, Miss Colby. Thanks for the assist."

"I'm not leaving," Linda said coolly.

Kerry took her by the arm with exaggerated courtesy and went into the Club with her. "Your thirty pieces of silver, madam? For playing Judas?"

Linda wrenched her arm away, and Willie snapped, "Keep moving."

"Nice girl," Kerry said and went upstairs. His heart was heavy and his head ached a little from his tenseness. When he reached Clam Gonigle's office, he opened it and went in and stood in the center of the room. Linda passed by him and sat down at his right, while Willie and Fatso closed the door and stood beside it.

Clam's inscrutable eyes rested on Kerry's face for a moment, then went to Linda Colby. "Hello, honey," he said. "I didn't mean for you to come up. You can run along now."

Linda was tense. "I'll stay," she said.

"We've got to talk with this guy," Clam said. "You had better leave."

"You asked me to bring him here," Linda said. She looked frightened. "So I think I have a right to stay."

Kerry saw Celeste Haverford's ring on the desk. "What is all this?" he demanded.

Clam smiled. "Why," he said politely, "it's nothing. There's a call out for you. You are wanted by the police for murder. They'll be here any minute."

Kerry swallowed hard. "Whose murder?"

"Two of them," said Clam. "*Now* will you run along, Linda? I don't want you involved."

Linda rose nervously. "All right . . ."

As SOON as she had gone, Clam walked to the desk and sat down. He had the face of an executioner then. "No rod," Willie said, frisking Kerry expertly.

"The ring," Clam said, "is paste. Where's the real ring? Did you take it when you put the slug on the Haverford girl?"

"I didn't kill Celeste Haverford."

"But you took the real ring?"

"This is the ring she gave me."

"You're a liar. It's a phoney and you knew it."

"I didn't know it," Kerry said. "I thought it—"

"Josh," Clam said, "this is the end."

Kerry waited. He felt it was the end, too. He shuddered thinking what a rotten spot it would have been if he had really been Joshua Barnes. But Barnes would never have fallen for that sweetness-and-light pitch of Linda Colby. Not if he had known he was wanted for murder.

You could see Clam thinking: *Has Josh blown his top. Gone soft? Or has he got a holed ace?* Kerry didn't say anything. Willie and Fatso held their breaths.

"The end," Clam repeated. "It isn't just the ten gees. The girl is in it now. You're washed up, Josh." He nodded to Willie. "So long, sucker."

"But the police are coming here," Kerry said. "I'll wait."

Clam leaned across the desk. "Are you kidding?"

Kerry swallowed. "You told Linda—"

Clam sat back, and then burst into laughter. "I told Linda a sucker story and Josh Barnes believed it! What did you want me to do—tell the girl I'd used her to bring you here so that I could bump you off? She thought you were wanted for murder. I think that's the only thing she would ever have turned you in on. But you're too smart to be nailed for murder. Otherwise I'd leave you to the State . . . As it is, Willie will substitute. Stop stalling and get out of here."

Willie had his gun in Kerry's ribs.

"This thing's gone far enough," Kerry said, so sharply that they peered at him in astonishment.

Clam said cynically, "Don't tell me you're Secret Agent X-9, Josh."

Kerry said, "I'm not Joshua Barnes." He took off the dark glasses and peeled the adhesive from his forehead. *"I'm Kerry Garth!* Barnes was my stand-in. I hired him to go to that premiere while I went to Arrowhead for a rest. He was murdered. Since no one knew he was being me, we figured someone had tried to kill *me,* Garth. So I had to become Barnes until the killer was caught. Call Casey Jones. He'll tell you the truth."

Clam was coldly amused. "What's his number?"

"Gladstone 32695."

Clam dialed it, eyeing Kerry. Then he said, "Hello? Casey Jones? Never mind who it is, Casey. All I want from you is a simple answer to a simple question. Is Kerry Garth dead or alive?" He listened, then said "Thanks," and hung up. He smiled pleasantly and turned. "Dead," he said. "Take him out of here, it's getting late."

They went downstairs and out of the club; they walked down the street to where the car was parked. Fatso drove. Kerry was prodded into the rear, Willie beside him, gun in hand.

As they were making a required full stop, a car on their right, a small convertible with a woman at the wheel swerved by them and cut sharply to the left instead of making a full stop. When her car was squarely across their bumper, she jammed her brakes on.

Willie's discipline was not enough to keep his eyes off what had looked to be a crash. Fatso jammed on his brakes and the sedan halted with a mild jerk.

Kerry reached out and touched Willie's revolver. Willie looked at Kerry with quick fear in his face. His index finger was white at the knuckle from the pressure he was putting on the trigger. But the gun wouldn't fire. The fingers of Kerry's left hand had closed over the chamber. The chamber had to revolve from the pressure of the trigger. But a man could not put enough pressure on a trigger to revolve a chamber when the chamber was being held. It was an old police trick. Kerry couldn't remember what picture he had used it in.

Then he crossed with his free right fist. His knuckles cracked Willie's left jaw and drove Willie's skull against the left rear window with such force that a gigantic fissure spread through the safety glass.

Instantly the revolver was in Kerry's left hand, gripped still at the chamber. Though he had not looked, he could feel Fatso moving, turning. He swung with his left hand, turning with his sweep, and saw the gun stock wipe across Fatso's stunned face. He chopped the stock short and sharp at Fatso's ear. With a sound like a snapped violin string Fatso fell along the front seat.

Dropping the gun in his pocket, Kerry leaped out of the car. The woman at the wheel of the convertible cried out to him. He didn't understand what she said, but in the headlights he saw it was Linda Colby.

He ran to her car and climbed in, shoving her away from the wheel. Swinging the car around, he headed back to Hollywood.

"Thanks," he said to Linda. "I take it you meant to do it that way."

"They tricked me," Linda said. "They didn't call the police. I waited to see. When Willie and the fat man brought you down I knew they were going to kill you."

"So you saved me for the law."

"Did you kill that girl, Josh?"

"No," Kerry said. "And I'm not Joshua Barnes—I'm Kerry Garth."

She was staring at him as if he were a spectre.

KERRY pulled up in front of the Sierra. They got out. They went into Barnes' apartment and closed the door. Kerry took her by the arms above the elbows and pulled her toward him. He saw a curl of displeasure in the corners of her mouth and he said in a low voice, "It hasn't been much fun, you being sore at me. Because I never thought I'd find a girl like you."

"You don't know me," she said.

"I knew you the moment I saw you," he said with passion. "That's the miracle of love."

She had a derisive gleam in her eye. "That was a good picture," she said. "You played in it with Celeste Haverford. It had some nice lines. I used that particular scene in a test I made once. The next line is the best of all: 'I love the sight, the scent, the sound of you.'"

"I didn't mean to quote—"

"Acting is a hard habit to break," she said.

"I wasn't acting!" he snapped. "I want you, Linda. I'm in love with you."

"You don't know what love is," she said quietly. "You've been in love with yourself too long. Love is good dialog in a movie script to you."

Stung, he pulled her against him. Her mouth was hard and cold, nor did it melt under the pressure of his, and he let her go, filled with an odd sense of repugnance for himself. He went to the telephone with a great show of urgency and dialed Casey Jones' number. She was still standing there, smiling to cover something sad and lost in her face.

"I'm sorry," she murmured.

"I'd rather be slapped," he said. "Good night."

Linda shrugged and walked out.

No one answered Casey's phone. Kerry hung up, and then the doorbell rang.

Three men stood outside. The one in the middle was in plain clothes. The other two were policemen.

"My name," said the middle one, "is Shane Hacker. I'm a lieutenant in the Los Angeles homicide bureau." He showed his badge. "I've got a warrant for you. You're under arrest for the murder of Kerry Garth."

The police held him incommunicado for two days. On the third morning, Lieutenant Shane Hacker pulled up in front of the cell. "Barnes?"

"He's dead," Kerry said wearily.

"Barnes or Garth or Little Joe," said Hacker. "I don't give a damn. The District Attorney wants to know if you're ready to make a statement."

"I'm ready to make a statement at any time," Kerry said, "but only as myself."

"A Garth statement?"

"Yes."

"That'll do," said Shane Hacker. "You can make one telephone call."

He led Kerry along the cell block to the outer desk. Kerry thought a moment, then dialed Casey Jones' number. No answer. He dialed Linda Colby's number after he looked it up. She answered.

"This is Kerry Garth," he breathed. "Linda, I want you to come down here right away. You're the only one I've got left. I'm downtown, headquarters—"

"I'll be there." Her voice was tremulous.

"Now the statement," said Hacker. "I'm warning you, anything you have to say may be used against you. Do you want to wait for a lawyer?"

"I'll talk now," Kerry said, his voice hard.

They took him upstairs to the office of the District Attorney. He talked forty minutes in a rush of words, and told everything, including Margot Haley, and Clam Gonigle, and Willie, Fatso, Nancy Ann Blake. Everything. Then he returned to his cell downstairs.

A few minutes later, Linda Colby arrived. The keeper brought her to the cell and let her in. She looked drawn and pale.

"Are you all right?" Kerry asked.

"I'm all right," she said. "You?"

"All right," Kerry said, voice low. "Get me a good lawyer. There'll be money as soon as they check my fingerprints and find out who I really am. And then try to reach Casey Jones."

"Didn't you see the papers? Casey Jones is why you're *here*. He was shot and critically wounded the night they arrested you. At his hotel where he lived. When the police reached him, they asked him who did it. He kept saying Joshua Barnes. He's still on the critical list at the hospital. That's why they went up to the apartment and arrested you."

"Damn fools! Casey wasn't telling them I shot him. He was trying to tell them to get in touch with me. See that he has the best, the finest. Get a lawyer. Get in touch with Katie Henshaw, my business manager. Tell her to come down here. We'll need money. . . . Just do everything you can, Linda. You're all I've got to help me." He looked into her face. "You *will* help me?"

"Yes," she said.

"I guess I was being the high and mighty Academy Awarder that last night," he said. "I didn't mean to be. I was only kind of proud that I wasn't a rat like Barnes. It was hard being Barnes when I was so much in love with you. I'm sorry if I was smug."

And then her time was up.

A little later Ed Haley was standing outside the cell, looking in. "Kerry?"

"You bet it is." Kerry came to the bars.

Ed Haley smiled thinly. He reached his hand in. "I feel like the prime ass of the century."

"Don't," said Kerry. "I never liked you, Ed. Never until I was in your office the other day. And then I liked you fine."

"I don't want to talk about that," Haley said. "If Barnes is dead, well and good. He certainly dirtied up my life."

"You were due for a journey to the cemetery," Kerry said. Haley swallowed and paled. "Friday night it would have happened. If I had really been Barnes and hadn't been shot. And it would have happened to you with your own gun."

"I can't find my gun," Haley said.

"Neither can the police," said Kerry. "It's the one that's on the warpath."

Then Haley said, "If you need help—it's ridiculous keeping you here—Kerry, thanks—"

"See you on the set some day," Kerry said.

Haley nodded and left.

AFTER supper Lieutenant Shane Hacker came.

"Well," said Hacker, "you win. You are Kerry Garth. The fingerprints check."

Kerry took a deep breath and sighed. "Then let me out of this joint. I'm allergic to all this steel."

"No dice," said Hacker. "Where were you the night that Joshua Barnes was shot and killed?"

"At my cabin, Lake Arrowhead."

"Anybody to testify to that fact?"

"Casey—"

"Casey Jones is *non compos mentis*. Did you see Celeste Haverford the night she died?"

"Yes," Kerry said. "I did."

"Well, well," said Hacker. "Diogenes can stop rolling in his grave."

"I've been telling the truth."

"That time you did," Hacker said. "Because we found your prints on a bottle of smelling salts. In the bathroom. The place was lousy with your prints."

"And who else's?"

"Just Miss Haverford's and the maid's. Why did you see Miss Haverford?"

"Needed money in my masquerade. We went all through that in the statement I issued the D.A."

"But you omitted several things from that statement. Such as taking an emerald-diamond ring from Miss Haverford's hand. Grand larceny."

Kerry made a weary face. "Come on, Hacker, stop stalling. I took the ring after she gave it to me. I needed money. The ring was worthless anyhow, she'd transferred the real stones for imitations."

"Why?"

"I suppose she needed the scratch. She thought I was Joshua Barnes at first, and still let me in. So obviously she and Barnes knew each other. And from what I've learned in being Barnes, it was a cinch any woman who knew him was under his blackmailing thumb."

"You were engaged to be married to this girl?"

Kerry said, "I see what you're after. I'm engaged to marry her, and into my great love comes this snake in the grass Barnes. He falls for her and she falls for him, and they both proceed to take me to the cleaners. She gets a ring from me and cashes it in. He blackmails me for one thing or another, and cashes it in. And I rise in righteousness, steal Ed Haley's gun from out of his house and go on a murderous rampage, using Casey Jones as an alibi, and finally pumping one into him to keep him silent."

Shane Hacker shrugged. "Except for you going to Haley's house for the gun, it will stick."

"For heaven's sake, Hacker, Barnes never blackmailed me, and I never gave Barnes anything but a check for a century for the stand-in job he did that night he died. The studio paid him otherwise."

"That isn't what his bank statements show at all." And with that, Shane Hacker turned and walked away.

"Hacker!" Kerry called sharply. But Hacker had vanished. And all of a sudden Kerry remembered the voice of Nancy Ann Blake, going-on-eight: *Profit! You were killed for money.*

THEN suddenly his heart jumped with pleasure. "Golden Girl!" he yelled. "God bless you!"

Katherine Henshaw, her eyes wet with emotion, was coming along the cell block. "Let me see you," she said huskily, as the keeper let her in. "Is it really you? Is it my boy?"

"You bet it is, maw," Kerry said.

"Oh, you fool, you perfect fool of a ham," Katie whispered. "Taking your life in your hands—I might have broken my heart at the funeral—"

"You wouldn't shake hands with me."

She shook her head. "I never cared for the other one—Barnes."

"He had a way with women," Kerry said. "He sure did. Lothario in high gear. And I do mean high."

Katie's face grew tight. "What do we do now?"

"Sit down," he said. She sat on the cot by the wall. He took the little stool and sat in front of her. "All I've heard to connect Barnes with me was the possibility that he was bleeding me."

"If he bled you," Katie said evenly, "he got very little money because he would have had to bleed you of your allowance."

"That's what I want to know," said Kerry elated. "There were no checks?"

"Of course there were no checks. The only account he could have forged checks against was your main cash reserve."

"How much have I got in it?"

"A hundred thousand dollars."

"Everything is in order?"

"One hundred per cent," Katie said. "We have your books available for anybody whose business is official."

Kerry slapped his hands together. "Katie, I love you!"

"Oh, Ker, you've been such a fool! Who would want to kill you? It must have been Barnes all along the murderer wanted." She kissed him on the check. "We must get you out of here tomorrow."

"Okay. You've made me feel good just seeing you, Katie," he said. " 'Night."

"Good night, dear. And don't be discouraged."

EARLY next morning, Kerry was astonished to see Clam Gonigle outside the bars with a shrewd-looking man.

"We haven't time to chew," said Clam. "Linda got in touch with me. We can talk about mistakes later. This is Max Venner. My lawyer. Yours if you say the word."

"I say the word," Kerry said swiftly.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Garth," Max Venner said briskly. He stuck out a hand and shook. "Any friend of Clam's . . . You'll be out in about twenty minutes. I've got a writ of habeas corpus for you here, and we're going up before Judge Carriot at nine on the nose. You're either out or they'll charge you with murder."

At a quarter of nine, they went up to the courtroom. Shane Hacker was there, and the District Attorney. Kerry sat down and looked around. Margot Haley was sitting at the D.A.'s desk.

Kerry looked her in the eye. There was rigid hate in her face. He leaned over to Clam. "What goes?"

"I don't know," Clam said briefly. "Haven't you seen the papers?"

"No."

"Reporter picked up your statement about her. On top of that, Ed Haley gave out he's suing her for divorce."

The court came to order and Max Venner was at the bar, presenting his writ of habeas corpus.

"Has this man been charged?" the judge asked.

"Not yet," said the D.A. "But Mrs. Haley here is charging him with extortion, theft of a revolver from her home—"

Kerry rose. "Is that charge against Kerry Garth or Joshua Barnes?"

The D. A. said, "Joshua Barnes. But the identities were confused at certain times—"

The judge interrupted. "Has the identity of this man been established to the satisfaction of the District Attorney?"

The D.A. nodded. "The man is Kerry Garth."

"Then how does Mrs. Haley's charge apply?"

"The charge," put in Max Venner quickly, "is made against a dead man, and is possibly true. But my client has evidence which shows collusion between Mrs. Haley and the dead man with intent to kill the lady's husband. If the lady cares to pursue the subject—"

Margot Haley leaped to her feet with a moan and then collapsed on the floor.

The judge looked annoyed. "Mr. District Attorney, are you or are you not preferring charges?"

"No charges, your Honor."

"You're sprung," Clam whispered. "You're out."

Kerry took a breath and rose to his feet. He looked at the huddled form of Margot Haley and shivered.

As they left the courtroom, Shane Hacker caught his eye. Hacker looked inscrutable.

"Cedars of Lebanon Hospital," Kerry told Clam. "Got to see a guy there. Very important."

"Casey Jones?"

"Yeah . . . I've got my fingers crossed. Did you know anything about Joshua Barnes?"

Clam shifted uncomfortably. "Maybe I did."

"He was a native New Yorker, wasn't he?" Kerry said. "He lived there and he migrated here."

"He went lots of places with a band he used to play a piano in," Clam said flatly.

"Did you know if he was married?"

Clam's eyebrows jumped. "No. There was a guy who might know. Guy named Trainor. He headed the band. Saw him three months ago when I went to New York."

The car had pulled up in front of the hospital and stopped. "I'll wait," Clam said. "You haven't got a car.

Linda is at the apartment. She was pretty nervous. I kept her away from court."

"I've got to thank her," Kerry said.

"That's what I thought."

Casey Jones was lying in bed on his stomach. He was very pale, almost dead white, but he was conscious. Kerry knelt so that his face was near Casey's.

"Ker," Casey whispered.

"Shut up," said Kerry. "Don't talk. I'm squared away. The big secret is out. Things are moving."

"Who?" whispered Casey.

"Don't know yet; everything is cleaned up but that little item. We're working on it. I'm okay. And don't worry about me."

"Careful," whispered Casey.

"I know," Kerry said, his eyes feeling moist. "I know, Irish. You're on the mend. You're going to be all right. I'm sorry as hell, kid. You took that packet on account of me."

Casey took a slow, careful breath. "Hell," he whispered, "it'll take—a damn lousy—banana peel—to kill me off."

AS CLAM drove him back Kerry said thoughtfully, "When I was being Barnes you accused me of killing Kerry Garth. You said that I—as Barnes—had been bleeding Garth white. How did you know?

"People who pay off to a guy like Barnes are covering something. You paid off big so you were covering something big. I don't expect you want anything about it to break cover. You didn't pay to make it public."

Kerry was astonished. "You have a faint idea that *I* might have knocked off Barnes."

"He sure was expensive to you," said Clam.

"He was no expense to me," said Kerry. "I hired him to impersonate me just before he was shot. A C-note. That's all he ever got from me."

"I saw the checks." Clam smiled thinly. "One was for ten grand. He asked the house to cash it. He owed five gees on a blackjack loss. The check was on your account at the Third Security Bank in Beverly Hills. It was made out to him, and you had signed it, and your business manager had signed it."

"And it paid off?"

"It sure did," said Clam. "Because, you see, I was laying for Joshua Barnes. I cashed that check hoping it would bounce. I wanted an excuse to nail that guy. I know what you're thinking," he continued. "Why didn't I just put the slug on him."

"Just a thought," Kerry said wryly.

"I never killed a man in my life," Clam said. "I'm in a funny kind of racket, maybe, but it happened to be the kind that I liked. It paid off, and besides, there was Linda Colby in it. She's one of the few nice girls I ever met. It isn't that I had any illusions about falling for her—that's not for me. But I thought she was going hook, line, and sinker for Josh's line. He was the greatest con artist in the game, when it came to dolls."

They stopped in front of the Sierra apartments. Kerry was thinking: *This man has told the truth, I think. He got his money on the check. But he didn't get his money out of my account or it would have shown on the bank statements Katie got.*

"Don't forget to call that guy in New York about Barnes," said Kerry.

"Right away. Will you be around?"

"Here at Barnes'. Or out in the valley at my place." Kerry scribbled the private number of his valley home and gave it to Clam. "Thanks for the lift."

The apartment was completely in disarray. The police had obviously torn it apart. The mail—with Barnes' bank statement—was gone. The box of .32 calibre cartridges was gone. The holster was gone. There was evidence of fingerprint powder on the furniture.

Kerry left the apartment and rang the bell across the patio. Linda Colby opened the door. She smiled honestly and shook hands with him. "Welcome home, Kerry. I'm glad it turned out all right. Won't you come in?"

"No, I won't," he said. "I've got to go home. Really home. I live in the valley. Will you drive me out there?"

Linda hesitated. "All right."

"It's a favor to you, not me," Kerry said. "I want to see if you like the hovel you're going to call home."

KERRY had five acres there, replete with orange grove, lemon trees, apricots, walnuts, avocados, and figs. Everything with a vitamin D. He had a paddock pool that curved gracefully beyond the terrace of the house.

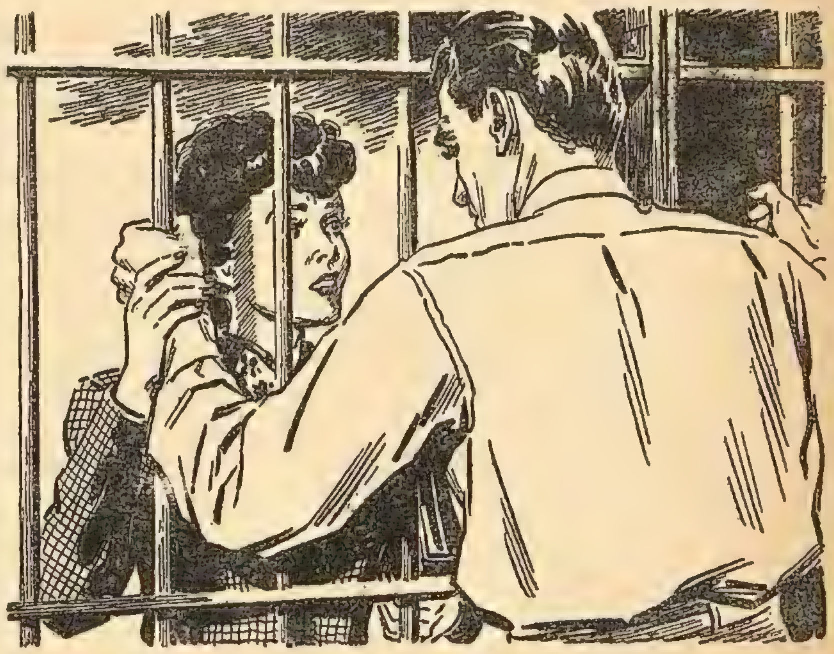
Eric and Lisa, his domestics, exploded with protestations of gratitude at his salvation. Then Eric said, "The police are here, sir. They searched the house."

"They can't do that!" Kerry snapped. He started for the living room, pulling Linda along.

"And Miss Nancy Ann is here," Eric said. "Mr. O'Shea from the Neptune publicity department brought her. With a photographer."

The photographer was sitting by the piano in the living room holding his speed Graphic, all primed with film and flash bulb. O'Shea got up as Kerry came in. Nancy Ann ran across the room and jumped into his arms as he stooped to her.

"Darling, darling!" Nancy Ann said, kissing his ear. "I was worried frantic about you. Mommy kept saying they'd *fry* you, and it was very hard not to tell who you were, honest and truly."



"I had to tell, sprout," he said, hugging her.

She looked over his shoulder at Linda. "Who," she said, "is this woman?"

"That's Linda," he said. "And you'd better be friends with her or everything is off between us."

"Is she in love with you?"

"She's nuts about me," Kerry said grimly. "Just crazy like mad." He set her down and faced O'Shea. He pointed at the door. "Get out of here."

"But Ker, the boss said for me to get up here—good story—you and the kid—you coming alive—"

"I'll race you to the door," said Kerry evenly, "and it would be healthier if you won. You stay, Lou," he told the photographer. "We'll get the photos in a minute . . . Where is the Law?"

Nancy Ann said, "In your study, I think."

"Sit down," Kerry told Linda. "Right back." He went off, Nancy Ann clinging to his hand. In the study, systematically going through his possessions, was Lieutenant Shane Hacker. Hacker shoved a paper at him.

"Search warrant . . . Look, Garth. Let's go over some things. And you, madam—" this to Nancy Ann Blake, "go—home to Mother."

"Button your lip, copper," she replied in a tone which was distinctly not the voice of Going-on-Eight Blake. Shane Hacker looked at her with the eyes of a father gripping a stropping-belt. She huddled against Kerry. "She'll stay," Kerry said, "if she stops hamming."

"I went through the bank statement you left at the apartment," Shane Hacker said. "Joshua Barnes' bank statement. It was revealing, so I went to his bank. Banks microfilm every check which passes through their accounts. Among many other prominent autographs yours was on six checks which Joshua Barnes had deposited to his account. Two were for five gees apiece. Four were for ten gees apiece. Fifty grand."

"I don't believe it," Kerry said.

"I had the microfilm negatives enlarged and blew up these reproductions. Do you deny you signed these checks?"

Kerry looked at them. "It's—it's my signature all right! And Katie Henshaw's too! But I never signed a check to Joshua Barnes in my life." He put two checks together, holding them to the light.

"No," said Hacker. "They're not forgeries. At least, they're not traced forgeries. The signatures don't match each other exactly."

"Maybe they're inverted forgeries," said Nancy Ann Blake shrilly.

"My dear," said Kerry, "what are you talking about?"

"In *Crime Does Not Pay* the FBI man shows how to find forgeries. He said that if you try to imitate someone's signature, you get your own writing into it, sort of. Your own gimmicks, sort of, get in. But if you take someone's signature and turn it upside down and then imitate it, it works fine."

"She's right," Hacker said.

"The FBI man said a child could do it," said Nancy Ann.

Kerry wrote a signature and handed it to her. She turned it upside down and, with her tongue sticking out of her mouth, worked through it. "A child *can* do it," she said, surprised at how good it was.

Hacker was thoughtfully studying the check prints. "The Henshaw signature seems genuine. Yours may be forged. I'll take these down to headquarters right away and get a handwriting expert on it."

"Think it'll break the case, sarge?" Nancy said.

"I'm a lieutenant," Hacker said grimly, "and you ought to have been drowned at birth." And he left.

KERRY and Nancy Ann went back to the living room. They posed in reunion shots for Lou all over the place, and then Lou took Nancy away with him.

When he was finally alone with Linda, Kerry felt very shy. "I've got to call my bank," he said. "Check on the checks. Make yourself comfortable."

"Kerry." Her voice was warm and intimate. "I owe you an apology."

"Why?"

"Because I thought—" She flushed and faltered. "I just was so used to the well known pitch—you get in a rut—and I thought you were being the big rich actor and I was the poor little extra getting a break at having you desire me—I'm sorry, darling—"

Kerry preened himself. "Thought I was a *wolf*, eh? Well!" She laughed at him and ran into his arms, held him tight, kissed him soundly.

"I've got to tell you something," he said. "This black hair—it's dyed. I've got gray hair. Solid gray."

"I'll bet it makes your eyes bluer."

Kerry swallowed, and heartened, plunged on. "And I'm not thirty-five the way the fan magazines say. I'm older than thirty-five. I'm around—say—thirty-eight."

"I wouldn't care if you were forty," Linda whispered.

"You wouldn't?" he said, delighted. "That's really what I am. Forty."

They looked at each other and both burst into bright laughter. He held her again.

"Call the bank," she said, suddenly remembering. Her face had fright in it now. The killer was still on the prowl.

Kerry nodded soberly. He went to the phone. The exact balance of his cash reserve, his bank told him, was forty thousand dollars and some odd cents.

"You wrote checks totaling sixty thousand dollars against that account in the last three months," said the vice-president. "I called Miss Henshaw at the time, but she okayed them."

"Get out the microfilms on every check that went against that account. Blow them up so I can have duplicates."

"Anything wrong, Kerry?"

"Tell you when I see you." Kerry hung up. He turned to Linda. "I can't believe it—" he started. The phone rang. It was Clam.

"I called New York," he said. "Barnes got married when the band was playing a two-night stand in Milwaukee ten years ago, to a cute little redhead named Lola Lee. Nice little doll, went to Hollywood later, as a starlet. Mutual Studios."

"I'll call Mutual—" Kerry said excitedly.

"Already have," said Clam. "Lola Lee failed to click. Dropped out of movie work. Took back her own name. It was—"

"*—Katharine Henshaw*," Kerry said grimly.

"Check," said Clam.

"THAT doesn't make sense," Linda cried when he told her. "Why would she—"

"It makes sense," he said. He shuddered. "Let's go."

"Where?"

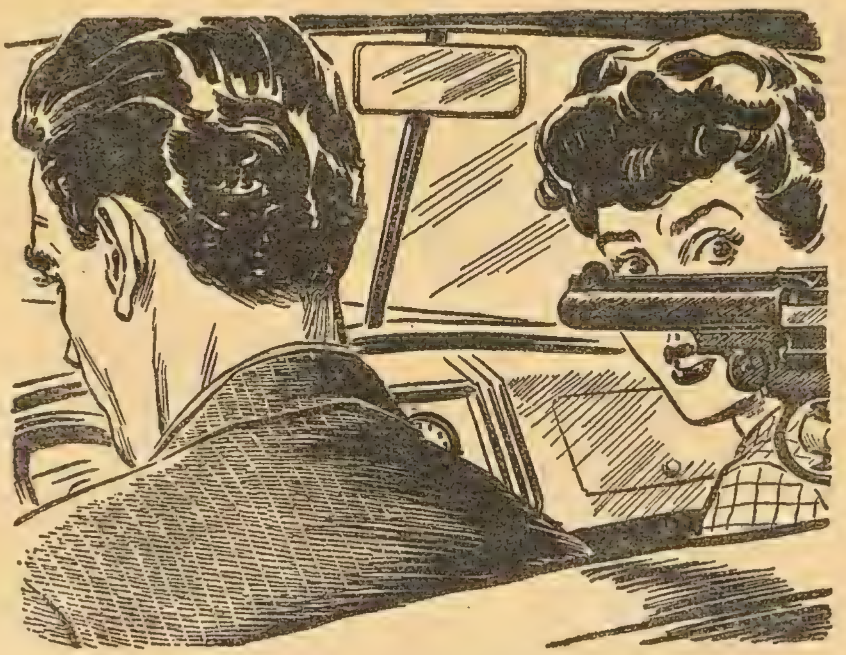
"The bank. We're breaking this wide open now."

They got into the car. Driving with a hard hand, Kerry shot it out of the garage and down to Ventura Boulevard where he made a full stop before turning right to go into Hollywood.

From habit, he glanced into the rear vision mirror. There were three people in the car, not two.

"Turn left here," Katie Henshaw said.

Linda gasped and whirled. Kerry didn't even bother to turn. He could see the gun in the rear vision mirror, pointing at the back of his skull. It was a blue-steel hammerless Smith & Wesson break opener revolver, calibre thirty-two. Ed Haley's gun. Kerry watched the black muzzle of the barrel and the dark caverns in the revolving chamber which held the bullets.



"Left," said Kerry evenly. "That's what the lady said."

Linda had turned back, white as death, her hands trembling. Kerry touched her. "Take it easy, honey."

"Yes," said Katie quietly. "No nonsense, Miss Colby. Just your misfortune to have been with him. I'm as sorry as he is, but there's nothing to be done. Kerry, drive north and keep on to the sea. Then cross over Topango Canyon towards Malibu. You know where I mean."

"Topango's summit. Great place for a murder."

"It will do," Katie said.

They drove north in silence. Finally Katie said, "You weren't surprised to find me holding a gun, were you? I peeled the skin pretty closely at that. This is clumsy enough as it is, but you pushed me. I knew I wouldn't have much time after you got logical."

"Yes," Kerry said. "It was Celeste's death that made things logical. Celeste was a funny kind of a girl. Very proper, intrinsically modest, and it wasn't a pose. Yet they found her in a revealing nightgown, looking perfectly at ease, lights on, and dead. So the killer was a woman. A woman she knew well. A woman who would give her ten thousand dollars *for me*. You, Katie. But I couldn't—and wouldn't—believe it. Even when Clam Gonigle had accused me—as Barnes—of bleeding me—as Garth—white. Clam had seen one of those forged checks with the Garth signature. Yet I had never heard tell. So you must have heard tell. It was your job. You had all the dope on that main bank account."

"I couldn't have waited another moment," Katie said. "You were on your way to break it wide open just now, weren't you? I knew time was running out."

Kerry looked at her in the mirror. She looked tired, heartsick and old. Her hair looked brassy and ugly.

THEY reached Topango Canyon and turned into it, starting up and over the mountains to the sea. Kerry said, "Mind if I talk, Kate?"

"Talk away, dear," Katie said, "but don't do anything silly. I'll shoot her first if you do."

"Why shoot anybody?" Kerry said. "Jig's up, Katie. This one you can't lick. You leave bullets in us and police find them and ask questions. This one won't be neat."

"No, it won't," she said. "But after I shove this car over the summit of Topango, I hope there'll be enough laceration and contusion so that the bullet holes won't be too much noticed. I don't think they will be."

"Tell me all, Katie," he said.

"No, dear, I'm not talking," she said. "I always liked you, Ker. You're the last person in the world I ever wanted to hurt. But it just worked out that way."

"Yeah," he murmured, "I was a gullible Golden Boy with a lot of ready cash, and you were my trusted mentor, my power of attorney. And Joshua Barnes, he was your husband. I know it," said Kerry. "Clam knows it, and Shane Hacker knows it by now."

They heard her gasp.

"From his bank statements," Kerry said, "I'd guess that he used up about sixty thousand dollars of my money. And you let him do it. There was fifty grand deposited in his account and ten he cashed at Cucaracha. I guess he got Celeste's dough too. They were in love."

"That's a lie," Katie said, startled. He watched her in the mirror and saw he had hurt her. Sure it was a lie, but he wanted to stir her emotions, to make her unsure of herself.

"No, it isn't," he said innocently. "Celeste told me. She fell for him and he fell for her. She even cashed in the ring I gave her to give him money."

"Kerry, that's all a lie—"

"I'm sorry. I thought you knew . . . Never mind that, then. How much of my money did he get?"

"Sixty thousand."

"He forged checks, eh? And you let them clear with your countersignature." No answer. "Katie, the least I should get out of this is an explanation."

Linda's hand was shaking violently. He grasped it to reassure her.

"Okay," Katie said quietly. "Josh was a gambler. He lost out at Cucaracha. He knew your business pretty well. We were married, and I talked too much. He forged a check. Both our names. The first time it was ten thousand. He didn't tell me, and when it came, I nearly called you. Then he begged me to cover him. I told him not to do it again ever, and that we would try and make it good . . . We didn't. And he did it again.

"And again and again," she said, talking faster. "Until we were in deep, in mud. Both of us were ready for the penitentiary. I nearly lost my mind—he was half crazy. Then he said that if you were—dead—" she sighed, "there would be nobody to deny the authenticity of the checks. The time for checking your books was coming, and it had to be done quickly."

"You didn't tell him you were going to do it?"

"No, I took a gun from his closet. I had said it was the only thing to do, but I didn't say I would do it."

Kerry shook his head. "And he didn't tell you that I'd hired him for the day and night. He didn't tell you because he was going to be with Celeste—as me—and he knew you wouldn't like that. So you killed him by mistake."

He looked at her in the mirror. She looked awful, remembering.

"And when you saw him in the casket, you realized the mistake. Your great grief was for your husband, not for Kerry Garth. Casey Jones'll be disappointed."

They were climbing up sharply, and the smell of the Pacific Ocean was in the freshening winds. There was no traffic. But down the road behind them, a car followed.

"That's Haley's gun," Kerry said. "You took it from Joshua's holster in the closet."

"Yes."

"You don't know much about guns, do you?"

"I just know enough," Katie said evenly, "to pull the trigger, and I don't stand far enough away so that I have to worry about aiming. Nothing silly, Kerry."

"I'm not being silly," said Kerry. "But the jig is really up, Katie. You can't win. And it's your husband's fault. You see, on account of those checks being such fine forgeries, the cops think I killed Josh to halt the blackmail. Stupid of them, but there it is."

She was silent.

"So Shane Hacker, not trusting me worth a dime, has put two tails on me. They've tailed me every place I've gone, since I left the jug. And Katie, they're tailing me right now, in that car behind us."

He saw her jerk around and stare out of the window. She saw the car. It had turned in off the highway and, too, was following the Canyon Road.

"You lose," Kerry said. "Even if you could knock Linda and me off, you couldn't get away with it. It's a funny thought, you and that red hair lolling in a San Quentin gas chamber. You killed your husband, and he had it coming. But I need a break. I've met Linda, and I'd like to do something about it. It could be a long life and a happy one. I'm in love with her."

"Love!" Katie cried fiercely. "What do you know about love? Love is lowering yourself into a sewer because you can't help yourself, going along with the man who's so deep into you there's no escape. Driving you half crazy, out of your mind, so that you'd do anything for him, anything that's right or wrong in this world, just to be with him and to make him happy, even when you know he's no good—" Her voice broke.

"KATIE," Kerry said gently, "that gun you're holding is a small hammerless that takes an eighty-eight grain cartridge. It has a chamber capable of holding five cartridges. There is only one cartridge left, so you see, you couldn't have shot Linda and me after all. Only one of us. The other would have lived to tell."

He heard her gasp.

"You used two on Joshua," he said. "And you used one to silence Celeste when she called you and told you I was alive and that I needed ten thousand dollars. And you used the fourth bullet on Casey Jones because he knew I was alive. The fifth was mine—except that I got nailed for your shooting Casey." His voice was ironic. "So there's one left. And it's no trick. You can see a bullet head in a revolver chamber. I see the one, due to come up when you squeeze the trigger. The other chamber-holes are dark. Empty hulls and no bullets. One left, Katie, and a couple of tails behind us. And here comes the summit. What's the score, Katie?"

He stepped off the gas as the cliff road neared its peak. Linda gripped his right hand so tightly her nails cut him, and she said, "Kerry—"

The gun behind them cracked. The sound of it was sharp and ugly. Kerry's ears rang. He jammed on the brakes. He glanced at Linda as he did it, but she was safe. Her eyes were closing and she was swaying. She leaned toward him. He put his arm around her and held her to him tightly, the sweat dripping from his face.

The car that had followed them went rumbling by. It was a black business coupé with a pair of traveling salesmen who never gave them a glance.

Kerry stared at the pair, astounded.

"That's—what I wanted to tell you—" Linda said brokenly. "You weren't being followed any more. We passed that car when we turned. I knew it wasn't the police." She tried to turn her head.

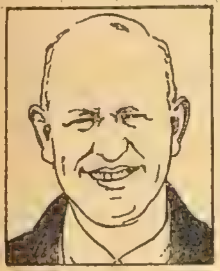
"Don't," Kerry said. He held her tightly, craned his neck. Glanced back, down to the floor. Then he turned around, grimly. "Look straight ahead, honey. Don't turn and don't think about it. Think about us. Don't look back." He turned the car on the road and started down the hill.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

TO judge by his conduct during the war, **P. G. Wodehouse** must be himself rather like Bertie, the last of the Woosters. But this is not a column of political comment. **Joy in the Morning**, the latest Wodehouse, is in the old master's tradition.



P. G. Wodehouse

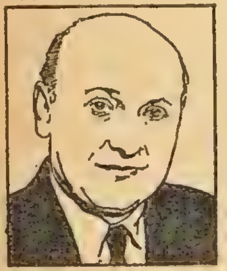
Here Bertie Wooster is again inveigled down to his Aunt Agatha and Uncle Percy's country seat at Steeple Bumpleigh. Jeeves, of course, goes along. In fact, it is Jeeves who is responsible for Bertie's invitation, for Percy, Lord Worplesdon, needed Jeeves' help in a very delicate matter. And once more Bertie is exposed to the overwhelming Lady Florence Craye.

The plot is the typical mixed-up, fantastic Wodehouse plot, with Bertie behaving imbecilely as usual. Perhaps the funniest scene in the book is the one in which Bertie's cottage, Wee Nooke, burns down—in this instance, amazingly enough, through no fault of Bertram's.

Joy in the Morning ambles along, every episode more far-fetched than the last, and the whole thing adds up to a very entertainingly silly book, which can be said of almost everything that P. G. Wodehouse has written.

Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York. Price $2.

LUDWIG **BEMELMANS** says he was born in a hotel—certainly (as far as his literary material is concerned) he spent the most productive part of his life in one. This collection—**Hotel Bemelmans**—is a compilation of the best from his previous books, plus a number of new stories. And it is inimitably illustrated by Bemelmans, who is still following waiter Mespoulets's advice to "think of the kidney trouble, of the thousand pâtés and sauces" his subjects have eaten while he is drawing them.



Ludwig Bemelmans

The hotel of which Bemelmans writes is the Splendide, a European-style hotel in New York. The Splendide's patrons were the richest or the highest-born people in the country, because the Splendide dealt in superlatives. Bemelmans writes with a wealth of detail that seems almost careless until one realizes that the composite picture, apparently uninterpreted by the author, is a complete and polished portrait, which, like the drawings, takes into account all the rich foods, the wines, the late hours of his subjects.

Viking Press, New York. Price $3.

"OKAY FOR SOUND!" presents history in its most palatable form: through pictures. Edited by **Frederic M. Thrasher**, it tells "How the Screen Found Its Voice" in 300 pages of photographs combined with brief explanatory captions.

This fascinating story takes the motion picture from Thomas Edison's first talkie, the kinetophone, through the days of silent and early sound pictures, and up to today's fabulous super-productions. A clear discussion of the technical aspects of making moving pictures is an added feature of "Okay for Sound!" which is published, appropriately, this year of the fiftieth anniversary of the motion picture.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York. Price $3.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

S	H	I	P	■	L	O	N	G	W	I	N	D	E	D
W	A	C	O	■	O	P	E	R	A	■	R	E	L	Y
O	S	C	U	L	A	T	O	R	S	■	A	V	O	N
R	■	■	T	O	N	I	■	S	P	Y	■	I	P	E
D	A	R	E	■	S	O	B	■	S	A	B	L	E	■
F	E	A	R	S	■	N	I	T	■	P	U	■	■	■
I	R	I	S	E	S	■	T	I	P	■	S	A	C	S
S	I	N	■	W	E	S	T	E	R	N	■	S	H	E
H	E	S	S	■	T	E	E	■	Y	E	S	S	I	R
■	■	■	I	N	■	E	R	G	■	W	H	A	L	E
■	S	C	R	U	B	■	S	O	W	■	O	M	E	N
T	O	R	■	T	O	E	■	B	A	I	T	■	■	A
R	U	E	S	■	S	T	A	L	I	N	G	R	A	D
A	S	S	T	■	O	U	S	E	L	■	U	R	G	E
P	E	S	S	I	M	I	S	T	S	■	N	E	E	D

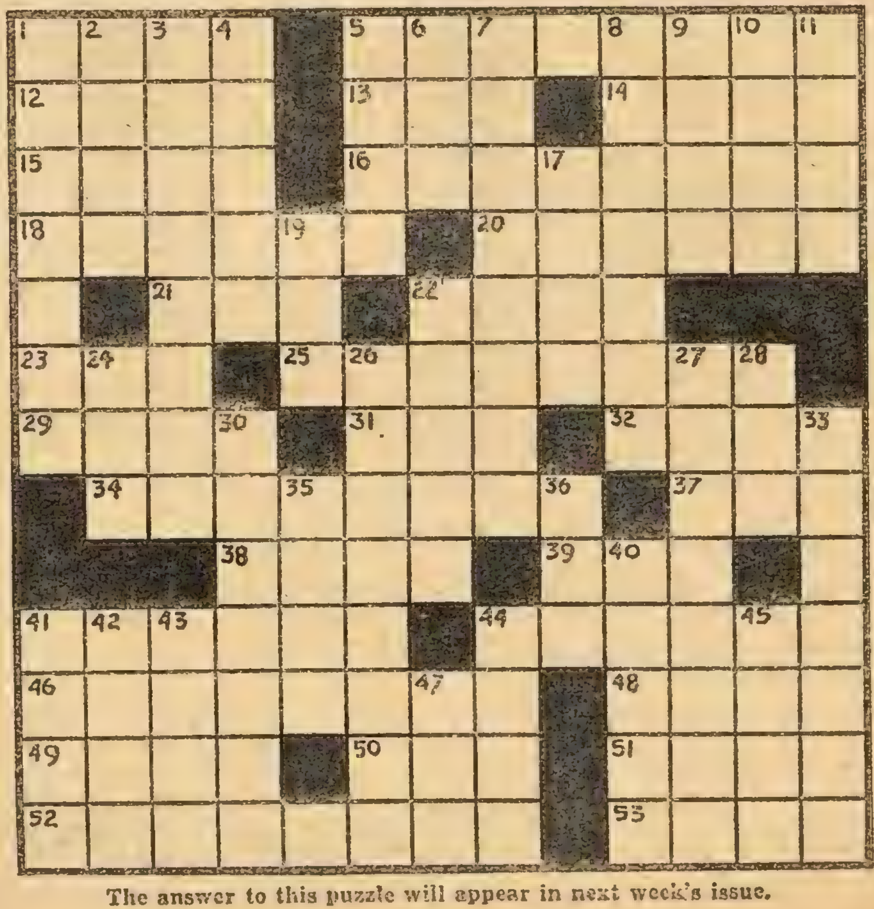
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

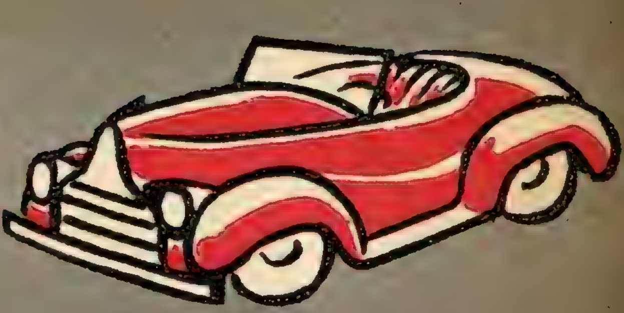
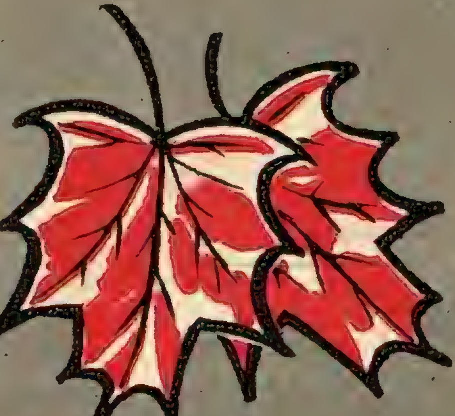
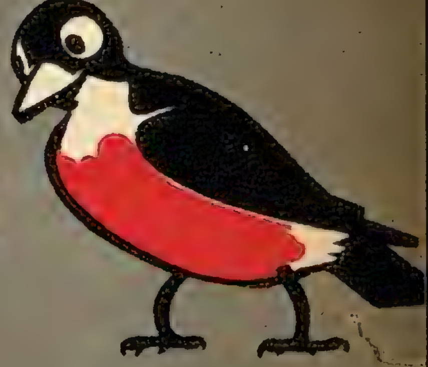
1 What expression is used when one comic-strip character bopps another?
5 Name the thirteenth President of the U. S. A.
12 What was an ancient character in the Teutonic alphabet called?
13 Genus of lizards, skin ailment, or Jap song
14 Who was Geb and Nut's gal?
15 What football players are chosen for their speed in getting down the field?
16 Jackie who is the first Negro ever to play organized baseball?
18 What opprobrious nickname is applied to nasty little boys?
20 Governors often do what violently?
21 When you're cockeyed in Glasgow, you're said to be what?
22 Who's the non-playing captain of the U. S. Davis Cup tennis team?
23 Card game
25 Pirate gallows were what aboard sailing ships?
29 White-tailed sea eagles, *i.e.*, seagles
31 You'll find Regulus in what constellation?
32 Glide
34 British law calls alimony what? (pl.)
37 Name an inferior member of the Bourbons (well bread though it be)
38 What's the abbreviation for Ebenezer?
39 Krazy who recently passed from the comic-strip world?
41 Which Africanus beat Hannibal badly at the Battle of Zama?
44 Name one of Winnie the Pooh's close companions
46 Who said, "You will, Oscar, you will!" when Oscar Wilde said, "I wish I'd said that!"?
48 Nostril (obs.)
49 Insert four goose eggs in this space
50 Name the world's most unwanted yet most needed organization (abbr.)
51 The Greeks carried what symbol of Athena around?
52 What expression is used by a tennis player on winning the last point of a set? (two words)
53 44.44-yard lengths in Siam

VERTICAL

1 How would you earn a living à la Frank Gotch?
2 English poet, first name Leigh
3 What are firedogs?
4 What's middle in law?
5 Complete: "I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said cunning old ——!
6 What Jap fills many a vacant space in crosswords?
7 What North American peninsula was once erroneously termed an area of "awful desolation"?
8 Coin bakers would be whats?
9 Name the famed mountain of Larissa, Greece
10 What would a king-sized argument be?
11 Old English peon
17 What's the smallest letter in the Greek alphabet?
19 Who wrote The Star-Spangled Banner?
22 Tuck in the errant tress, redden the paling lip, and adjust the slipping girdle
24 Crust of mineral pie, gold-filled
26 Small cavity, as tooth socket, air cell of the lung, etc.
27 Name one of the hardest things to lift off a house
28 Speak one's piece
30 What relation was Mercury to Mrs. Juno Jupiter?
33 Psychiatrists claim it is dangerous to do what psychologically to children?
35 What is it a great man never reads about himself?
36 You "bend the knees, two dollars, please," when you learn to what?
40 What gal's name means chaste?
41 Barter (var.)
42 What, if doubled, is a railroad term?
43 MCI
44 What's the most difficult gait to master in horseback riding?
45 What neutral's been exed in its application for U.N. membership by Russia?
47 Newfoundland's in what direction from New York?



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Put
EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST
in your  **when the**  **fall—and forget it till the first** 

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SMOTHERED WITH LOVE

Continued from Page 13

business. Eloise, on the other hand, having grown up in a small town, considered that everything was everybody's business.

He decided to go talk with the apartment manager.

It took him five minutes to go downstairs and come up again. He walked over to the easy chair by the fireplace, lighted his cigar, and picked up the evening papers. "Mrs. DeValle upstairs is a dramatics teacher," he said. "She specializes in coaching young actors for their parts."

"Oh," breathed Eloise. "Then she's planning to kill her husband so she can marry an actor!"

Henry took the cigar out of his mouth and said caustically, "I tell you the woman's a dramatic coach. What you heard up there"—he forgot that he had heard it too—"was acting. Nobody's trying to kill anybody. Unless it's you trying to kill me with your infernal imagination!"

Eloise looked at him with her eyes welling over with tears, and Henry felt like a heel.

After dinner he tried to make it up to her by suggesting that they go out to a show. They never mentioned the dramatics teacher again.

By the end of the first year of their marriage, Henry was beginning to find Eloise and her girlishness just a trifle dull. He began to wish that just once he could come home without being greeted by a flurry of ruffles and kisses and the question, "Do you love me?" Henry began to get bored.

He began taking an occasional dinner away from home.

It had been purely accidental that he ate these occasional dinners at a restaurant where Miss Cawley ate. Miss Cawley was in the Ladies' Millinery Department of Hobbs and Hobbs where Henry worked, and Henry, after noticing that she ate there frequently, wondered why he had never noticed her before. She was really a striking woman. Tall and shapely and with regular features and neat tailored suits.

The first time that he was aware she had noticed him too, he felt immensely flattered.

"Won't you sit with me, Mr. Wilson?" she had asked in a pleasantly husky voice as he started past her table, and he stopped and smiled and sat down.

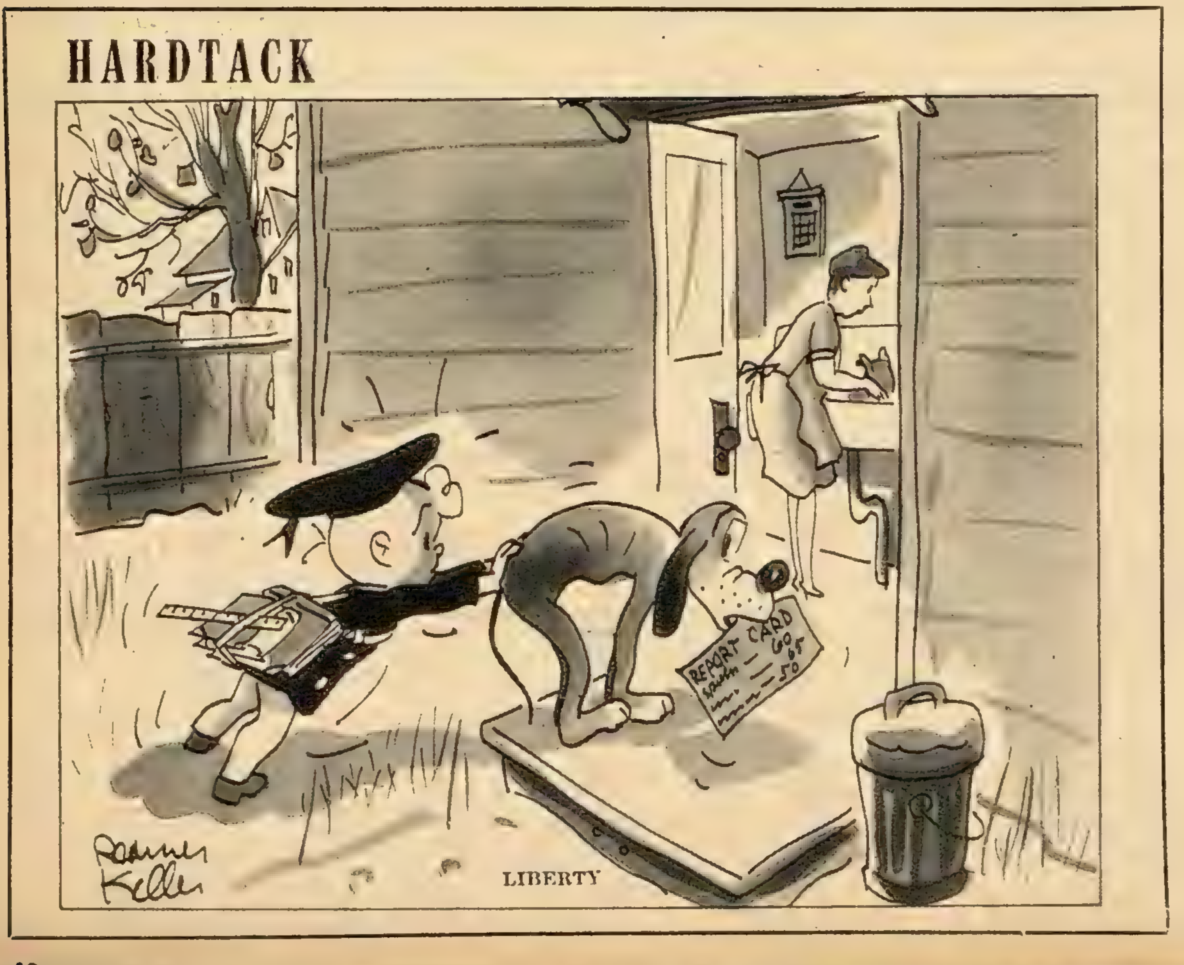
"I hope you don't think I'm being too frank," she said engagingly, "but I have noticed you in here several times, and I thought I'd like to know you better."

Henry had been genuinely pleased. "It's nice to hear a woman speak frankly," he said. "I mean," he hesitated a little, feeling embarrassed because in a way he was comparing her and Eloise, "so many women think they have to be coy with a man."

"You are finding that you like me, too," she said discerningly.

Henry felt a warm glow come over him. This, he felt, was something he had been missing. He had been living in such a sticky-sweet world of romanticism that he had forgotten how refreshing it was to be with a mature, unaffected woman.

BY the time they had finished dinner they were well acquainted. He had told her exactly what he thought was wrong with Hobbs and Hobbs, and why the Boys' Department where he worked would never be able to take in the business it should; and she had told him, equally frankly, that she thought her own department was doing extremely well considering that Hobbs and Hobbs was really a second-rate store after all.



And then he had told her, a little shamefaced, that he had always wanted to be a big-game hunter, and she had said, well, why didn't he.

"Anything is practicable," she said then, looking at him with her head on one side and her lips slightly parted. "Attach yourself first to some large expedition; later you can make a name for yourself and start out on your own."

Henry had felt a little excited just to hear her discuss it in so calm a manner. "And you," he said eagerly. "What do you want to do?"

"I want to get married," she said. "I feel that I have had sufficient business experience now to round out my personality, and I want to get married."

Henry felt almost breathless as he looked at her. If only, he thought, and then pushed away the thought guiltily. He looked at his watch and frowned as if he had a business appointment and should hurry to it. When he looked up again, he saw that Miss Cawley was looking at him with slightly amused eyes. "You were thinking," she said, "that we are mutually attracted and that I would have made you a nice wife."

"Not at—" said Henry, and then as she smiled, he grinned a little.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he said, "I was. Do you live near here?"

"On your way home," she said and smiled. "You see, I even know where you live."

She wouldn't let him come inside her apartment, however, as he took her to her door. "In spite of my liking you very much," she told him frankly, "I am opposed to women who destroy other women's marriages."

Somehow he thought that was a very gallant thing to say, and he found himself going home in an unusually pleasant frame of mind.

Eloise, having supposed that he was detained by business, had been next door with the Callahans collecting a whole new supply of gossip about the other tenants, and didn't notice anything unusual about him at all. She kissed him the usual dozen times, called him her darling, darling little husband, and Henry found himself thinking how wonderful it would be to live with a woman whose love wasn't made up of moist kisses but a deep understanding of his true inner self.

AFTER that he and Miss Cawley began having lunch together, too. Not at the same restaurant, but at a smaller one five blocks away.

"There's no use giving the gossipers something to talk about," she said the first time he had suggested that since their lunch hour happened to be the same, they might spend it together. "I hate idle gossipers," she had said, and Henry found himself agreeing with her almost too fervently.

Finally, one night after dinner—he had gotten a little careful about the dinners and usually wasn't with her more than one evening a week now —she let him come inside her apartment.

He had felt that it was a personal triumph and was shaken with a fervor that amazed him. It was too late, he told himself, as he turned from closing the door and she came directly into his arms, for him to think now about being untrue to Eloise. He had gone too far.

But after the kiss, to which Adah responded somehow with both fire and cool detachment, she wouldn't let him touch her again.

"I might as well be frank," she said, as she took a cigarette and waited for him to light it. "I won't have an affair."

Henry found himself startled but with an immediate flare of admiration for her, too. She was really a remarkably honest woman, he thought.

She took off her hat and touched her fingers to her smooth dark hair and smiled at him a little ruefully. "I could, you know. Very easily."

Henry smiled back at her with equal candor and felt like a devilishly attractive man.

"No," she said, and stared down at her cigarette thoughtfully, "I don't want that. You see, I know exactly what I want. It's marriage only for me."

It was, on the whole, Henry thought, a very stimulating evening, and after he left the apartment—she had insisted that he go before eleven o'clock—he decided to walk home. He thought very clearly about the whole matter. It was obvious that he and Eloise were mismated. There was nothing else to do, he decided, but to ask Eloise for a divorce.

Eloise was sound asleep. She didn't even wake up when he turned the light on to undress, and somehow he felt a little provoked with her.

He didn't have a chance to see Adah the next few days, since Mr. Morris in the Boys' Department asked to trade lunch hours with him. And by then Henry had decided that he really ought to have a frank talk with Adah before he told Eloise his decision.

AND then on Thursday, when he went home, he found Eloise's suitcase in the living room, packed and ready to be closed, and Eloise herself in the kitchen pressing the pink blouse she always wore with her dark blue suit. At first Henry thought that Eloise had somehow heard about him and Adah and that she was leaving him. He stood there in the doorway of the kitchen staring at her.

"It's Cousin Sarah in California," Eloise said. "She's going to have an operation, and Raymond, her husband, has wired to ask me to come out and help with the children." Cousin Sarah had five children, Henry remembered, ranging in ages from five to sixteen.

At first he had felt desolate, forgetting that, after all, this was what he wanted, to get rid of Eloise. But by the time he had ordered a cab and

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ANYWAY IT TURNS OUT STOPPER, I'M THE ONE THAT'S ALL WET!
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gone with her to the station, he was feeling almost jubilant.

He went back home feeling as if he were eighteen again.

That night he and Adah had a long serious talk, and he didn't even start for home until midnight. Adah had suggested that this was his opportunity to ask Eloise for a divorce. "Make it kind but firm," she said, "for, after all, she has no doubt been as good a wife to you as she knew how."

Henry didn't know why he demurred, for he nearly always agreed with Adah as knowing best. "I hate to ask her in a letter," he said, "and especially when she is worried about Cousin Sarah."

"Well, then," Adah said, "you should begin to prepare her for the idea. Don't write her very often. Let her realize, little by little, that your feelings for her have changed. Did you say she will be gone five weeks? By then you can tell her outright."

This was better advice, Henry thought, especially since he didn't like to write letters anyway. So he wrote Eloise once on Wednesday and once on Saturday of each week, being careful to be noncommittal and signing the letter merely, "Yours, Henry." After the fourth letter, he even omitted the "Yours."

Eloise's own letters were frequent and chatty.

Henry began to expand. He began to wish that now that Eloise was gone, he didn't have to be so secretive with Adah about going places where they wouldn't be likely to see anybody they knew. But, as Adah pointed out reasonably, it wouldn't be good for him in his career to be gossiped about.

They had dinner together every night now, and Henry went to her apartment with her afterward. Twice he took her to his place, and she had laughed gaily about the ruffled curtains at the windows and the frilly pillows on the divan. Henry had laughed too, but he had felt a little guilty somehow at making fun of Eloise.

THEN one night Henry stayed late to rearrange the Boys' Department show windows, and on the way out of the store—the side door—he was held up and robbed. It was all done very quickly, and Henry had found himself trying to push his ribs back into the brick wall and to keep his heart from jumping out of his throat. He hadn't had much cash on him, but he had been pretty excited for a while. By the time he got to Adah's place he was actually shaking.

He told her about it, laughing a little, of course.

"They might easily have killed me," he finished. "The big one looked like an escaped convict."

"Nonsense, dear," Adah said. "Murder is too dangerous, and besides, that is a well-lighted street. What you need is a drink and to forget it."

But Henry didn't want to forget it.

He wanted to talk about it. He wanted to tell her, in minutest detail, exactly how he had come out of the building and just when he had first become aware of the men, and how they had looked, and the whole thing.

Finally, when he had insisted on retelling it, she frowned and said, "Don't be a bore, dear." And he had looked at her, shocked. It had never occurred to him before that Adah was really a cold woman. He looked at her gloomily.

"Don't be angry, sweet," she said then, and came over to the divan and kissed him. It was the first time she had voluntarily offered her caresses, and he responded quickly. But all the same something was missing. *It's that she's too selfish to want to see how I feel,* he thought.

He made an excuse to leave early. That night he wrote to Eloise a two-page letter instead of one, and signed it "Your loving husband." But the next morning he thought better of it, and substituted another page and wrote merely, "Your husband." After all, he shouldn't let a silly thing like last night bother him. And Adah was right about it. No use telling the same story fifty times.

But somehow, after that, he didn't feel quite the same with Adah. She really understood him, of course, and went out of her way to do things for him.

The day before Eloise was to come home he and Adah had a long talk, and he agreed to tell Eloise that he wanted a divorce. He would explain kindly but firmly that it wasn't anybody's fault; it was simply that he and Eloise had made a mistake when they married.

THEN the next day he got a telegram from Eloise saying that she would have to stay two weeks longer. The children were now quarantined for measles, and Cousin Sarah couldn't come home from the hospital. It was, of course, nerve-racking—having to put off the discussion with Eloise. It caused Henry to become irritable and cross, when he should have been most understanding with Adah. After all, as she told him, it was putting her in a bad light. "People will say, of course," she explained, "that I came between you and Eloise."

"What people?" demanded Henry crossly. "We've been damned careful never to be seen together."

"Oh, people," she said largely. "After all," she went on, "we do work in the same store, you know."

"What people?" he demanded again. "Who's talking? Tell me who'll be saying what."

"Well, Mrs. Handley for one," said Adah coolly. "She told me yesterday that we had been seen together several times."

"And who else?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "How should I know?"

But Henry definitely had the impression that there were plenty of people who would be talking, and for some reason he got mad about it. "If you have arranged some kind of a mess," he said, "just to hurt Eloise, I'll—"

"Yes?" she said. She lifted her smooth brows. "Really, Henry, you do get so excited—"

He glared at her, so mad that he was shaking, and strode out of the apartment. He suddenly ached to be smothered in love, to be so wrapped around with it that he couldn't breathe. He ached for it so much that he got up and hurried home, almost believing that Eloise would be there.

But of course she wasn't.

All that week he went home early every night and sat alone. Whenever the telephone rang, he let it ring. But finally, the night before Eloise was to come back, he answered it. He was very cool. "Henry dear?" He could almost see Adah, standing very cool and aloof.

"Yes," he said.

She waited a moment, and then she said, "I see that it is all over."

He felt an acute relief that he was getting out this easy. "Yes," he said very firmly and very loudly. "Yes."

"Good-by, Henry," she said then, almost gently.

After that, he felt light of heart. He felt so light of heart that he wanted to tell Eloise everything, what a fool he had been, how much he loved her. But he decided, wisely, to do nothing of the sort. You can't depend on a woman's reaction.

Instead, he had a marvelous idea. On the way to the train to meet Eloise, he stopped at a novelty shop and bought a false Vandyke beard and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. He put them on right there and wore them down the street to the station, feeling like a kid again. He was a lucky guy to have such a wonderful wife with a lively imagination, and he would really appreciate her this time. Never, never would he fail to listen to anything she wanted to tell him.

Eloise was the second person down from the train, and she looked wonderful with a slight tan and a new hat that was, Henry thought, the most wonderfully feminine thing he had ever seen.

She came straight into his arms, and he stood there a moment just holding her and feeling the sweetness of her body against his. Then he helped her into a cab and sat close to her, feeling marvelously happy.

"Darling, darling," he murmured.

And then he said a little playfully, "Aren't you surprised at my looks? Don't you know who I'm supposed to look like?"

She patted his hand consolingly. "Yes, dear," she said a little wearily, and drew away to lean against the side of the cab. "You're being Uncle Batti, only I've put up with Cousin Sarah's kids and their foolishness so long, I just don't feel like playing."

THE END

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HEADWORK

Continued from Page 17

after day Father stood in the doorway of his office and watched the queue of loaded wagons line up before the Farmers' Terminal Grain Company, a rival concern located a few blocks down the railroad tracks from us. Old customers drove straight past our elevator, glancing at Father a little sheepishly. Two parallel lines etched themselves between Father's eyes and he grew increasingly nervous and irritable.

Mr. Bridgewater, too, was worried. "It's getting damned serious, old chap," he said one day. "Boeder is bragging that he'll have you closed up in six months. If we could just get Governor Prothero to come here and make a speech in your behalf—The feller has every farmer in the country right in his hip pocket, because he's responsible for every measure put through the legislature that's favorable to agriculture."

"Well," Father asked irritably, "you're county chairman. Why don't you try to get him here?"

"Might as well try to get one of the twelve apostles," Mr. Bridgewater said gloomily. "In the first place, the governor and Boeder were thick as thieves, and he snorted and pawed the ground when we refused to nominate Boeder. No, it's no good looking for help in that quarter."

"Dammit," Father said, "what would *you* do, then?"

"If you'd withdraw in Boeder's favor I guess we could get the nomination switched," Mr. Bridgewater suggested tentatively. "Boeder would call off his dogs and your business would be saved."

Father's chest swelled until I thought the buttons on his vest would pop off. "What?" he shouted. "Crawl to that sod buster on my hands and knees? By the Lord Harry, I'll spend every dime I've got first."

AS THE harvest season approached and the vast fields of wheat, oats and rye began to whisper dryly in the gentle winds, Father found it necessary to let his regular man at the elevator go. "I might as well close the infernal place up," he said bitterly to Mother, "for all the business I'm getting."

Mother had maintained a strictly hands-off policy regarding Father's political activities. Now she said, with a faint tremor in her voice, "John, why don't you just let the old politics go? After all, your business—"

Father only waved his hand with a mournful gesture. "Lu, it is my concern to make a living for this family. I may have to do it, eventually, with a pick and shovel, but no Watkins ever turned back once he set his hand to the plow."

The picture of Father making his living with a pick and shovel seemed slightly overdrawn, even to me.

Father started driving into the country to solicit the farmers' votes. Often he took me with him. I think he was lonely. Father would pull up beside a field where a farmer was working, hand me the lines, and crawl through the wire fence. "Well, August," he would call cheerily, "a fine stand you've got here. How are things going, August?"

I could rarely hear more than a word or two of the conversations which followed, but Father usually came back to the rig muttering darkly to himself.

ONE afternoon, after a particularly fruitless day, we saw a handsome team of bays approaching at a swift trot. Father's hands grasped the reins more firmly and his jaw set. The driver of the approaching buggy pulled his high-spirited horses to an abrupt halt facing us, while a slow grin spread over his red-stubbled face. He was a heavy, thick-bodied man and his weight canted the light vehicle sharply to one side. "Vell, Chon," he called, "how goes it? You making votes?"

"I'm doing all right," Father snapped.

"Haw," the farmer laughed gutturally, "maybe you'd better let politics alone and look out for the elevator."

"You attend to your own damn business and I'll attend to mine," Father said from between set teeth.

"If you don't look a little out, you ain't goin' to have no business," the farmer gloated. Then he went spinning away down the road.

"Was that Herman Boeder?" I asked.

"Yes," Father said gloomily. "That was Herman Boeder, blast his eyes."

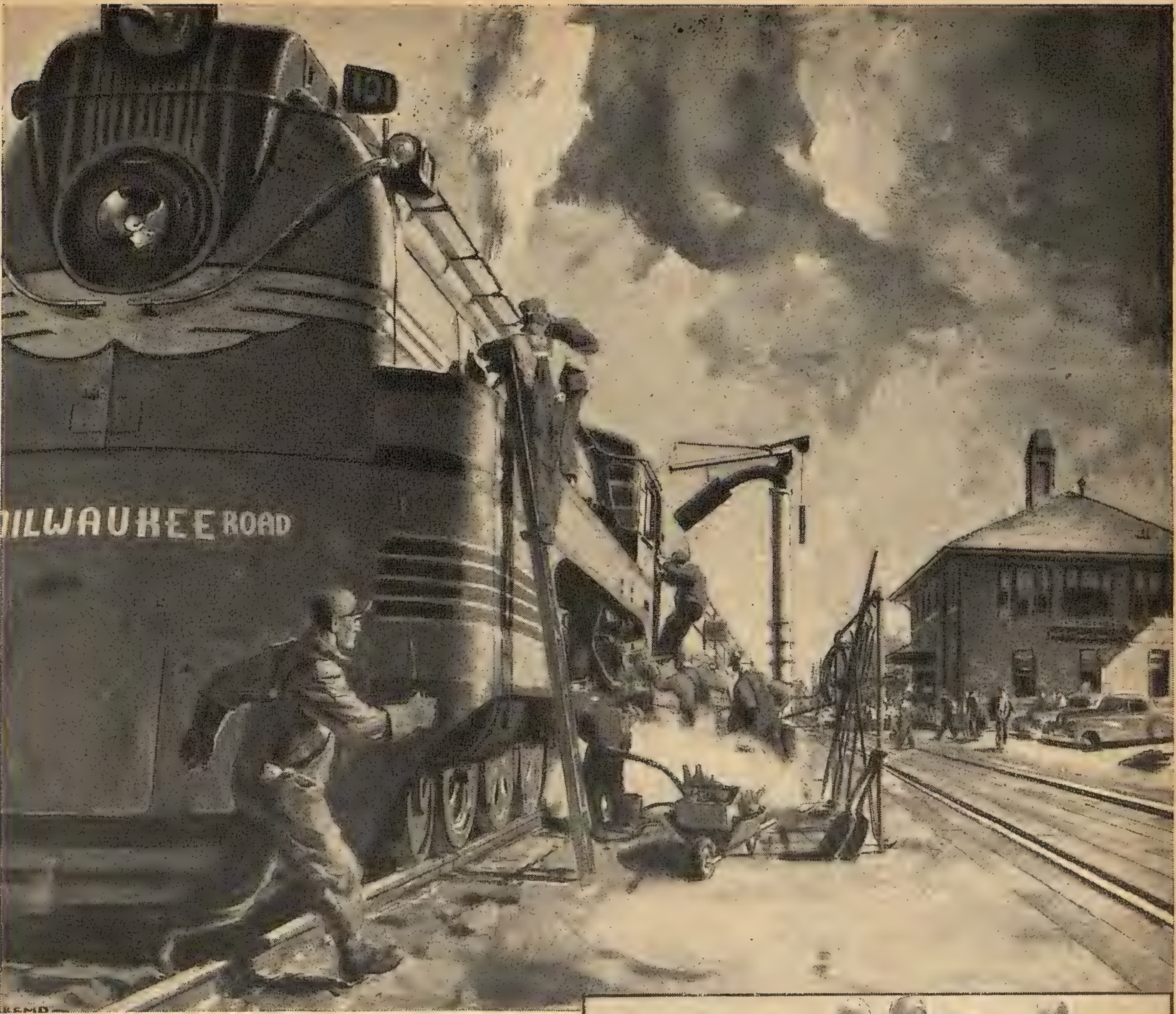
When we reached home that evening we found Uncle Edgar awaiting us. He was in high spirits and pulled a shiny new jackknife out of my ear with a flick of his long, deft fingers. "John," he said exuberantly, "I'm going to do a parachute jump for the Old Settlers' picnic at Otis Grove. Nice piece of change they're paying me, too."

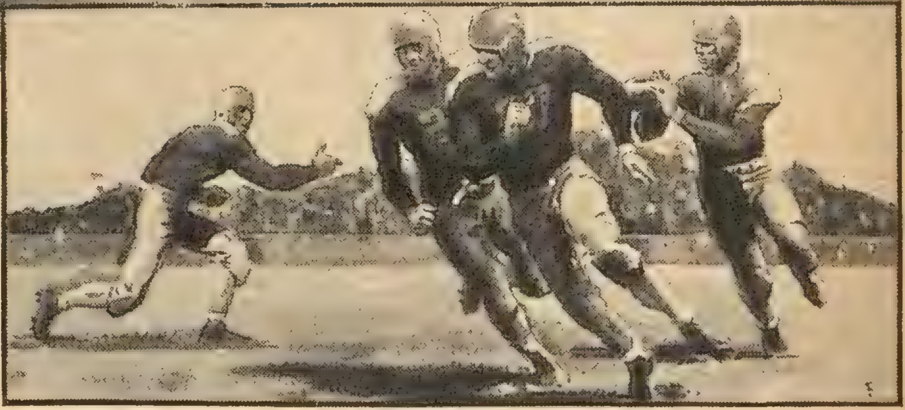
Father stopped dead in his tracks and stared at him. "A parachute jump at Otis Grove!" he whispered, kind of sucking in his breath as he spoke. "Well, that just about finishes it. I'm to make my speech, the speech that spells victory or failure for me in the election, at the Old Settlers' picnic. How can I get people to listen to me, think about what I have to say, with you jumping around in the sky like a damned monkey on a grapevine?"

"Now, John, don't get excited," Uncle Edgar said soothingly. "I jump before you make your speech—sort of an added attraction, you might say. After that, everyone will come back and hear your talk."

"Sure, sure," Father said bitterly, "they'll hear me, but they won't know what I'm talking about. They'll still be thinking about you and your

(*Continued on page 54*)


MILWAUKEE ROAD



Timed to a "T"

AS EXACTING in split-second timing as football's "T" formation is the operation of the Twin Cities HIAWATHAS. The servicing of the trains at La Crosse, Wisconsin, is an example.

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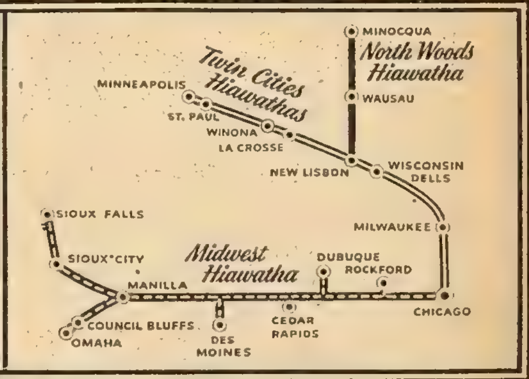
MINOCQUA
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DUBUQUE
ROCKFORD
CHICAGO
COUNCIL BLUFFS
OMAHA
DES MOINES
CEDAR RAPIDS

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Speedway of the Speedliners

(*Continued from page 52*)

infernal balloon. Their minds won't be on what I'm telling 'em. Why don't you go and jump into the Pacific Ocean?"

"Please, John," Mother begged, "don't take on so. I'm sure everything will be all right."

Father's laugh sounded like the twanging of a violin string. He turned and stomped off to his room.

As if to put a proper period to that day of ill omen, Mrs. Bascomb elected to call and warn Father that he would be held to strict accountability by the Women's Christian Temperance Union regarding his attitude on the liquor question. She sat in our parlor, her rigidly corseted bulk bolt upright in a straight-backed chair, her square face looking as if it had been hacked out of granite, staring at Father challengingly. "I may make my demands publicly during your speech at Otis Grove," she announced ponderously. "I am not certain. I shall probably be governed by your remarks."

Father stood stiffly before her and I could see a little vein pounding in his forehead. "Very well, Mrs. Bascomb," he said frigidly, "you may ask me anything you da—anything you like."

When she had gone Father turned and glared at Mother accusingly. "In my own home," he whispered hoarsely, "there is no peace. I am beset by idiot relatives, harassed by female ogres!"

As the date of the Old Settlers' picnic drew near, Father seemed plunged deeper and deeper into a sort of melancholy apathy from which even Mr. Bridgewater's best efforts failed to rouse him. He gave up his country solicitation entirely and stood morbidly in his office doorway watching wagonloads of grain disappear into the Farmers' Terminal. Mr. Bridgewater himself took to making long drives throughout the country, soliciting business for Father's elevator. "It isn't a question of the election now, John," Mr. Bridgewater said; "it's a matter of saving what's left of the jolly old business."

They were sure of defeat: the large German community, Father was told by local political forecasters, would vote solidly for the Democratic candidate—something never before heard of in Sioux County. Still, in spite of all that Mr. Bridgewater could do, Father refused to give Herman Boeder satisfaction by withdrawing.

THE day of the Old Settlers' picnic was cool and still, with the soft haze of early autumn lying over the land. Most of the small grain had already been cut, and in the wide fields the conical-shaped stacks stood in groups of four, the anchoring sticks at their tops protruding like pins in a lady's coiffure. Beside us the Sioux River flowed sleepily under its fringe of cottonwoods and willows.

"Things are a little upset. We're redecorating."

LIBERTY

But if the scene through which we drove was utterly peaceful, there was no peace with us. Mother kept glancing apprehensively at Father. From time to time his lips moved silently. Once Mother laid her hand on his arm. "Don't worry, John," she said gently. "I know everything will go off splendidly."

"Yes," Father retorted with a bitter smile, "everything is going to be just wonderful. I'll be crucified and that will be the end of the matter."

Otis Grove comprised about ten acres of stately cottonwood and elm trees, around an open grassy park in which had been constructed a raised speaker's platform. Farm teams and carriage horses stood with sagging hips, their tails switching lazily at flies. At the extreme end of the open space a huge globular object tugged at its moorings. It was the balloon. Already a crowd had collected to watch the great envelope fill with heated air from the fire above which it was suspended.

Uncle Edgar came over as Father was tying Dick to a tree. He was wearing a dark robe which half concealed his lavender-colored tights. "Won't be long now, John," he called. "You got here just in time."

"I suppose there's no chance that you'll break your fool neck," Father growled.

Uncle Edgar did not reply. He kept glancing worriedly down the road which led into the grove. Suddenly his face cleared as a smart rubber-tired trap (the one which Mike Nolan, the livery-stable owner, usually rented out to young men in love) appeared. He nodded and murmured more to himself than to us, "I thought he'd get here in time."

Father swung around and his jaw sagged. He started to speak, gulped, and tried again. "Why," he said in an awed whisper, "it's—it's Governor Prothero!"

"Sure," Uncle Edgar said. "Come along, John, and I'll introduce you to him."

Father stared at him wildly. "You'll wha-a-a-t?"

For the first time a trace of irritation edged Uncle Edgar's voice. "I said I'd introduce you to him. Don't just stand there gawping."

In a daze, Father followed Uncle Edgar to where the governor, a tall broad-shouldered man with a flushed face and tiny ruptured veins lacing his heavy nose, was already talking to Mr. Bridgewater. "Hello, Jed," Uncle Edgar said blandly. "I want you to meet my brother-in-law, John Watkins."

The governor extended his hand and with the other clapped Father jovially on the shoulder. "Well, well, Watkins. Glad to meet you. Thought I'd run up to see how you're making out. Might lend a hand, eh, Watkins? These boys are all friends of mine."

"I'm certainly very grateful," Father said with an almost visible effort at composure.

"Don't mention it, my boy, don't mention it," the governor said affably. "Always glad to do something for a good party man. Need fellows like you in Des Moines. Good thing to get acquainted. Having a little difficulty, eh?"

Father swallowed. "Yes, a little," he admitted.

The governor laughed his hearty booming laugh. "Well, we'll fix that. The boys go along with me in this part of the state. I guess we can see to it that you won't have anything to worry about, eh, Bridgewater?"

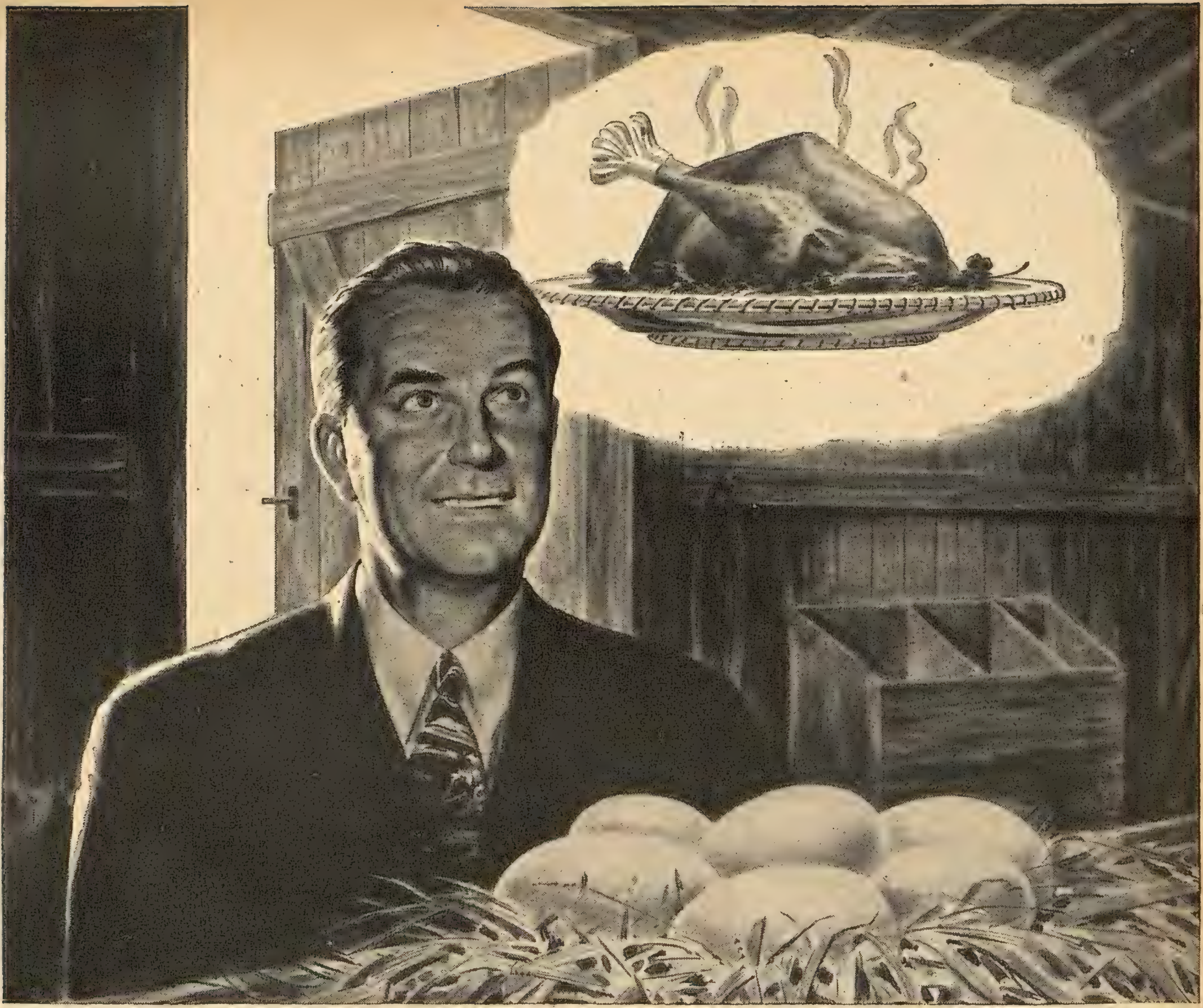
"Oh, yes, yes, quite," Mr. Bridgewater murmured. Then he added, "I say, governor, you've known Edgar for some time, what?"

"Oh, yes. Great fellow, old Ed. Well, I guess he's about ready to go up."

NONE of us had noticed that Uncle Edgar hed left. He had slipped out of his robe and was standing before the crowd, slim and smiling. He skipped forward, making a curiously foreign little bow, then turned to the men holding the guy ropes and nodded. They slacked off, permitting the balloon to rise until the trapeze dangled below it a few feet above the ground. Uncle Edgar, cool and debonair, seated himself upon the bar, his legs pointing outward like a dancer's. The crowd cheered and Uncle Edgar waved his hand. Suddenly he signaled and the balloon shot upward.

Father and Governor Prothero seemed hardly aware of the gymnastics on the trapeze which held the crowd breathless as Uncle Edgar went higher and higher into the blue sky. They had drawn a little to one side and were deep in earnest conversation. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and saw Mr. Bridgewater standing beside me. "Jeffrey," he said, "your Uncle Edgar is a very

(*Continued on page 56*)



Sometimes you can break a good rule!

It's usually a wise rule not to plan a chicken dinner before the eggs are hatched.

But not always!

If the "chicken dinner" represents your future, and the "eggs" are financial nest eggs—go ahead and plan!

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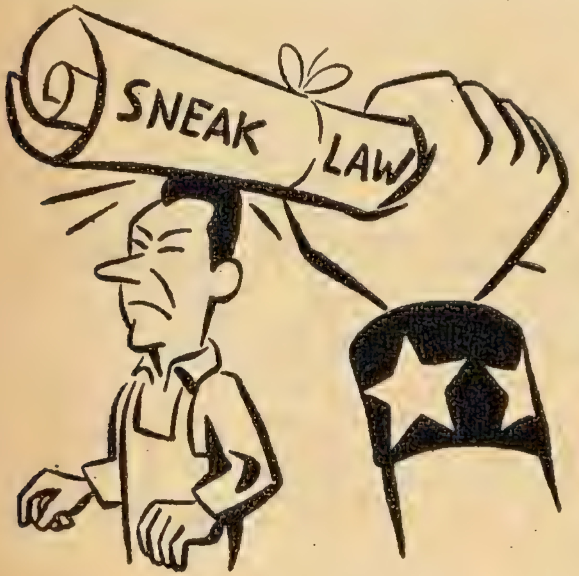
VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IT'S tough when the many are penalized for the selfishness of the few. At least, that's what many veterans, backed up by veterans' organizations, employers, and organized labor, are saying about the new, hastily passed On-the-job Training Law. Admittedly, certain abuses need correcting, but why take it all out on the veteran trainee?

It all began a few months ago when the authorities went after the hides of those bosses who were trying to fleece the government and up the veterans' salaries to figures they were just not capable of earning.

Then more recently came General Omar Bradley's open blast that the Veterans Administration was out in full force to ferret out any and all unscrupulous practices in the "too loosely knit" on-the-job program.



Why this?

And Congress stepped in by passing, in the closing moments of its 79th session, legislation that already has been appropriately labeled as the "Sneak Law." The new regulations, effective as of last September 1, set maximum monthly pay for trainees taking on-the-job apprentice training, or studying in school, at $175 for single veterans and $200 for those married. This means that now only veterans in on-the-job training being paid $110 or less by their employers will receive the full monthly subsidies of $65 or $90.

It is important to remember that it will be several months before the VA can adjust every veteran's allowance to the new ceilings. Therefore General Bradley's outfit wants to alert you to the fact that you may be required to pay back any overpayments made since the new law became effective. However, no time limit will be set for returning this money.

Also, remember that these ceilings do not apply to disabled veterans training under the Vocational Rehabilitation Act, Public Law 16.

Upon notice you must inform your VA training officer or regional office of your monthly earnings. If you fail to comply, payments will be held up pending receipt of this information.

If you are a trainee who will receive no further subsidies due to these regulations and continue in your present job, then be sure to notify the VA to stop counting that time against your entitlement—you can thus preserve your eligibility for educational or other training courses at a later date.

If, on the other hand, you are a student who has the necessary credit hours, and have not received subsidy payments because you have been working at a full-time job, then the new law says you are eligible for like subsidies.

Now, more than ever, employers and labor groups must be assured and reassured that the on-the-job training, as it now stands, is as good as it ever was. To continue it as a part of our national policy toward veterans, as well as an industrial impetus, we must willingly accept it as such.

* * *

Lawrence Skokos, Los Angeles, Calif. I would say you are right in claiming that the on-the-job training ceiling of $175 does not necessarily limit you to earning just that amount. Your plan appears to be the one way of getting around the law. After all, the VA does say that overtime pay is not used to compute a veteran's earnings for the purpose of calculating subsistence allowances. It is based on regular wages per month exclusive of overtime. So, as long as you earn it, that overtime pay, over and above the ceiling amount, is rightfully yours. Why don't you double check—just to make sure?

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(Continued from page 54)

remarkable chap. I think the feller knows more tricks than he ever learned on a trapeze."

Uncle Edgar was descending now, dangling beneath the great flower-like shape of the parachute. When he landed in an adjacent field, Mr. Bridgewater resumed in a musing voice, "Yes, Jeffrey, your uncle's a genius. A blasted, bloody genius."

Just then I saw Father motioning to Mr. Bridgewater, and I followed him to where a crowd of farmers were massed about the governor, vigorously shaking his hand. Presently Father, the governor, and Mr. Bridgewater were moving slowly toward the speakers' platform, pausing every little while as more eager farmers pushed forward to clasp the great man's hand.

I kept watching Father. His face was pale and there was about him an air of bewilderment.

Following a brief introduction by Mr. Bridgewater, the governor walked to the edge of the platform and held up his hand to quiet the roar of applause that greeted him. His smiling, confident glance went out over the massed upturned faces; he looked down indulgently, as a father might regard his wayward but lovable children. "My friends," he began in his rich mellifluent voice, "it is good to be with you again, good to know that however the winds of chance may blow in other sections of the state, here in Sioux County they are always constant and warm with the memories of promises given and kept."

He waited for the applause to subside, and then went on in a conversational, intimate tone: "I have come here to address you today not on my own behalf. That, I feel, is unnecessary. I would like to talk to you for a moment about a man whom you all know, a man whose political convictions are the very pith and core of the best traditions of our great party, a man who, in the past, has been content to serve humbly in the ranks, but upon whom the hand of destiny is already resting—your friend and my friend, John H. Watkins!"

AS THE gust of hand clapping swept over the crowd my glance turned to Father. The color had come back into his face, his shoulders were squared; calmness and serenity clothed him like a garment. With each unctuously rounded word of praise which fell from the governor's lips, Father seemed to expand visibly. A little smile was on his lips and in his eyes there was the look of an eagle.

When the governor had finished and the cheers had died down, Father rose and stepped forward as one already accustomed to the mantle of greatness. He began to speak in an assured, confident voice. In the hush which followed his opening sentence, I was conscious of the beating of my own heart, but I was conscious, too, of something else. I was listening to a man whom I did not know, a poised and illustrious stranger. He seemed to change before my eyes, until with his final words, his last commanding gesture, he was no longer merely my father, he was a distinguished personage who would presently depart from us amid the sound of drums and trumpets.

THAT evening after the last congratulatory hand had been shaken, we were sitting in our living room awaiting the arrival of Uncle Edgar. "John," Mr. Bridgewater said, "you'd better be at your office early tomorrow. There'll be a line of loaded wagons in front of the elevator a block long."

Father started to reply when the front door opened and Uncle Edgar came into the room. "We've been waiting for you, Ed," Father said. "There's something I want to ask you."

Uncle Edgar dropped into a chair and his lively brown eyes touched each of us in turn in gentle but humorous understanding. "Ed," Father went on, "you go ahead and tell us about it now."

"Well, John," Uncle Edgar said with a little sigh, "I knew Jed Prothero back in the old Barnum days. He was a talker in a side show and I was running a phrenology pitch. We were both out for what we could get, but he used to make fun of me for taking money under false pretenses. One day I got him to let me examine his head and I told him he was wasting his time, that he ought to go into politics. He just laughed, but not long after that, he quit the show and it was a couple of years before I heard of him again. He was running for some office or other over in Dubuque, and it wasn't long before he was elected to the legislature. Well, he just kept on going; I didn't see him again till I went to Des Moines the other day."

"So it was you who got him to come up here," Father said.

"I s'pose so," Uncle Edgar said. "We had quite a talk. He kept telling me how much he owed me for getting him started on the right road, and after he'd mentioned that a few times, I told him I was going to make a parachute jump at the Old Settlers' picnic and I kind of mentioned your speech, too."

Father seemed tense. He sat on the edge of his chair, clasping and unclasping his hands. At last he leaned forward and whispered, "Tell me something, Ed. Do you advise them *all* to go into politics?"

"No-o-o," Uncle Edgar said slowly. "Sometimes I try the law and sometimes doctoring. Lately, though, I've been thinking I'd go after the ministry. I guess the Lord could use a few more workers on His side. Looks to me like politics and them other professions are getting a little crowded."

THE END

ON THE BEAM

Continued from Page 8

able and well-known George E. Gardner, executive vice-president, who had a distinguished record directing operations for the Air Transport Command to Alaska when he was with Northwest Airlines. A new executive this year is Herbert Dobbs, v.p. in charge of traffic, who was seventeen years with Pan American Airways. J. D. Crane, v.p. in charge of maintenance and engineering, is one of the best technical men in the industry. And John L. Morris, assistant to the president, has had an extensive chamber-of-commerce background.

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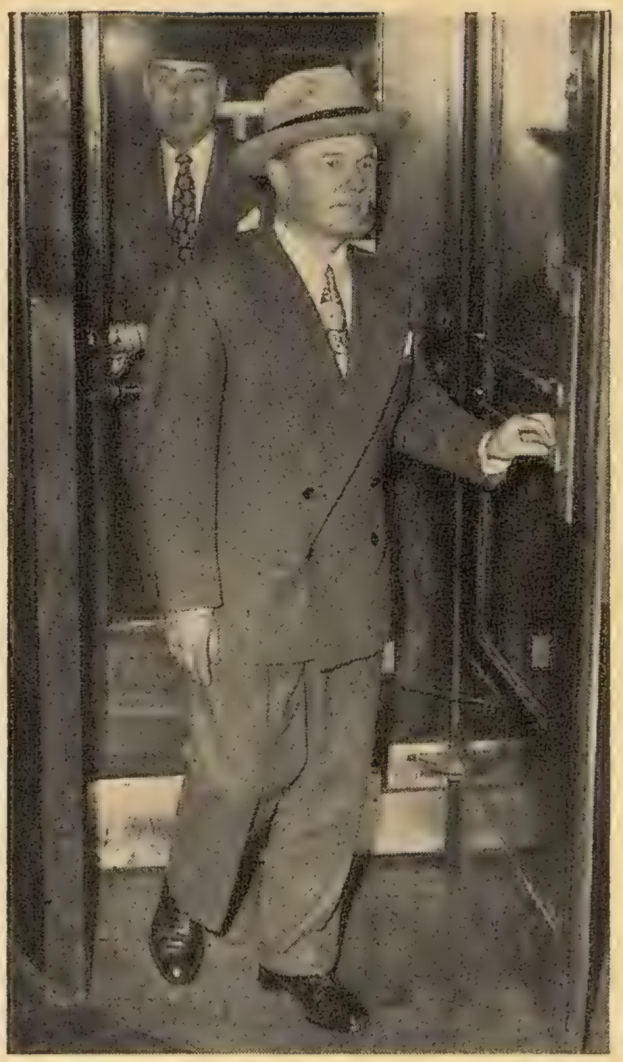
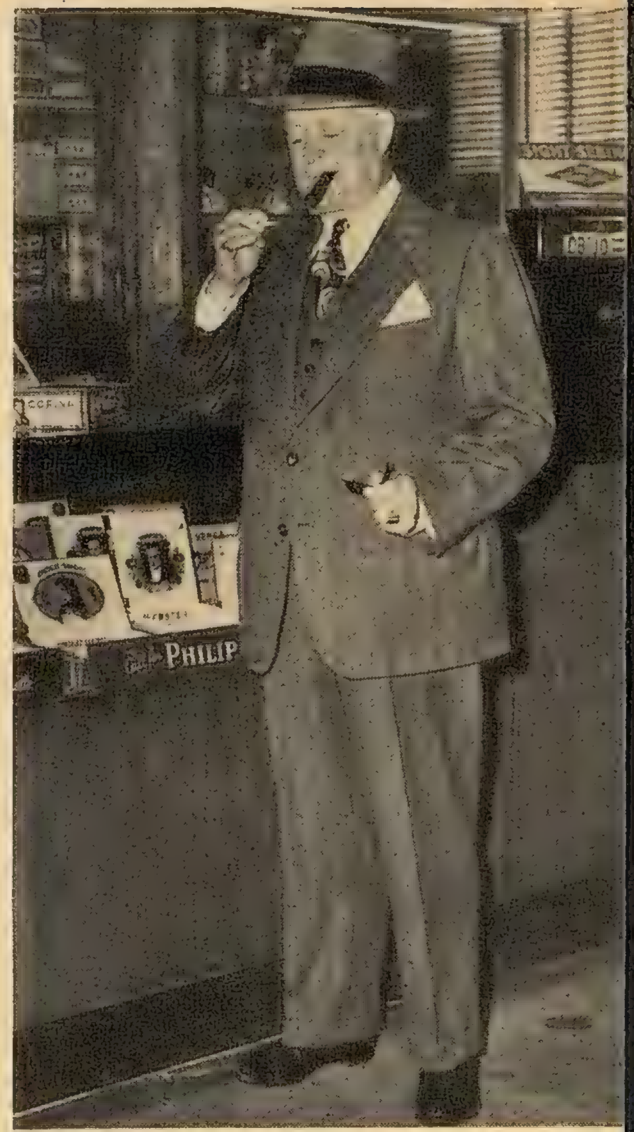
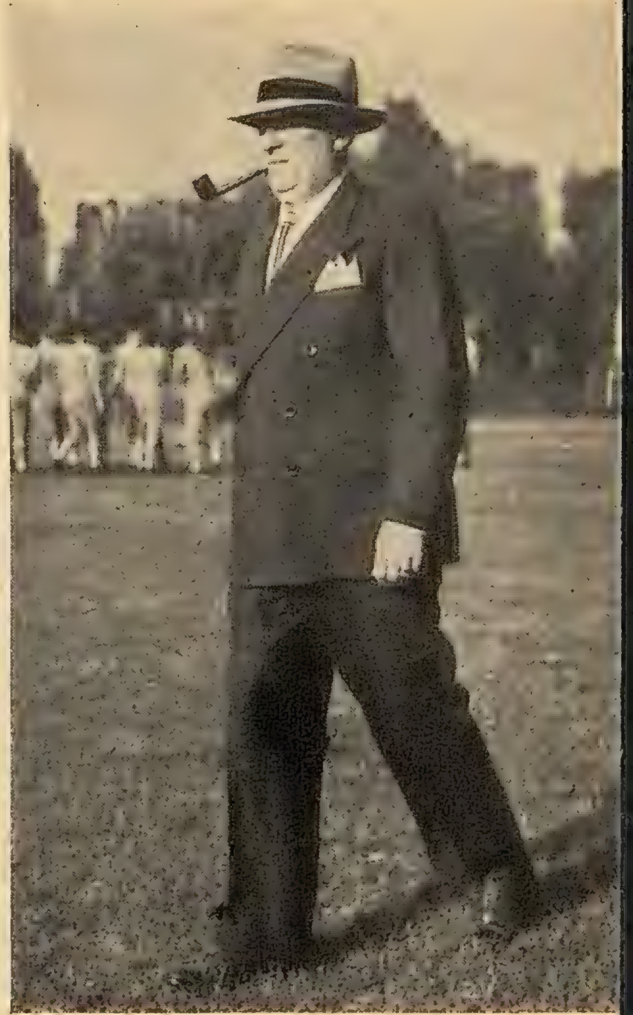


THE SHORT MAN—Bold patterns are ill advised because they emphasize bulk. He needs everything that will give height—even built-up shoes. A long-rolled lapel with buttons set low give the illusion of more length. This gentleman is helping his height by wearing a subdued gray flannel, long-pointed shirt collar, and an off-the-face hat with turned-up brim.



SHORT AND STOCKY—Single-breasted usually does the best job. The long lapel adds an illusion of length. The slight waist suppression helps reduce the midriff. High crowned hat and longer coat add to the heightening effect.



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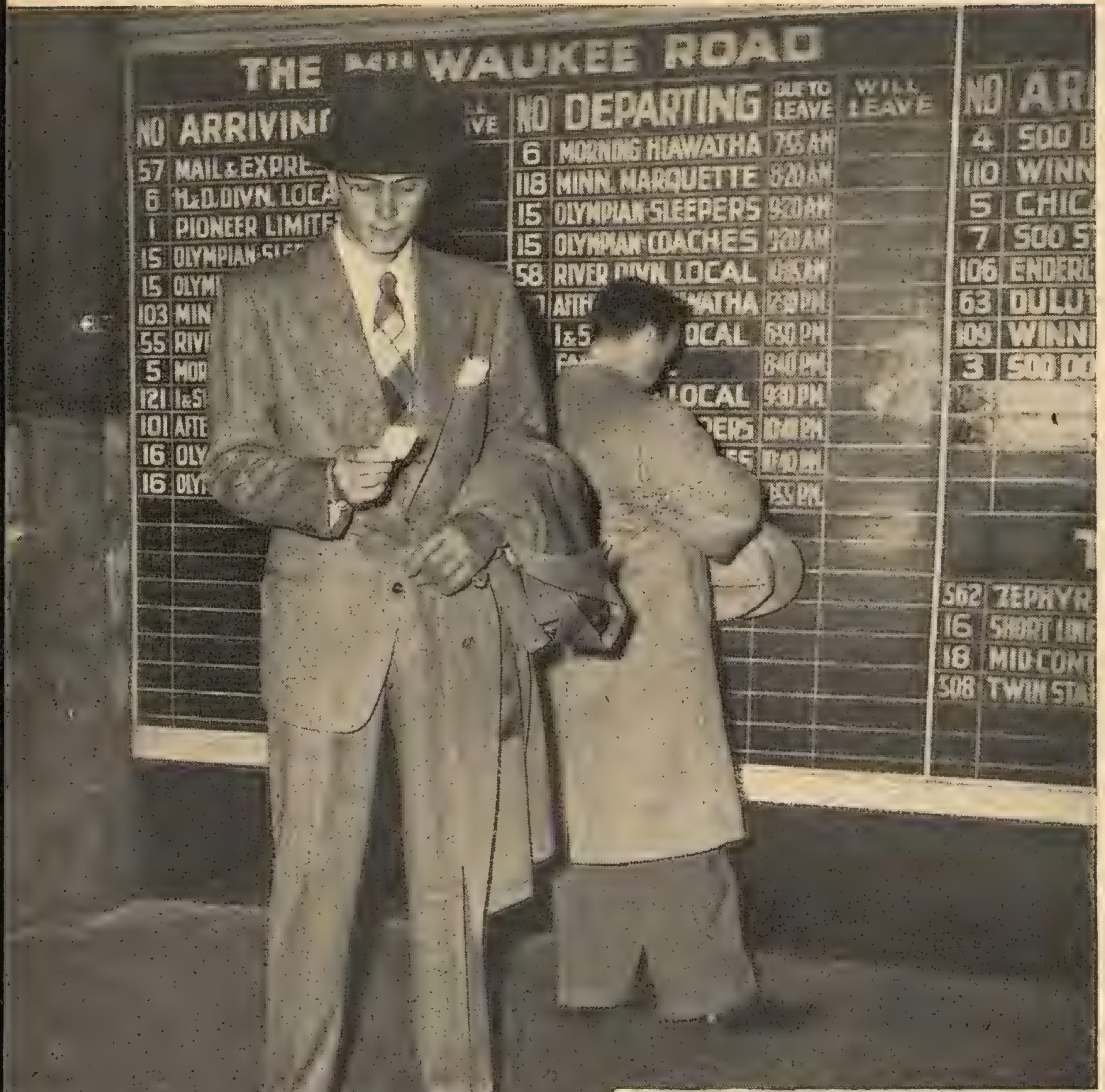
THE MILWAUKEE ROAD
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NO DEPARTING
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WILL LEAVE
6 MORNING HIAWATHA 7:55 AM
118 MINN. MARQUETTE 8:20 AM
15 OLYMPIAN-SLEEPERS 9:20 AM
15 OLYMPIAN-COACHES 9:20 AM
58 RIVER DIVN. LOCAL 10:15 AM
57 MAIL & EXPRESS
6 H.&D. DIVN. LOCAL
1 PIONEER LIMITED
562 ZEPHYR
16 SHORT LINE
18 MID-CONT
508 TWIN STAR

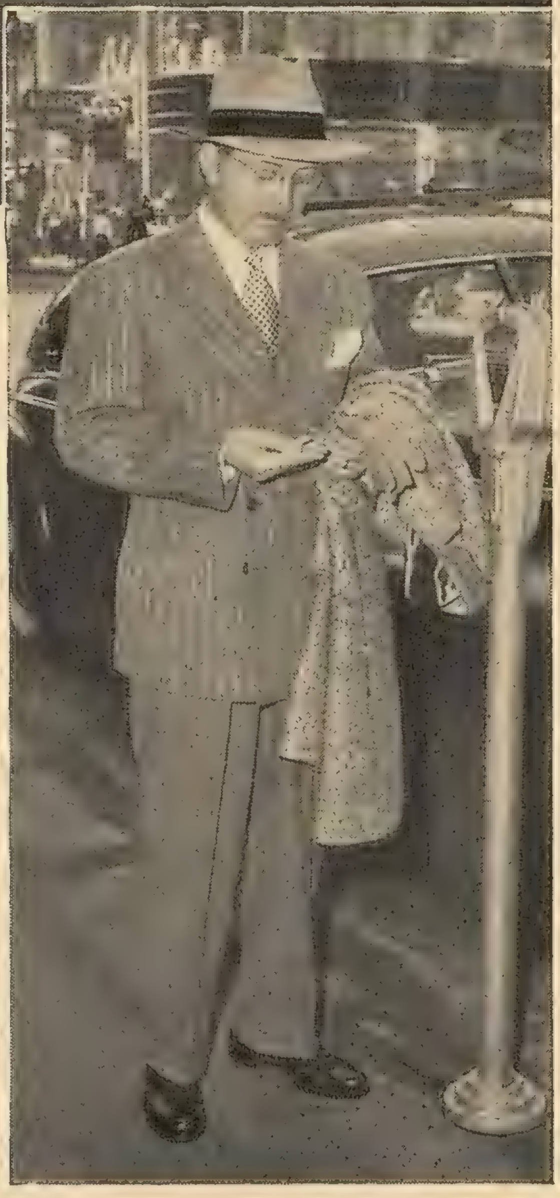
TALL AND THIN—You need a style and fabric that will help de-emphasize your extra height and add bulk to your slenderness. Your clothes should be full cut through the chest, shoulders, and waist. This chap is wearing an ideal outfit—single-breasted cheviot in cluster stripe (for bulk), plaid wool tie, low-crowned, snap-brim hat. A slight break in the trousers cuff helps de-emphasize height.

➡

MR. AVERAGE—The average man can choose almost any fabric, pattern, and style, and need only concern himself with the color that is best suited to his complexion. Note how the check tie offsets the pronounced stripe of his suit.

⬅

THE HEAVY-SET MAN—You wouldn't think this man has an obvious 42 waist. The stripes, double-breasted long roll, squared shoulders, and full-cut chest definitely conceal the dimension of his middle. Avoid bulky fabrics and big patterns.



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RUNAWAY

Continued from Page 29

stabbed his chest. Night seemed to be coming on and the darkness, like black fog, closed in again. . . .

He woke to find himself on a cot wrapped in blankets. Steam sighed from the mouth of a kettle. The small stove had a crooked pipe with an outlet through one wall. He tried to lift his head. It was then he saw the man towering over him.

His eyes traveled along the bearded face, the gray flannel shirt, the corduroy pants stuffed in high muddy boots. There was no link in his mind with this stranger. He struggled to remember. Then the whole thing suddenly ganged up on him. He pulled himself upright.

"Hey, there—take it easy." Rough hands placed him back on the pillow.

JOCK lay for a minute, feeling as if he'd been knocked out. "Who are you?" he asked finally.

"Never mind," the gruff voice answered.

"How long am I here?"

"About a week."

"A week?" He wondered why his own voice sounded so far away. "Did you take care of me?"

"I'm a better doctor than a lot."

"What was the matter with me?"

"Don't know much about names, but I'd say the flu. Or maybe pneumonia." The man went over to the stove, poured some liquid from a saucepan into a cup. "Here, drink this."

"What is this?"

"Goat's milk."

"You got a goat?"

"Two—papa and mama, tethered right outside."

"Gee!" The hot milk felt good going down. "Never drank goat's milk before."

"Like it?"

"Swell."

The man took the cup. "Think you'll feel strong enough to move on pretty soon?"

Jock's lips stiffened so that he could hardly speak. "Don't make me go."

"Can't keep you here. You were a sick pup when I picked you up in the woods, out of your head, burning up with fever. I had to bring you here to my shack. But the hospital's the place for you now."

"No," Jock gulped. "No—please—"

From under bushy brows, sharp eyes bored into his. "What happened? Did you get lost?"

"Yes—that's it. Hiking with a bunch of fellows, I got onto a trail. Couldn't find my way back."

"O.K. I'll just beat it down to the village and phone your folks to come and get you. What's their name? Where do they live?"

Jock clung to the gray sleeve. "Wait, mister! I—I don't have any folks."

"Don't lie, kid."

"I tell you, it's true. My mother's dead."

"Your father—what about him?"

"He don't care what happens to me."

Suddenly the man bent over him. "Look, kid, you're the breed that gets all kind of loony ideas. Would you tell me something? What're you so scared of."

"Me—scared?" There was a fine show of scorn.

"When a guy don't know what he's saying," the man went on, not taking his eyes from Jock's, "he's more honest often than when he has his wits. This week you've been sick, you were scared right down to your guts."

"You mean I talked?"

"That's it."

"But when a fellow's sick, you can't hold what he says against him."

"Get me straight. I don't hold anything against you."

"I'd better get going. Better get up."

"You couldn't reach that door."

Jock drew both legs up and carefully swung them over the side of the cot. He managed to get to his feet. The stove, the chair and table, the man's face, whirled. He fell back. His eyelids closed.

"I'm your friend," the man said. "Well, that means you can trust me. No halfway between friends."

Jock lay still, rigid. "What did I say when I was out of my head?"

"Oh, I couldn't make sense out of what you said—only you were scared stiff and running hard, away from something."

"I didn't say from what?"

"No."

Jock's lips tightened. "Forget what I said, will you?"

The man answered, "Wouldn't you tell me what you ran away from?"

Jock looked up into the man's eyes. "Do you have anything to tell time?" was all he said.

"Radio." The man nodded toward a dilapidated portable on the table.

"Gee, a radio in this dump!"

"What's the matter with this dump?"

"Excuse me. You were swell to bring me here. Don't make me go yet. You saw I can't even stand up."

The man gave a slow grin. "O.K., bud."

This time Jock reached out to take his hand. "Thanks. Thanks a lot."

The man asked, "Aren't you hungry?"

"Guess so."

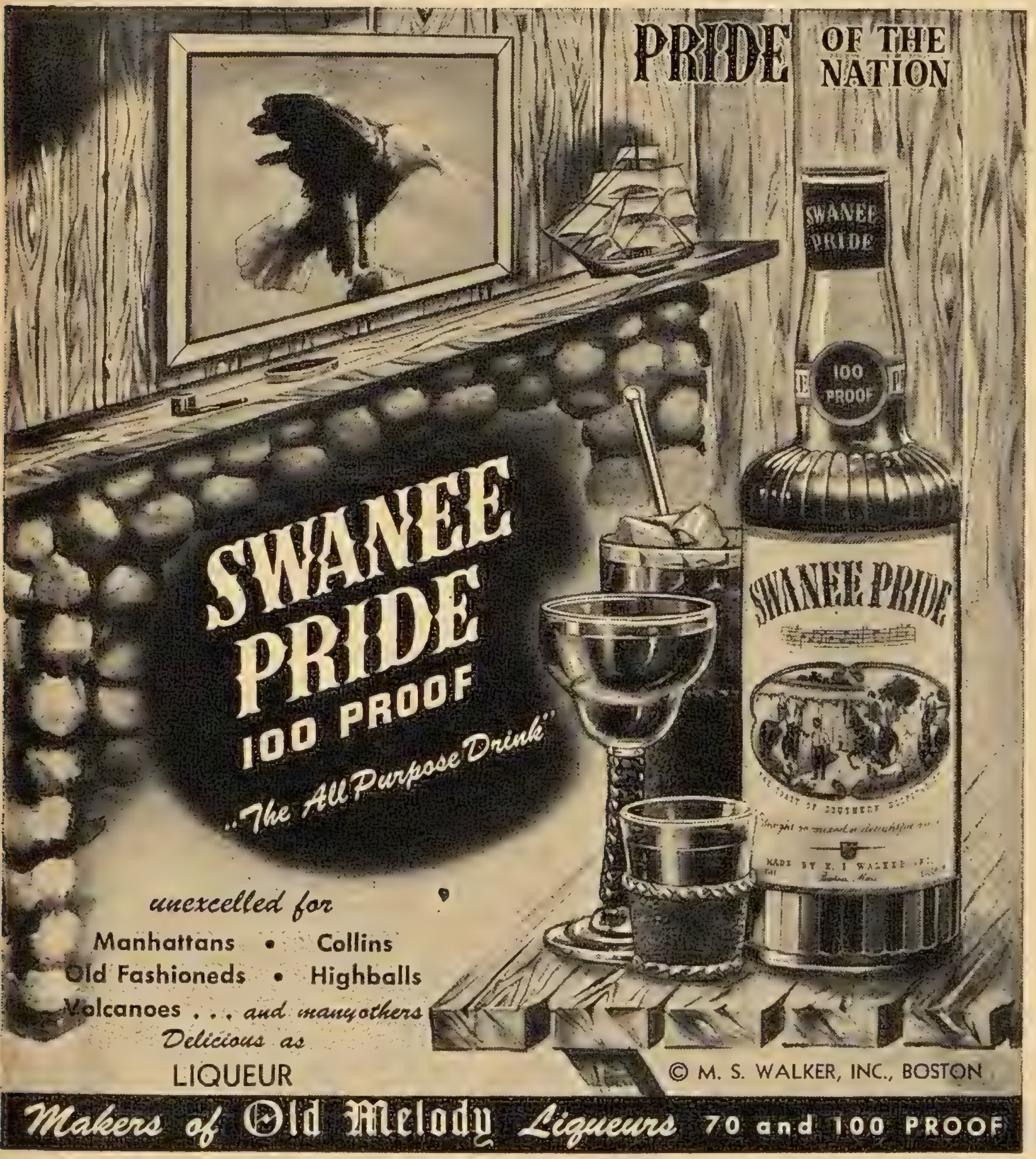
IN A little while the sizzle of frying fish filled the place. An arm went around him, propping his weakness. The man fed him.

"Tastes good. Did I eat while I was sick?"

"All I could push down your gullet was milk and some brandy."

"Brandy?"

"Sure. I go down to the liquor store in the village. I can earn enough to buy even a bottle of brandy now and then. Trees to fell



in the fall, snow to shovel in winter. Been living in these parts a good many years. Down there they call me the hermit."

"I always wondered how a hermit could make a living."

"You'd be surprised how much he learns to do without. For one thing"—the man regarded him steadily—"you learn not to be afraid—not of people or things, only of yourself. Get me, bud? Don't be scared, even of living or dying," he added. He got up and went to the single window. The noonday sun, streaming in, touched his face with bronze.

"I wouldn't be afraid of dying," Jock defended himself. "Gosh, everybody's got to sometime."

After a minute, "Want s'more fish?" the man asked.

Jock shook his head. "When you're finished, could we tune in?"

"Sure. Anything special?"

"Bing Crosby records, if you can catch any."

The man fooled with the radio knobs. A news commentator stating, "From Washington comes word—" . . . A snatch of song, "Let it snow, let it snow." . . . A crisp voice in the middle of a Missing Persons Alarm ". . . called Jock, of 195 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York City. Age, thirteen. Height, five feet two inches. Weight, one hundred and one pounds. Hair curly, light brown. Eyes, blue. Skin fair, freckled. Small scar on forehead above right eye. Mole on neck under chin. Missing since—"

"Shut it off!" Jock huddled back, the covers pulled to his ears. "I don't want to hear any more."

THERE came now only the sound of buzzing insects. Then the man sat down on the cot beside him, begging in a low voice, "Couldn't you tell me about it? I'd try to help you, son."

Jock's lips quivered.

"It wasn't the sickness that almost killed you," the man urged; "it was keeping something locked up inside. Couldn't you trust a pal enough?"

"I gotta tell somebody," Jock whispered at last. "I can't stand it."

"Look, I wouldn't fool you. I sometimes tune in on Missing Persons and yesterday I heard about Jock Gregory. That mole on your neck and the scar standing out blue because you were so white, gave you away."

Jock's thin hand clenched. All of a sudden the words came spilling out, a torrent he couldn't stop. After a while he didn't want to stop. He wanted to tell the truth. The strong arms gathered him in, but no interruptions halted the story. There was only listening silence and under it Jock's terror seemed to dissolve like ice breaking up.

At the end, the man asked, "Where were you going when I found you?"

"Away."

"You must have been headed for some place."

"Right after it happened, I thought, my uncle's farm in Vermont. I lived there after my mother died. But then I thought, If they hide me, they're guilty, too. I couldn't do that to them."

"Why didn't you go to your father?"

"He wasn't home. Besides, he don't know about Chuck and Hank and the other fellows."

"Were you scared to have him know?"

Jock turned his face from the steady gaze.

"Come on, son."

"Her," Jock said. "She's the one he cares about. My stepmother—she's the one. He don't care what happens to me."

"I wouldn't be too sure," the man said gently. "You can't trust your own judgment about a lot of things. Even when you're as old as I am, you can't. These guys, Chuck and his gang, you thought playing around with toughs was smart, and all it got you was trouble. So you ran away. Worst of it is, you can't. Or maybe that's the best of it."

"Can't what?"

"Run away. You can't run away from wondering if that fellow you left on the pavement is alive or dead, can you?"

"I can't go back. They'd put me in jail. Or maybe if he's dead—"

"You can go back and tell the truth, explain how you didn't know what those guys were up to. You can give your father the chance to stand by and help you clear yourself. Can't you, Jock? Don't you, this minute, want the chance to clear yourself?"

"I can't go back. Let me stay here. Let me stay, won't you?"

"You can stay as long as you like. But it's still running away."

"I don't see—"

"It's like this." The man spoke slowly, choosing his words. "You're thirteen. You don't want to live in a shack in the woods, hiding, the rest of your life."

"With you, maybe."

"No. Hiding is the toughest break of all, son. Time's bound to come when you'll want to turn back. But by then you won't have the guts. It's like there was a crossroads in your life. One leads home, the other nowhere in particular. On the road that leads nowhere, you just keep running because you're too scared to stop. Get what I'm driving at? You'll be running away from yourself all your life."

JOCK'S gaze wandered to the window, to the quiet green peace beyond. This friend he'd found in a world where he didn't believe he had any friends, this stranger who'd saved his life was asking him to go home and face—what? "That man Chuck knocked down—if he's dead, then I'm a murderer."

"You'll keep asking yourself that question. No running away from it. But unless you go back, you'll never have the answer."

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Jock reached out for the pressure of his friend's hand and hung on blindly. "If he's dead, I don't want to live."

IT was shortly before 6 A.M. the following day. Out of New York toward the hills where she and Ben had spent their holiday, Vera drove along the almost deserted highways ignoring speed-limit signs. The voice on the telephone had warned that no time must be lost.

She had been waiting up for Ben when the call came. No word had come since the door slammed behind him yesterday; it seemed forever.

When the shrill ring sounded through the apartment, so much louder in the darkness than in daylight, she was certain it would be Ben.

But a gruff voice asked for Mr. Gregory.

"He's not home. Is there any message?"

"Who are you?"

"His wife."

"Tell him I've got his son."

Vera held to the telephone stand as she might have clung to a buoy in a raging sea. "Where?"

"Take it down. He's to come alone. No cops. Has he a car?"

"Yes." She scribbled the directions. The voice instructed her in terms of routes and mileage, in numbers: "Turn off Parkway at Route 57. Go straight ahead nine miles till you hit Route . . ." and so on, without giving the name of a town or a village to indicate the location.

"Can't miss the crossroads, foot of the hill," came finally. "I'll be there. What's the car's license number?"

She told him, adding, "Give me your phone number."

"Haven't got a phone." A click; the voice was gone.

Except for the instant when she heard, "I've got his son," Vera was calm, knowing exactly what she must do. Jock was alive. That was all. That was enough. This was her job, hers at last. There was a roll of bills, house money, in the kitchen drawer, and she stuffed it in her handbag. She left a note with directions for Ben propped on the telephone stand.

It was long past noon when she came to the crossroads with the hill beyond. The hastily scrawled directions were difficult to follow. Twice she had made wrong turns, but at last the occasional clusters of houses gave place to lonely stretches of woodland.

Then in the sunlight she saw a man's silhouette, with arm raised. She slowed down. When the man realized the lone passenger was a woman, he walked around the car to examine the license plate.

Vera sprung out. "I'm Mrs. Gregory. You'll see it's the same number I gave you over the phone."

"The boy expects his father."

"I couldn't reach Mr. Gregory."

The man hesitated. "Wait here till I talk to the boy."

"No," she begged, "please—please. I've come all this way."

The man slowly studied her. "Get back in the car." He took the place beside her. "Follow that wagon road."

They bumped over old wagon ruts which came to an abrupt end. A winding trail led up the hillside. Not far away Vera could hear a stream gurgling over rocks. The sound was cool, sweet. Sun flecked through the trees.

"Leave the car here." As he helped her out, the man studied her as he had at the crossroads. "Be careful not to say anything to upset or excite the boy. He's been sick. Act like it's natural to find him where he is."

HARRY LAMPERT

"I told you we'd have trouble with this green lumber!"

LIBERTY

Vera followed along the trail to where it crossed a patch of meadows. She saw a log cabin at the edge of the woods; under a shed two goats; beyond, in a square of bright sunlight, a small vegetable garden.

The man opened the cabin door. In a chair Jock huddled, wrapped in blankets, terribly pale and thin, but watching the door with eyes that were eagerly expectant. When he saw who it was, his whole expression changed.

Vera turned to the man who sat down on a stool beside Jock, unlocked the boy's tightly clenched hands and said gently, "It's O.K., son."

"You didn't tell me she was coming."

"I didn't know. But she wants to take you home and I think you should go."

Jock's lips quivered. He said nothing, simply shook his head.

"Don't hate me so," Vera whispered. "Don't hate me. Please, Jock."

Jock asked, "Where is my father?"

"Away—looking for you. He hasn't been home much since you left."

"If he wants me, let him come and get me."

"He wants you more than anything in this world. Won't you forgive me, Jock? It's all my fault. Won't you give me the chance to make up to you for everything?"

The man spoke then, kindly, yet with firmness. "Remember what I said last night? Hating's no good. It eats into you like termites eat into wood and everything goes rotten."

Jock looked up at him, silent, with lips a white line.

"Jock, if you don't want to come home because of me—" Vera went on with a curious strangled sound, "I've been thinking about it lots since you left. You and your father—you two belong together. I'm the outsider and unless I can amount to something with both of you, I'm just a dud. It's up to you to decide. I know your father needs you more than he does me. I'll go—if you say so."

JOCK never took his questioning eyes from the man's face. "I think you better let me carry you to the car," the man urged.

"Not yet." Then the boy's gaze rested on Vera. "Been pretty sick," he murmured, feeling weak again.

"I know."

"Bud, here, took care of me."

"I know," she repeated.

"He's the best friend I ever had."

The man broke in, "Well, Jock, that about goes for me too. We both learned a few things."

Jock frowned. "Wouldn't go back at all, except he told me to."

Vera asked shakily, "Don't you want your father?"

"Guess so. But I'm awful tired all of a sudden. And I like it here. Bud, could I maybe wait till morning to decide?"

The man looked across at Vera

beside Jock's chair. She went down on her knees and drew the boy's head against her breast. "I'll wait. I'll wait just as long as you like." . . .

It was so that Ben found them, hours later; the man like a sentinel standing guard, and Vera holding Jock in her arms while he slept.

Their voices drifted through Jock's dreams.

"This is the man who saved Jock's life. . . ."

"No, sir. I wouldn't take any reward. I don't need money. Is it safe for the boy to go back? That mugging attack—he's scared stiff. . . ."

Voices jumbled, no more definite than the buzz of insects, the faint distant sounds of forest life. Jock felt himself lifted. His eyes opened to look into his father's.

"You all right, Jock?"

"All right," he nodded.

"Then here we go." He was held close against Ben Gregory's coat.

"The cops?" he asked.

Now his friend's voice came thickly, not sure and strong as Jock knew it. "Your father says they caught those two mugs. But the guy they hit is getting better and won't press the charge against you. See, pal, I said you'd be in the clear, going home to face it."

"Sure," Jock said, "sure, I see. But I'll be coming back for a visit. That is, if you want me."

"I want you, sure thing." The man came closer. "You and I—we got to know each other pretty swell."

"You bet."

The man opened the cabin door, took the kerosene lamp from the table, and went ahead of them.

TWO cars stood in the old wagon road. Into one Ben Gregory lifted his son. He turned and grasped the man's hand. "If ever you need help of any kind—" he began.

The man smiled in the dark. He held the lamp high so that the light streamed on both cars as they drove away. He was thinking of himself at Jock's age, dumped into an institution with other juvenile delinquents. Reckless kids who didn't stop to think or reason, believing the world was their oyster, learning the trade of crime! He was remembering his exit to so-called freedom, his twisted resentment against a society that held him always under suspicion.

In the moonlight the picture crystallized into a face that was no longer his but Jock Gregory's. Jock's pinched frightened face might have been that of any boy finding out too late that he'd kicked over the chance for a decent life.

The man climbed slowly back up the trail. At the door of his shack he stood listening to the night sounds, to the voices of silence that for many years had been his companions. They were years of bitterness like a bruise that spread, instead of healing. But it was healed now. He had saved a kid. That was something. That was peace.

THE END

What often weakens a young wife's
hold over her husband?

If only every married woman could learn the *real truth* about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*

There is a serious pitfall in marriage for many young wives, but it can be avoided if only they'd realize how important douching two or three times a week often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

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Pick of
THE PICTURES

BY
VIRGINIA SPIES

Two Years Before the Mast

HERE'S a two-fisted adventure tale as tough as the grizzle on an old sailor's chin and as tangy as a young man's dreams of the sea.

Steering a far bloodier course than Richard Henry Dana's century-old classic, the movie follows the miseries of an 1834 hell-ship as its tyrannical captain, Howard da Silva, breeds mutiny among this crew:

Alan Ladd, foppish son of the ship's owner who develops, after watching much brutality and murder, as leader of the mutineers;

Brian Donlevy, playing writer Dana, who observes the inhuman treatment and later brings about maritime reforms with his story;

William Bendix, the cruel mate who helps the skipper by flogging, shackling, and otherwise disciplining the crew;

Barry Fitzgerald, the cook who dishes up bad food and good wit.

They all suffer because the mad captain is racing to break his own round-the-Cape record from Boston to California. He refuses to stop along the way for fresh vegetables, though several men die from scurvy. He shoots his henchman, Bendix, during the inevitable rebellion and then gets his equally inevitable come-uppance.

Paramount improvised heavily on Dana's book. As he wrote it, the mutiny never got much beyond the grumbling stage, and most of the violence—both on the bridge and in the fo'c'sle—is new. The studio not only invented the Ladd part, but also threw in a Latin love interest (Mexican star Esther Fernandez).

This hopping-up of the original story, however, made for juicier roles and performances. Da Silva is particularly good, with his powerful and far-from-stock interpretation of an embittered sadist.

Unlike most movies, Two Years Before the Mast was shot in sequence. This was necessary because the cumulative effects of the voyage had to be measured by increasing gauntness, longer beards, and shaggier hair.

If brine and brawn are your dish, you'll like this film.

Alan Ladd is among the crew of stars in Paramount's tough and tangy screen version of Richard Henry Dana's great sea classic.

PILGRIM
1387-4/6

Scurvy and floggings are routine events aboard this 1834 hell-ship.

Sadistic Captain da Silva and Mate Bendix face an inevitable mutiny.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER (United Artists). Here is a wonderful fantasy that features slick performances by Paul Muni, Claude Rains, and Anne Baxter.

THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE (20th Century-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner and some other youngsters make this an amusing adaptation of Craig Rice's comedy-mystery.

SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.

CLOAK AND DAGGER (Warner Bros.). Gary Cooper and talented Lilli Palmer (in her first American movie) dramatize O.S.S. operations in Italy.

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

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From Lexington, Kentucky, comes a romantic tid-bit . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

The whole town's in love with a horse!

★ ★ ★ ★

So are Detroit and Toledo, Pittsburgh and Wheeling, Buffalo and Binghamton. So are more than 30 other cities that she's visited in her palatial trailer.

They're all in love with "Bess," the gleaming chestnut steed that won Hollywood's heart and is now making countless friends across the country.

★ ★ ★ ★

They call her "The Horse With The Human Mind.".

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder they give her the keys to the city (which she accepts personally), clamor for her autograph (she never says nay), and wine and dine her at hunt clubs!

★ ★ ★ ★

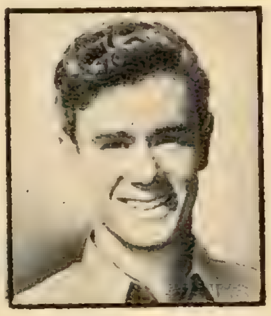
Of course, "Bess" can't visit every town in the land, but you can see her in M-G-M's thrilling adventure story, "Gallant Bess," soon to be screened at your local theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll see "Bess" as she really is, for Harry Rapf has produced "Gallant Bess" in glowing natural color by the Cinecolor process.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a crisp, authentic flavor to Jeanne Bartlett's story. She got its true-to-life feeling from an incident narrated by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR.



Keep your eye on Marshall Thompson, who is best friend to "Bess", in the picture. As a star, he's mounting. You can see he loved his role; gave it power, conviction.

With him, you'll see George Tobias and Clem Bevans—stalwart, two-fisted pals who thrive on rough going.

★ ★ ★ ★

Altogether, the picture is a credit to Andrew Marton's expert direction.

★ ★ ★ ★

So here's our Stranger-Than-Fiction Fact For Fall: You're going to fall in love with a horse, when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess" in action color.

—*Leo*

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

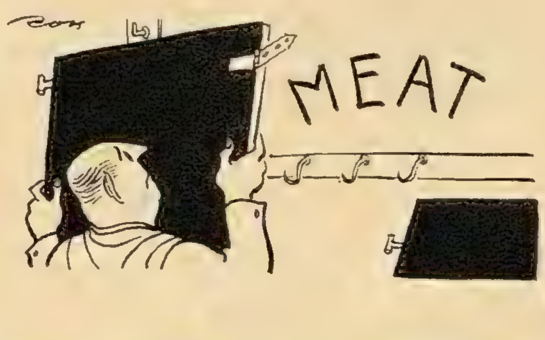
MOTHER'S HELPER: The disappearance of the hired girl is not mysterious at all. Nor need we fool ourselves by dreaming that she will come home to mother now that war jobs are a thing of the past. Mother may just as well keep that apron on, for here are the grim facts: The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor recently reported from Washington that 80 per cent of the household workers who were in war industries have said they will not go back to the kitchen. The Bureau's other figures explain why. Before the war, domestic employees were the lowest paid of all women workers—the median year's wage in 1939 for more than a million such workers was $316 per annum, for $26.34 a month! Since the end of the war, the U. S. Employment Service reports, wage rates for domestic help have averaged $1,040 to $1,300 a year—a prohibitive rate for the average harried housewife to pay. The Labor Department makes another contribution to the gloomy picture by stating, "There is no factual data to prove that hours of household employees have been shortened since 1939. For the most part, the work week of the domestic employee still exceeds the wartime factory week of forty-eight hours."

EXIT LAUGHINGLY

I like to hug him while I can,
For soon the budding little man
Will not permit my fond embrace—
He'll put his Momma in her place.
For though psychiatrists agree
That youngsters crave security,
They want our loving arms spread wide,
So they won't *have* to stay inside.

NEATLY POSED: I wish I'd had a camera with me to snap a picture of the "Purity" bread truck parked in front of the state prison in Thomaston, Maine. Nice juxtaposition.

WHAT! NO SOAP?—Thanks to assorted shortages, marketing continues to be a headache for the housewife. Whereas she used to make a list, and even get it filled by telephone, she now has to trek the town in her dogged hunt for soap flakes, laundry soap, meat; and in certain localities she must wait until there are no customers listening, then whisper to a friendly shopkeeper, "May I have some milk?" Doubtless thousands of other distressed butchers had to send out something similar to this printed letter which came from my butcher. Said he, "To Our Customers: It is with deep regret after more than fifty years of service to the residents of the Murray Hill section that we are forced to announce the closing of our store. . . . . This condition is caused solely by the OPA restrictions placed on cattle growers, feeders, slaughterers, wholesalers, and retailers. As soon as proper adjustments are made, we will look forward to fulfilling your needs." And if you don't think that brought a tear to these old eyes, you're wrong. Reimposing price control on meat was a major mistake, because it has driven all legal meat out of the market. If the OPA had left it to the irate housewife consumer, soaring prices would have been forced down, because women are not spineless fools, willing to be gypped. And honest butchers, of whom there are many, would have no desire to ream their customers. Under existing OPA restrictions, slaughterers cannot buy cattle and process them into meat for sale at ceiling prices. Since slaughterers cannot be forced to operate at a loss, the small supply of available meat goes to those willing to take the risks involved in selling at illegal prices. Such sales must of course be made at higher prices than would prevail in a free market, because of the larger return sellers must get to compensate for the loss of by-products such as hides, which cannot be marketed when illegal slaughter takes place. The National Meat Industry Council maintains there are 80,000,000 more cattle on the ranges than normally.



IS SCANDAL BREWING IN GERMANY?

Continued from Page 15

of witnesses. I have no doubt of the Intelligence officer's credibility or knowledge of the facts. He served in both World Wars, and was in active Intelligence work in Europe even before D Day. He is returning to civil life, and appeared voluntarily before the committee in Washington.

We have all known from newspaper dispatches that men in the ranks have been active in the black market, have got into brawls, and have committed various crimes, ranging from petty to serious, against the German civilians. It has now been charged before the committee that colonels and at least one general have been involved in black marketing, misuse of government property, and scandalous personal conduct.

The lines run directly into the headquarters of Military Government for the American zone, in Berlin. When some of the worst examples of dishonesty and lecherous living are in headquarters, the influence spreads through the entire command down to the humblest private.

CERTAIN high officers have set the troops a deplorable example in black marketing. According to the testimony, one colonel bought a hotel with the proceeds of his speculations, and another banked $50,000 in Switzerland. Deals have been made in army supplies, rations, and other scarce goods. Some have smuggled diamonds out of Germany. Others are said to have smuggled refugees out for a fee.

One officer who was brought before a general court-martial in Frankfort was charged with complicity in the white-slavery and black-market operations of Hungarian gangs along the Danube, where he had charge of transportation, and with using his Hungarian mistress as a go-between. A lieutenant colonel accused of the sale of army goods committed suicide rather than face trial.

At OMGUS (Office of Military Government, United States), a young officer was exchanging food, cigarettes, gasoline, and coal for watches which he later sold in the black market. He not only acted for himself but was used as an intermediary by officers of higher rank who wanted to get in on the gravy. A major, for instance, imported a number of watches from the United States and disposed of them through this subordinate. When a Regular Army major tried to stop the black-marketing transactions going on at headquarters, he found himself blocked by "higher-ups." Finally he was tagged as lacking in "tact and loyalty" and transferred from Berlin.

The committee has a list of five other officers reported to have been sent elsewhere because they did not "play ball" with their superiors on such matters.

Misuse of transportation at headquarters has been another cause of low morale. German women have been taken in U. S. cars to and from their homes, to the hospital, and sometimes apparently just shopping. Official cars also have been used to pick them up and deliver them to the quarters of senior officers.

Even during the period of gasoline rationing in Germany early this year, the practice of transporting German women was continued. The ration was supposed to be three gallons a day, but its administration depended on who was getting it—who was in favor at court. A general's car was sent from Berlin to Hannover and back to pick up poultry for the general's mess, and there were many similar cases. Several of the officers' drivers, disgusted at what they were required to do, sought transfers to other duty.

THE enforcement agencies of the army do what they can, but they are swamped with cases and reported to be pressured from influential quarters. The committee was told that responsible older officers were in despair, and that young West Pointers were dismayed at the mess they found and at their inability to clean it up.

When they reached the enlisted men's quarters, these carryings-on by the wearers of eagles and stars of course lost nothing in the telling. An Intelligence check on enlisted men's morale showed that the following were generally believed:

That a Fräulein employed at the headquarters boasted of sleeping with certain generals, described the color of their pajamas, the furnishings of their quarters, and even knew their nicknames; that certain generals and colonels used army cars to haul wood and coal to the homes of their mistresses; that army food supplies were delivered to generals' homes in volume equivalent to that issued to the men's general mess, and that an inspector general who was looking into the ration situation was in some manner "bought off" and issued a whitewash report; that a Military Government officer in one town had twelve house servants in his quarters.

It is no wonder that many enlisted men have felt little incentive to conduct themselves properly. Furthermore, some who committed black-market thefts and other crimes are apparently being protected from higher up.

A group of soldiers, we were told, went into a German house where there was a large store of wines and liquors, bound and gagged the occupants, loaded the loot into an army truck, and drove off with it. The truck was traced by its number to a certain outfit, but according to re-

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ports, the members of the gang weren't in the ranks when a German victim was brought to identify them. Further, they had been provided with an alibi—it was given out that they had spent a quiet evening at the Red Cross. The story goes on that they were promoted and hurriedly sent to the States.

Part of the picture that is little known in this country concerns the conduct of Negro troops, who are reported to be more undisciplined and uncontrolled than the whites. A German bishop addressed a scathing letter to the American Military Government, beseeching it to do something about its Negro soldiers.

The committee was told that last spring violence broke out in a Negro company that had been keeping twenty or thirty prostitutes in nearby woods, feeding them American rations, and dressing them in American uniforms. The Military Government rounded up and jailed a number of the women. But the Negroes stormed the jail to free the women and killed four German policemen.

WHITE officers are reported unable to control colored troops in Germany. In one company three murders were committed among the men and a hand grenade was thrown at a white officer who went out one night to investigate a disturbance. Two of the murderers and the grenade thrower were never identified. The commanding generals seem afraid to press the matter of Negro discipline because of political repercussions at home, and the subordinate officers are helpless when their superiors will not back them up.

Discipline among white as well as Negro troops has been at a low ebb. There have been many officially reported cases of wanton brutality against the helpless Germans.

In various districts of the American zone the records show unprovoked abuse and beatings administered to German officials by men in the uniform of our army. Some of the crimes may have been committed by displaced persons, and other charges may have been exaggerated, but the important thing is that the Germans think the Americans are committing them. The verified incidents cannot be explained away on grounds of homesickness, boyish pranks, or even too much wine.

The mayor of Lauf, for instance, who was a known anti-Nazi, was knocked down and beaten by three soldiers of an American cavalry regiment. He identified himself in English, and was again knocked down, dragged along the street, and left with a lacerated eye and torn clothing. The same trio encountered the village school inspector farther along the street and beat him also without mercy.

Two members of the cavalry regiment were punished for the assault with a two weeks' "restriction"!

At Plankenfels an almost incredible incident took place. The door of a German house was shot open with a .45-caliber automatic and all the occupants were ordered out of their beds, cursed, and threatened with weapons. One German was singled out by a staff sergeant and driven in a jeep to a lonely spot on the road. Here, it appears from circumstantial evidence, the German was ordered out and beaten on the back of the head with a .45—so severely that he died. The staff sergeant was identified and made a partial confession.

There was a great increase in crime at Zehlendorf last spring. M.P.s arrested a man accused of rape. It is reported that he was released, and returned and raped the same woman again. While there are reports of many other abuses in the files, a good many incidents probably haven't been recorded. In one district the German police complained that although they reported all cases to the Military Government, nothing was done about them. A check showed that in the town of Esslingen there were half a dozen unreported incidents in two weeks, including the case of a seventy-year-old man who died after an attack charged to U. S. troops.

THESE unsavory events have naturally aroused resentment in the Germans, and disrespect and disgust for both the American uniform and the American government.

Worst of all, they handicap the anti-Nazis whom our Military Government is trying to encourage, and dishearten the German officials whom we have installed. Some of the democratically-minded Germans indeed don't mention their own troubles with the American troops lest what they say be used against them by their own people. Fellow Germans can say to them, "You see, you are wrong. Things were never so bad as this under Hitler." It is cited as confirming the old Goebbels propaganda that we Americans are loutish, ignorant, and mercenary people whose favor can be bought.

As one anti-Nazi German put it in a letter asking for better American discipline: "The last remnants of good feeling between the civilian population and the troops of occupation are dwindling and the cause of democracy which is so dear to us is receiving a further heavy blow. Everybody realizes clearly that these incidents are water on the mills of the Nazis and that our difficult task of political re-education is being gravely hindered." The current situation, he said, would lead to "no good and permanent development."

If these occurrences were not contained in official reports I would have difficulty in believing them. The American soldier I know is usually a gay, good-humored fellow, friendly and fond of children. In this country he can get home on leave, see his friends or a ball game, and if he gets out of hand he has the restraints of the civilian police

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as well as the M.P.s. But it seems that on an extended tour of duty abroad, with no fighting to be done, he gets out of hand. I think we are all disposed to wink at a soldier's sale of his own cigarettes when they're worth a dollar apiece, and at his search for a good time in a distant land. But we can't overlook it when the irresponsible minority, which there is in every population, goes over the brink of decent conduct.

In France the American came as a deliverer and was at first welcomed as such. But his discipline was so lax that when the Americans left, there was a sigh of relief.

To the Germans the Yank has never been a deliverer, even though he offered them relief from Hitler. The Germans, unlike our French allies, have no incentive to forgive boisterousness. As a people they have been trained to order and discipline, and they are unfavorably impressed by excesses.

Now, our committee was informed, too many Germans regard the American as a fellow who drinks too much, wears his uniform improperly, makes too much noise on the streets at night, deals in black markets, and is likely to beat inoffensive civilians. The German youth, far from being won over, is likely to compare him unfavorably with the Wehrmacht.

WE don't need to try to inspire affection or admiration in the Germans, but we need respect for our troops if we want the co-operation of the civil officials we are setting up. There is also danger of a potential resistance movement developing in the atmosphere of fear and hatred arising from the friction between soldier and conquered civilian. In other words, our troops' actions have tended to strengthen a condition they are in Germany to prevent. They are undoing much of the good that the conscientious officials of our Military Government are effecting in other directions.

General Joseph T. McNarney, commander of our troops in the European theater and military governor, took notice of the bad discipline when he issued his "get tough" order in Frankfort last spring. He cited black-market activities, drunkenness, high A.W.O.L., motor-accident and venereal rates, sloppiness and griping. The general made all commanders responsible for re-establishment of discipline and ordered restrictive measures.

The committee was told that McNarney's order indeed went far to stiffen morale, but that an interview given at the same time by his deputy, Lieutenant General Lucius D. Clay, partly nullified it. General Clay was quoted abroad as saying that in general, U. S. troops had exerted a good influence on the Germans by having demonstrated how democracy worked elsewhere.

Nevertheless, in September the director of the Military Government in Bavaria, Brigadier General Walter J. Muller, found it necessary to urge his troops to respect the German as an individual and to treat him with fairness, decency and justice. Muller's official magazine, The Bavarian, decried hatred, stupidity, and lawlessness on the part of a few Americans as sabotaging the program which had cost millions of lives.

Generals McNarney and Clay are administrators of high standing. I know they are anxious to stamp out such practices as have been reported to the committee. Neither of them has been accused before the committee of black-market operations or other improprieties. In fairness to them as well as to the American people, the committee should have immediately sent investigators and a subcommittee abroad for an investigation on the spot. Public hearings should be held in Washington, where former officers and enlisted men can be heard, as well as the War Department brass hats responsible for the present conduct of our Military Government abroad.

SOME time has elapsed since the preparation of the reports laid before the committee. Have morale and discipline improved? Has the constabulary system bettered our relationships with the German civilians? How much damage has been done to the American cause? What further steps should we take to regain American prestige? These are some of the questions that need answers.

The task before the American government in bringing about the economic and, eventually, the political unity of a disarmed and de-Nazified Germany is difficult enough. In his Stuttgart speech Secretary of State James F. Byrnes made clear the belief of our government that the German people, under proper safeguards, should now be given the primary responsibility for running their own affairs.

We must make sure, as we hand Germany's affairs over to Germans, that they are sincere converts to democracy. If through the ineptitude of our military ambassadors we have turned them against our way of life, there is grave danger ahead.

THE END

BRAINS AND BRAWN NEEDED—APPLY U. S. A.

Continued from Page 11

rate explain this extraordinary wartime growth in population.

We not only have more people; we have many more families—three million more families, or husband-wife-child combinations, than we had in 1940.

It is plain what this means in the way of new houses alone. And from there we go on to new pots and pans, new furniture, new linen, new everything—not simply to replace what

(Continued on page 72)

Sunset

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Sunset Caffé Sport Cocktail
⅔ Sunset Caffé Sport Liqueur, ⅓ light rum. Shake with cracked ice, strain and serve in cocktail glass.

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Caffé Sport
60 PROOF

Sunset Creme de Menthe Highball
1 cube ice, 1 jigger Sunset Creme de Menthe in highball glass. Fill with carbonated water and serve with a piece of lemon peel.

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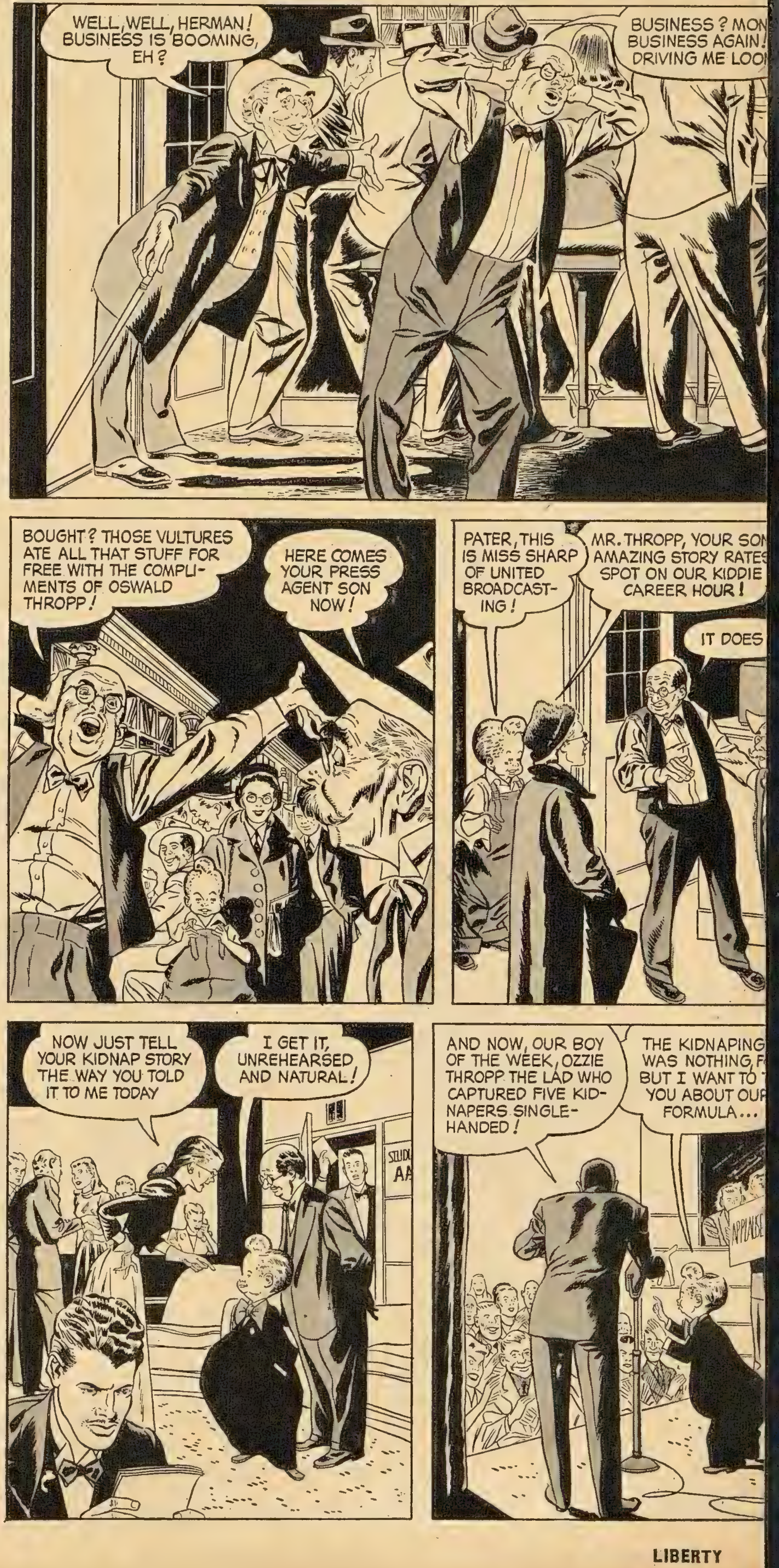
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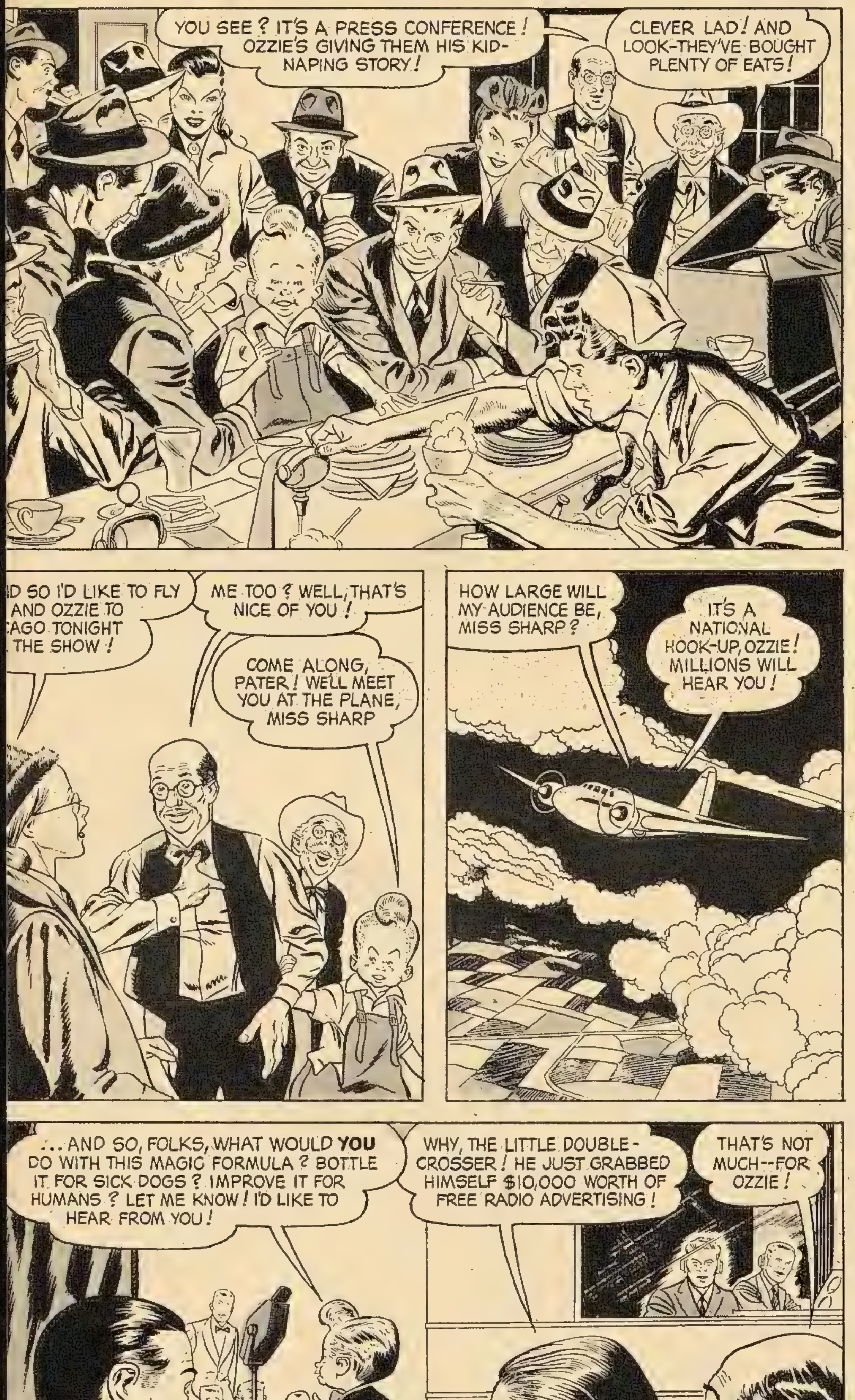
I GET IT, UNREHEARSED AND NATURAL!
STUDIO AA
AND NOW, OUR BOY OF THE WEEK, OZZIE THROPP THE LAD WHO CAPTURED FIVE KIDNAPERS SINGLE-HANDED!
THE KIDNAPING
WAS NOTHING, F
BUT I WANT TO
YOU ABOUT OUR
FORMULA...
APPLAUSE

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


YOU SEE? IT'S A PRESS CONFERENCE! OZZIE'S GIVING THEM HIS KID-NAPING STORY!
CLEVER LAD! AND LOOK-THEY'VE BOUGHT PLENTY OF EATS!
D SO I'D LIKE TO FLY AND OZZIE TO CAGO TONIGHT THE SHOW!
ME TOO? WELL, THAT'S NICE OF YOU!
COME ALONG, PATER! WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE PLANE, MISS SHARP
HOW LARGE WILL MY AUDIENCE BE, MISS SHARP?
IT'S A NATIONAL HOOK-UP, OZZIE! MILLIONS WILL HEAR YOU!
...AND SO, FOLKS, WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH THIS MAGIC FORMULA? BOTTLE IT FOR SICK DOGS? IMPROVE IT FOR HUMANS? LET ME KNOW! I'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU!
WHY, THE LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER! HE JUST GRABBED HIMSELF $10,000 WORTH OF FREE RADIO ADVERTISING!
THAT'S NOT MUCH--FOR OZZIE!

Continued next week

At First Sign of a Cold
DO THIS QUICK!
Specialized Medication Works Fast—Right Where Trouble Is!

Head colds can cause much suffering. So don't neglect them. At the first warning sniffle or sneeze, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol in each nostril. Va-tro-nol *quickly relieves* sniffly, sneezy distress... *helps prevent* many colds from developing if used in time. Try it. Just follow simple directions in the package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

LAW STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 38 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
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Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

PLASTIC WOOD

REPLACE ROTTED WOOD
with **Plastic Wood**

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty... and hardens into wood.

IN CANS OR TUBES

WEATHER RESISTANT
PLASTIC WOOD
A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

EYES DEAD TIRED?

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Feel like you can't wait until the day is over? You don't have to wait . . . you can rest and refresh tired eyes instantly with just two drops of MURINE in each eye!

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine brings quick relief to tired eyes because it is a safe, scientific blend of seven ingredients designed to cleanse and refresh delicate eye tissues. Just put two drops in each eye and feel the restful, soothing sensation that comes at once. Try Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

RED–ITCHY–SCALY ECZEMA

Effective Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Torture!

First applications of Zemo—a Doctor's soothing yet highly medicated antiseptic formula—promptly relieve itching and burning and also help heal the red, scaly skin. Backed by a 40-year record of *continuous* success! *Invisible*—doesn't show on skin! First trial of clean, stainless *liquid* Zemo convinces! In 3 sizes. For severe cases ask for special *Extra Strength* Zemo. At all drugstores.

→ **ZEMO**

(*Continued from page 69*)

was lost to established families by the interruption of consumer production, but to outfit an immense new and eager and hopeful lot of families who wish to start life not with makeshift but with the best they can afford.

Is our planning, our mental and physical energy, geared to expand our economy along with our expanding society? Let's see.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics informs us that in these five years of extraordinary growth the number of people working or looking for jobs has increased by nearly six million. That brings the total to about 62,000,000 Americans who want to work. But the figure can bear a little scrutiny, for included within it are many women who went into industry during the war and prefer earning to housekeeping. Included also are many older folk who wish to have jobs so that their Social Security payments will, in the end, be greater. Then, too, there are great numbers of high-school youngsters who want part-time work.

Anyway, there seems to be a general agreement that we must have at least 50,000,000 people actively engaged in production or distribution, on the farms and in the factories and shops, if we are to provide enough of all the things that our society demands and needs.

And, of course, the peoples of all the world are crying out for food and for goods which only the United States can even hope to furnish. Nor is this simply a crisis of the moment. The United States must carry the burden of production for years, perhaps decades, to come, else we shall be an island of complacency surrounded by a world deep in anarchy and despair and blind hatred for us.

IT is true that our production has expanded to a degree along with the population rise. But we still have not enough of all the things we need. If we are to produce all these things, from steel to bread and meat, the first thing to consider is the state of the national plant. And "plant" means the facilities, the tools, and the installations which will permit each individual to perform at his maximum efficiency.

Our farming lands are a part of the national plant. But fertile earth and good seed, sunshine and rain are not enough to draw from the land all that it can give. Countless acres are still being cultivated with ancient tools. We need modern farm machinery of a hundred different sorts. We need new and plentiful fertilizers, and well-trained agronomists to advise the farmers so that all land may be used to the best advantage.

The railroads also are a part of the national plant—an extremely vital part. Have the railroads expanded? The answer is no. There are today 500,000 fewer freight cars in service than there were in 1926! In the last three months 33,000 freight cars have been retired from service, worn out. As I write, the Carnegie Steel Company is in the midst of a 25-per-cent shutdown because it cannot move the steel that it produces. California produce is perishing because there are no cars in which to ship it. And in the Midwest they are piling grain on the ground because there are no freight cars to take it away.

Even to bring our freight-car pool *level with 1940,* government and railroad officials estimate that 100,000 cars must be manufactured annually for the next five years.

It goes without saying that automobile factories and radio factories, the clothing industry and the building industry, are parts of the national plant. Schools and colleges, the medical profession and hospitals, the newspapers and periodical- and book-publishing houses, too, all belong in that category. But few if any of them are geared to the enormously expanding needs of America. Certainly it would appear that none is geared to the needs of a world which is to a startling extent dependent upon America.

FURTHERMORE, there are many new enterprises which resulted from the war. First, of course, is aviation, which in many respects is the very crux of our expanding economy. The merchant marine is another part of the national plant, as are all the fields of science, to say nothing of the startling potentialities that lie within the development of atomic energy for peacetime use.

As we have seen, the challenge to us now is to bring all these elements up to the requirements of a greatly expanding population—and also the requirements of a whole world which is dependent upon it. In short, we have got to remodel the plant, modernize it, and make it a great deal bigger.

This will cost a lot of money? It certainly will. But we have got plenty of money—almost uncountable supplies of it. Observe the comparison, 1946 and 1940, as to the currency in circulation and in bank deposits: 1940—$66 billion; 1946—$150 billion. Observe also the comparative cash earnings of our people: 1940—$76 billion; 1946—$159 billion.

The amount of investment capital available to all aspects of the national plant is, to all intents and purposes, without limit. The bulk of this capital does not lie in the strongboxes of Wall Street. It lies in the savings-bank deposits of people like you and me. And in the funds of insurance companies—the premiums which people pay on policies. This latter resource is stupendous, since another indication of our expanding economy is the fact that the life-insurance business alone has increased by 40 per cent since the beginning of the war.

There is ample evidence of our opulence *in terms of dollars,* in the immense expansion of government spending. Before the war, even with New Deal pump priming, the na-

"I'd order the roast turkey, if I were you."
LIBERTY

tional Treasury spent only about nine billion dollars a year. This year, with the war over and our military and naval requirements reduced, the national Treasury will spend about $37 billion, not including the recent appropriations granting terminal-leave pay to millions of enlisted men.

Before the war our national debt was about $50 billion. Indeed, there were laws which prohibited a national debt of more than $60 billion. The laws were changed. And few of us grow pale now when we read that the national debt is about $260 billion.

In similar fashion we have taken increased taxes well within our stride. The prewar total was about six billion dollars a year. In 1946 the federal government will collect from us, in one way or another and without upsetting our blood pressure very much, nearly $40 billion.

NO question about it, we have resources of cash money in rather astonishing supply. Then how shall we go about expanding our economy to match the expansions of our society and its requirements?

In a remarkable number of instances, economists, government officials, industrialists, bankers, farmers, and men in the ranks of labor, with all of whom I have talked, are in agreement on what should be done. It is not difficult to summarize their combined viewpoints in this way:

(*a*) *Capital investment:* We can't expand our economy if the bankers continue to be timid and cautious. They have made a minor deity of the gilt-edge investment—the sure thing. Every farsighted economist believes now that our huge supply of idle funds must be cast into the rebuilding and reshaping of America—must be gambled, in short, upon a belief that only now is America coming into its full maturity. But the conservative bankers say that interest rates for capital investment are not attractive. The progressive bankers and economists reply, "Did Carnegie know that he would get even his capital back, much less an interest upon it?"

(*b*) *Government.* During the war years, indeed long before, government moved into a more or less controlling partnership with banking, industry, business, and labor. Now it is almost universally conceded that government must continue to exert some sort of restraining hand upon all these aspects of our national economy—that *laissez faire,* the principal of a continuous and ruinous dogfight, should not return.

BUT within the year following war's end, it must be plain that government has released many of its controls. We are moving, not too swiftly but steadily, toward the day when banking and business can no longer say that their initiative is hamstrung by Washington.

(*c*) *Management.* The major sin of management is its complacent eagerness to blame all of its own shortcomings upon labor—or labor plus government interference. Management (generally speaking, of course, with exceptions that are numerous) has almost ceased to plan the future in any broad sense. It is content to try to catch up with the past—with 1940. And to an alarming degree it lives in a dream world which it believes will become a reality with the election of a Republican administration. Management has fallen into a virtual stupor of conservatism, partly in reaction to the violent and often unreasonable demands of labor, but partly from the very disease which has labor itself in the doldrums. That is an unwillingness to work. Hard work has gone out of fashion. So has thinking. The five-day week, the eight-hour day minus two hours for lunch, have come into fashion.

(*d*) *Labor.* Those last observations about management's mental and physical lethargy are largely matters of personal observation and of rather general acceptance. The lethargy of labor in the face of a job to be done is factually demonstrable. All of us are familiar with the strenuous and successful efforts of the labor leaders to kill incentive-pay plans, to establish the slow-down as the principle of American industrial production. All of us know that the philosophy of our labor leaders is to guarantee to the slow and shoddy workman the identical pay that the swift and sure workman receives. It is only natural that in such circumstances the skills, the efficiencies, the ambitions of our skilled craftsmen should be dulled.

To all these authorities whom I consulted, there is but a single answer to the challenge which faces America. That answer is: Go to work with brains and brawn.

THE END

For Lips That Fly
Chap Stick

When you travel by air take 'CHAP STICK' with you. Ask the man who piloted a war plane. Ask the crew who pilot your plane today. They'll tell you that high altitudes and sudden climatic changes are hard on lips.

'CHAP STICK' is the famous lip balm for chapped lips. Specially medicated—specially soothing. So handy, so easy to apply. Quick to bring long lasting comfort. Wherever you go by air, land, or sea, make 'CHAP STICK' your companion.

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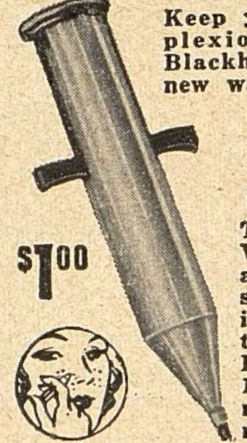
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

Ugly BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS



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***Try* VACUTEX**
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The amazingly effective Vacutex extracts Blackheads automatically — WITHOUT squeezing the skin or injuring tissues. Easy to use with three fingers. It reaches Blackheads anywhere. Try it 10 days and if not delighted, return VACUTEX and your money will be refunded.

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☐ Enclosed find $1. Send postpaid.
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SORRY. NO C. O. D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A.

NOV. 9, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
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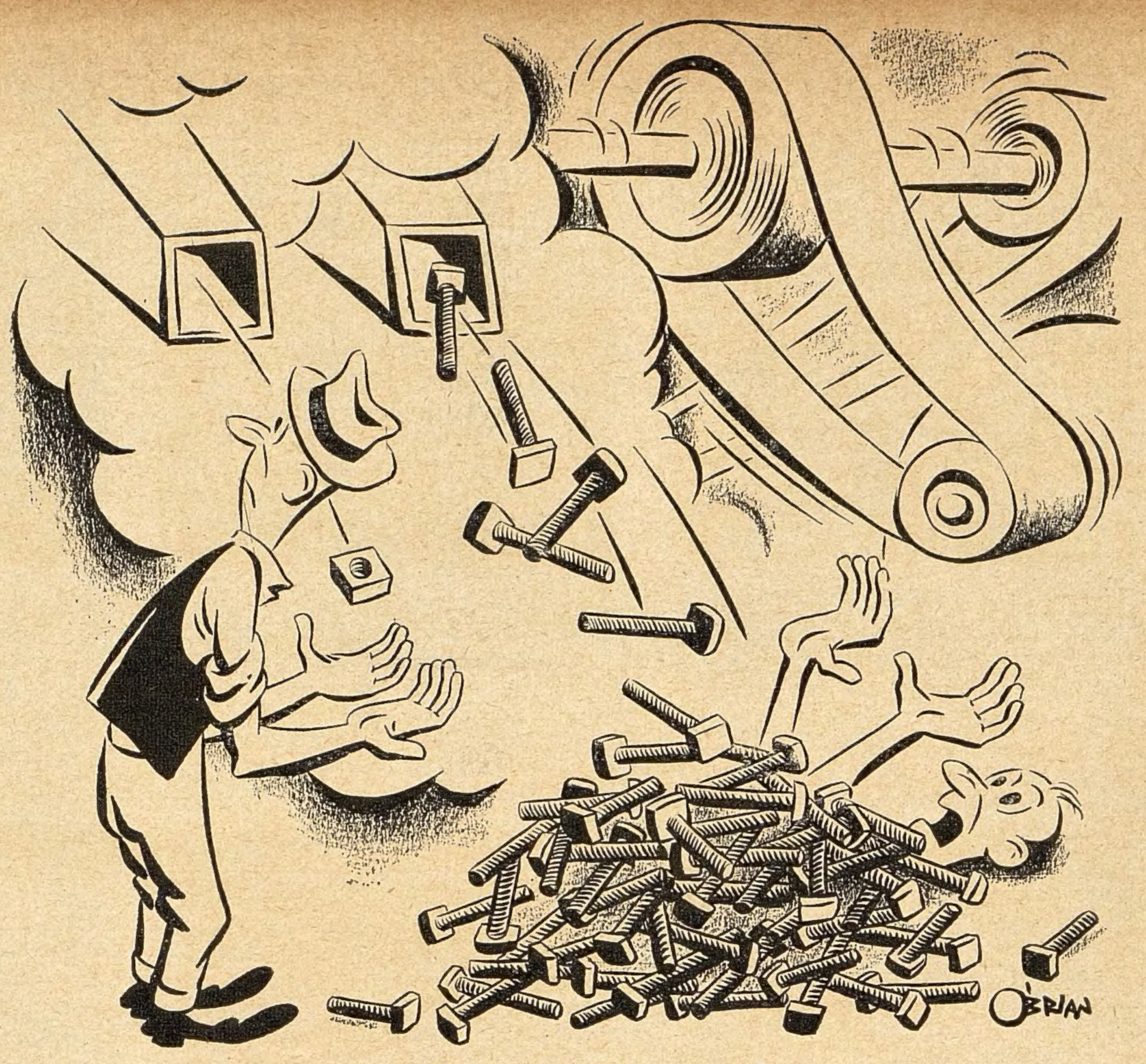


Something's gumming up the works.

WHY AMERICA FLOUNDERS

IT is apparent to nearly everyone that the American economic machine is running out of kilter. It is running speedily but not harmoniously. Some parts are going too fast, others too slow. There is no governor, no regulator, no balance wheel. There are plenty of goods in some lines, not enough in others; plenty of parts, few completed assemblies; big profits in some businesses, little or none in others; high wages for some people, not enough for a good many.

Officials in Washington know something is wrong but can't seem to realize what. They make adjustments to the machine, but the more they make the greater the disharmony in its complex functioning. The truth is the balancer has been taken off and the machine will not settle to smooth operation until it is put back. That balancer is *price.*

Nothing is ever worth either more or less than the people are willing to pay for it. Every time we arbitrarily fix the price of a product or service, either higher or lower, than the value consumers would naturally put upon it, we create disharmony in the economic mechanism, with effects more far-reaching than any man can measure. Every time we allow either government action, cartels, monopoly, collusion, or labor dictatorship to impede the normal operation of *price,* we are asking for trouble. An artificial situation is set up which inhibits production and competition, and only production and competition give us the ever higher standard of living we seek.

Truck drivers, highly organized, tie up New York City with wage demands which would enable them to earn up to $10,000 a year. Schoolteachers, unorganized, are lucky to get $2,000. Surely these figures do not represent the values the people naturally would place upon these respective services. The government controls the price of meat, and we have no meat. It frees butter, and we have butter. It costs more, of course, but we use it more sparingly and thus come out about the same. In any case, we don't compound the shortage by limiting production while stimulating demand through an artificially low price.

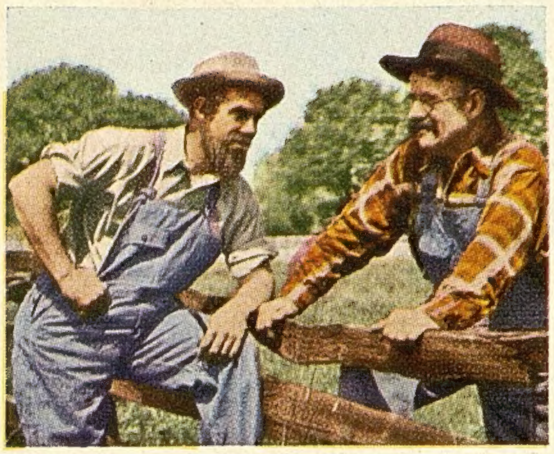
History is replete with stories of men and governments who thought they were smart enough to regulate the complex mechanism by which we make our living. Inevitably all such attempts end in disaster. It will happen here, too, unless we forbid tinkering with economic laws by individuals as zealously as we prohibit monkeying with constitutional law.

Paul Hunter

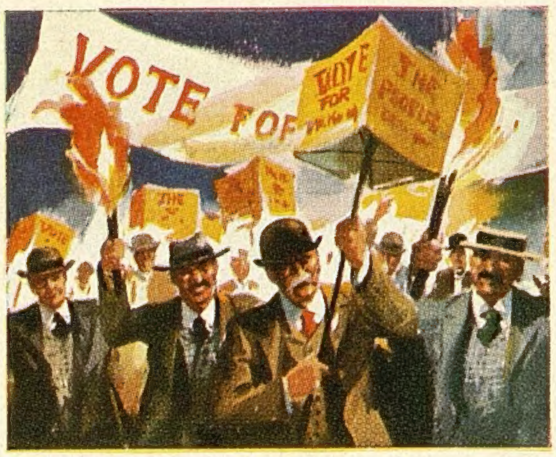
Liberty

...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

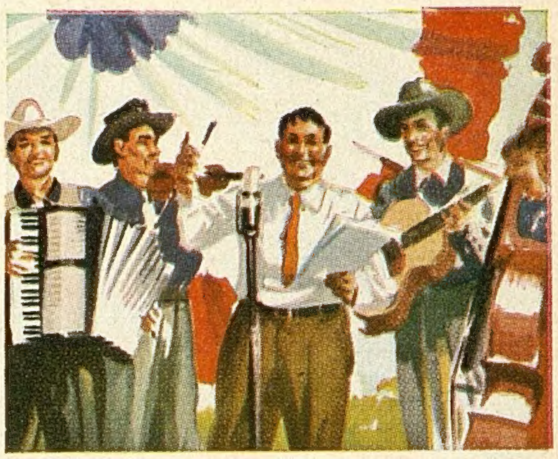
You needn't vote "sight unseen"



1860 **Few voters** ever saw or heard their candidates for office. In this year, only 4,682,069 votes were cast in the presidential election. Platforms and policies reached most voters through word-of-mouth, the same way Canadians were learning about the name Corby's Whiskey.


VOTE FOR
VOTE FOR

1900 **Mass meetings** and parades enlivened the election scene in the fifth decade after the name Corby's came to Canada. These "shows" were forerunners of present-day campaign methods. In this century's first presidential election a total of 13,964,518 votes were cast.



1936 **Radio was** fast becoming an important factor in politics. On Corby's 78th anniversary as a grand old Canadian name, some candidates were accompanied on campaign tours by entertainers. This year 45,647,117 voters went to the polls in the presidential election.

Times
LATE CITY EDITION
ELECTED!
$50,000 Fire Sweeps Store in City
Subservient To His Whims
N. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1946 **Today, you** needn't vote "sight unseen." Radio, magazines, newspapers and newsreels make it possible for you to hear or see your candidates for office. In somewhat the same way, *millions have become familiar with the name Corby's.* This whiskey with a grand old Canadian name, offers you a light, sociable version of your favorite drink. Try Corby's next time . . . and taste the difference.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

Reserve
At its pre-war best
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

First Course

Unusual place for a Manhattan? Of course. But then, a Manhattan becomes as "special" as the festive bird itself—when it's made with *Three Feathers.* Smoother, lighter, richer than ever—it's the *finest-tasting Three Feathers in 64 Thanksgivings!*

THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof 70% neutral spirits distilled from grain or potatoes. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York